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THE EMIGRANT:

A Tale of Australia.

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THE EMIGRANT:

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

"I write not of what I have heard, nor of what I have read, *but of what I have seen.*"

PETRARCH.

THERE is neither a more interesting nor a painful sight, than to behold the departure of a vessel, with her tear-bedewed passengers hanging in intense anguish over her side, and gazing, probably for the last time, on faces which, in all human probability, they are destined never more to behold. The brother is there; his tenderly-loved sister is weeping on the sands. The son is in that proud-sailing bark, and his silver-haired sire is supporting himself on his staff as he wafts forth his blessing upon his only hope. Hearts are big with agony, and the bosom is swelling with the vain attempt to drown the deep sorrow that is reigning, to smother the long-drawn sigh that shaketh the hot tear from the straining eyeball. Gallant is the bearing of the vessel, as the favouring wind distends her white sails to the sun. Noisy is the mariner, as he bustles amid the confusion that is around him; but he, even *he*, accustomed as he is to the wild waves and the storm, turns yet an eye of tenderness upon the round, green hills, which are so soon to be enshrouded from his view: the rapidly-drawn sleeve over his bronzed brow swept thence affection's tribute from a heart that no danger could cower, no tempest disturb.

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These are the times, and these are the scenes, which would make the most prosy, poetical; the most unthinking, reflective; the most callous, feeling; and cast a momentary shadow over the sunniest, the gladdest brow. The heart that is unaccustomed to the woes of another, now has a double duty to perform; and the eye that has but gazed upon its lonely troubles, is rivetted by the melancholy that is accumulated around it. In that little bark, as viewed from the anxious shore, what numbers have embarked their all! In that lonely speck, fast disappearing in the waste of waters, how many have trusted their entire world! All that can make life sweet, or existence endurable, is there. The father gazeth silently upon his little ones, and their playful smiles but meet in return the pallid cheek of their long-struggling, their ill-rewarded sire. Now, he and his helpless family are there: the land where their forefathers are sleeping is left for ever. The past must be viewed, with all its pleasures, its vicissitudes, or its pains, as a blank which is never to be noted; and the future must be gilded by the ray of all-radiant hope, to light him cheerfully to a more peaceful, a happier goal.

Over the scarcely-heaving bosom of the sea, how silently is skimming that proud triumph of man—that floating ark, destined to traverse such an immensity of water! to meet with the sickening, dispiriting calm, and to lie upon the encircling belt of the world a solitary and unmoving thing! Day after day will she rest, motionless and dead, upon the slumbering wave, where all around is lifeless—not a bird dare raise his drowsy wing—but deathlike stillness, in all its dread solemnity, must attend them till the lazy and fickle wind shall breathe once more spirit and energy into the flagging, useless sails. Then comes the tempest, hurrying along, and driving like a fury in his ear; lashing the angry waters into foam, and whirling their giant crests resistless over the sailless and giddy bark, till once more the elements of strife shall sink to peace—the favouring zephyr swell the sail that wafts the weary wanderer to his long-looked for, his adopted home.

CHAPTER II.

"I cannot say but 'tis an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The world of waters ; it unmans one quite."--BYRON.

IN a vessel bound for such a voyage as from England to Australia, there must of necessity be but little room to spare ; the supply of provisions, the water, the baggage, articles belonging to the ship, live stock, and compressed hay for their use, hanging round the already-crowded vessel, with the motley group of passengers—all these, mighty in bulk and in weight, are to be wafted over the unfathomable deep, defying the very elements, to the antipodes of the land they have left. What a subject for reflection are those few planks that are bearing so heavy a burden ! and what a subject for wonder is man, who could devise so astonishing a machine, and direct it to lands in darkness or light, through tempest and elemental vicissitude, to its destined port ! How daring the project ! how happy, how marvellous its perfection ! By it, man receives the advantages of lands how remote from his own ! by it, the luxuries of the Orient are at once at the Laplander's cot, and the blessings of civilisation and the education of the human mind can travel with the feet of the wind. How the ill-requited, the unfortunate, must turn to this mighty condor of the water ! must behold in it what at once bespeaks the liberator from the fruitless toils they endure—the willing messenger from climes of a sunnier aspect, and the patient camel of the weary waste, that is ready to bear him to the land he has selected—to waft him, as in a dream, from his chilly clime to where a brighter sun shall beam over him, and the bountiful earth return his labour with the hundredth fold. And there are those within that distant speck who have now forsaken the home of their fathers—

have abandoned for ever the land for which their hearts would bleed. There are those within that swift-retiring speck whose souls are animated with the noblest fire, and whose only hope, humble and unostentatious though it be, is the desire, the certain prospect, that their industry may meet with reward, and their endeavours be crowned with success.

Sad is it for that land which parteth with her choicest sons, unwilling to receive their proffered assistance, or unable to reward them for the labour they have performed, yet how often must the sorrowing eye gaze upon the manly hearts that sheer desperation is hurrying from the soil! How often must the Briton turn and sigh to behold his country diurnally drained of her choicest sons—her hard-working, well-deserving, but neglected peasantry! And still oftener must the heart of the philanthropist be shocked when squalid misery surrounds the cot and rank weeds are accumulating around the dwelling where pining industry unwillingly is idle, and where the strength of the soil is left in his squalidness, his helplessness, his want.

“ Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once neglected, ne'er can be supplied.”

Let the sigh that the expatriated tiller of the soil heaved for his deserted country be recorded as an evidence, that indigence, and not inclination, had driven him, an alien, to a distant, but a less-loved land.

The sea had gradually changed from its apple-green, the sandy bottom no longer had illumination from the heavens, and the deep blue of the bottomless water was dashed into foamy diamonds by the speed of the vessel. Every one had gazed for the longest, the latest moment, on the island, the island they so devotedly loved, which now appeared but a dim cloud upon the verge of the horizon. The evening was rapidly advancing. The watch of the night was set. The mate had, with stentorian voice, declared “eight bells,” and Darkness was, for the first time at sea, drawing her dark mantle around the wanderers.

CHAPTER III.

"I sate beside the steersman then, and gazing
Upon the West, cried 'Spread the Sails!'"---REVOLT OF ISLAM.

"HOLLOA!—here we are!—now's the time for sailing!—

'Merrily, merrily goes the bark
Over the waters blue ;'
Merrily, cheerily, sings the lark,
Bampfylde Moore Carew !

I could not for the life of me find another rhyme but the Gipsy King ; but how satisfactory it is to me, after the dreadful sickness I have endured—the horrible, as the French call it, the '*mal de mer horrible*,' or the horrible of the —— ; but I forget my Latin, save the '*propria quæ*.' That's an ill omen ! that's a foul bird ! there he goes ! Well, thank Heaven, I've made my will anyhow, in case I should have—what should I have ? I'll chew a biscuit. I feel like a man released from his prison, with a touch of poor Pelisson when his gaoler killed the spider. Well, anyhow here we most decidedly are, with nothing to look forward to but—I cannot say what misery to endure, for I cannot say how long ! When it will be more endurable, it is impossible at all to say ; and who, and what we are, is more difficult still—and what, and for what we are voyaging, and the results of all this, as the poet says, or sings—I think he sings, (May I be permitted to trouble you for a light ?) The poet sings thus—thus sings the muse :—

'As o'er the bosom of the mighty main
The gallant sailor seeks the distant land,
He leaves the home he ne'er may see again,
Yet *proud* he beareth on the strangest strand.'

I have seen the time when I could sing those ballads ; but *that* time

and *the* voice are like Nebuchadnezzar's dream—'they are gone from me;' but how gaily this craft skims 'the ruffled wave!' 'How Neptune's sheep are grazing o'er his Downs!'

"Do you know? if you do not, how can I tell you the secret with which I am oppressed? but, 'There's glory in the fading eve;' 'There's beauty in the night;' 'There's wonder in the firmament.' (Thank you, sir, for a light)—Fal la la la la la la! Well, I should have been very sick, very ill indeed. How dreadful is that sickness! Look at those unhappy, miserable beings, 'on forrard'—God bless me, how distressed they are! Don't it appear as though the very—but I won't mention it—they must indeed sigh for some friendly hand to give them the 'neutral tint,' as painters say. Is it painters?—yes, memory serves—to give them the neutral! they have at present what physicians denominate the 'ventral tint'—yes, memory serves again. How horrid it is, that same sickness! How well the ancients describe it! thus:—

'How violent the tossing!—o'er that wave
That was to thousands such a sudden grave,
How dreadful the commotion!—and how sick—
—————'

I forget the last line, but it goes on to state that the ancients certainly were intimate with the malady—and, as I was stating, it must really be owing to beholding those poor persons; but—I really—well—I could not have—I feel very—

"Can't be helped, as Jupiter observed to the Egyptians respecting the mummy, (vide Josephus.) Yes, Josephus—memory serves. I was very ill; a touch of the hum-phum-gum-bogie—yes, that's the complaint, memory serves; but a man, as Falstaff says, a man of my liver—is it liver? yes, as he, Lord John, says—'a man of my liver' to have a touch of the abominable! Well, after the dreadful deposit I have made, I can only quote the illustrious bard who sings—I forget his name—however, hear what he says;—after my misfortune I called to mind these rhymes, and as I thought of them I felt consoled, as they were peculiarly applicable to my case. Now for them:

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.'

You are fond of poetry; so am I. What think you of those rhymes? as Pope said to his father, or his father to Pope. Does memory serve? Well, I like the sea, and I like the land; but I do not like a ploughed field to walk through after a heavy fall of snow when 'tis nearly thawed; neither do I relish the sea when we get what the sailors call a ground swell—ground swell, is it? yes, memory serves, (vide Bond Street, last page, or the tail end on it.)

‘I am like the jolly tars—I like bumbo and flip,
But I do not like knocking about—’

That's my creed—that my idea—and may a worse—but if you like to just step down into my nutshell,—and I am a man of rank, being the ‘kernel,’—I will give you a whiff of the primeest Cavendish you ever distended your cheek with. But as time is growing late, and the eight-bell hath tolled, I will not press upon you any longer for the present; but, mark this! and it's a plain, untanned hairy bacco-pouch. Just mark it, and if you like the plain unadulterated herb within, it is your earnest welcome; and during the long voyage and pilgrimage before us, it is your own fault if we smoke not the calumet of peace.”

All this was spoken, sung, and said, with a volubility that defies our pen, and with a gaiety that seemed but ill to suit the party to whom it was addressed. Be that as it may, the speaker, upon the conclusion of his last sentence, gave a flourish of his old-fashioned German pipe, and descended to his berth with the rapidity of one well used to a seafaring life. Whilst our voluble friend *is below*, let us take a transient view of what is passing upon the deck of the “Ocean Queen.”

Upon the fore-castle are to be seen numbers of the emigrants who have as yet escaped the agonies of sea-sickness: some engaged in deep and abstruse speculations as to the time which is to elapse before they make the first land, viz. the Cape of Good Hope; and others, indifferent, or apparently so, are indulging with the ease, satisfaction, and nearly the attitude of a Turk, the “fragrant weed.” The seamen for the most part have already performed their duties of the day, and are mixing, as if forgetful of the day that has passed, with the gaiety and thoughtlessness peculiar to their race. How often does the hoarse, but hearty laugh, resound from their quarter as brother Jack in his humour

detects some awkwardness in the *lubbers* with whom he has so recently become acquainted! and how puzzling it is to them, and how delightful is their ignorance to him, as they marvellingly behold with what facility and confidence he can mount aloft, and how deeply learned he is in the knowledge of each individual rope that appears to hang in such tangled confusion! Jack is now in his peculiar sphere; he can please to spin them yarns of amazing quality, both as regards their length and interest; and when he condescends (for to all intents and purposes it is with him extreme matter of condescension) to actually remove his quid to the opposite position, and when the romantic moon just deigns to smile upon Jack during the spinning of that same yarn, then is the perfection of nautical life. No man need wish to hear any other tale of danger, of war, of courage, and the expeditions against the natives—no! the stranger, when he is permitted to rest for an hour upon that sacred spot the forecastle, and when the ghost story—but I must not anticipate that, there slumbereth one now that may fitter deal with so awful an event.

Well, from that “Boothia Felix,” the “farrard,” as our lively friend maintains, there is a kind of “no-man’s ground,” to those precincts, where the chief and his clan are seen to walk. Often ere now has the noblest form, the most undaunted heart, paced over the poop of the “Ocean Queen;” but never was there a more beautiful favourite of nature than was seen to step lightly over its broad and whitened surface, to behold the round moon this evening throwing her broad and trickling flood of light over the bosom of the half-slumbering waters.

CHAPTER IV.

"Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison enclosing the free!"---WILSON.

"Thy messenger! to render up the tale
Of what we are!"---ALASTOR.

ONCE more let us gaze upon the dark blue sea. Once more may we turn over the waters the longing eye of anxiety, of thrilling suspense; now may we find time to become upon more familiar terms with those who are destined to be our fellow-travellers; and now it behoves us the more especially to observe "peace and good-will to all men."

As a life at sea (in spite of all that has been said to the contrary) is the most monotonous, irksome, and unsatisfactory, to the mere passenger, that can be passed,—as it generally, if not always, is to him, from its sameness of sky and water—its unpleasant and unremitting, as well as unnatural motion, a period of absolute purgatory,—we must enforce the social law with double rigour, in order that man upon this most pressing occasion may render unto his fellow every assistance that he possesses to shorten by friendship and kindness the tedium of the voyage, and to show there yet exists in the human bosom the unextinguished spark of benevolence, which requires but a slight exertion to brighten into a glorious, a heart-warming flame. Let us, now we are fairly upon the "waste of waters," forthwith, and, *sans cérémonie*, see who is upon deck. At a glance we discover that it is densely-peopled. That horror of all horrors, the "qualm," hath left but few suffering under its tyrannical rod; the rosy cheeks of the stern North are again visible, and the glorious sun is smiling upon what has so recently been a scene of everything dismal and wretched.

By the sunny side of the long-boat, which boat for security is stoutly

lashed amidships, we may remark a pensive youth, who, as he pursues his solitary march of five steps a turn and a return, keeps his eyes firmly rivetted upon the deck, as if he alone were the sole inhabitant of that crowded bark. He turns his dark eye neither to the right nor to the left, but silently, with his arms crossed behind him, does he perseveringly continue his diminutive walk; he is watched by a short chubby-faced individual, who sits smoking a long pipe upon a water-cask. Ah! the gentleman of the pipe can watch him with patience no longer, but, after a preparatory remo the aforesaid pipe and a "hem!" he thus salutes the promenader:—"We are a-going along stylish, sir; we are just about slipping through—I suppose we are trotting out something to the tune of—(the speaker peeps over the side)—something to the tune of—Captain, how many knots? The Captain answers, "Somewhere about seven." The gentleman resumes, "To the tune of seven, you hear. Well, I don't call that bad work," nodding his head with an air of satisfaction; "I call that anything but—" Here the voice of the walking gentleman, deep, sonorous, and distinctly articulated, was heard, "I wish it were nine." "Ah! there you are," interrupted the smoker, "there you are," slapping his knee and looking inquisitively at the wisher; "you want all things not to be got at. If we had been going four, the first thing you would a' said would a' been, 'I wish we were going along seven!' Now we do go seven," looking over the side again—"Now, sir, we do go seven, and you want to go nine. If we went nine, then elap on another ought, and let's go ninety at once; that's the way of the world—mortal man's never satisfied." And here the speaker was interrupted by a third party, who gravely uttered, "Your observation, most learned Thebar, is remarkable for its learning, and the grace with which it was delivered: you recollect, 'Men would be angels, angels would be gods'—Pope—memory serves. May I solicit the favour of a little of your prime tobacco? I found a curl or two of the fragrant herb in my nutshell, and I am proud that I arrived just in time to see you knock the ashes out of—doubtless your third pipe? 'Uncle Toby had just knocked the ashes out of his third pipe,'—that's classical, it's a certain dead proof that the ancients used the divine weed;—'he knocked the ashes out of'—This is—(puff, puff,)—thank you, this is, *vulgo*, ele-

gant bakky. Your observation, that man was never satis—But I forget my manners,—Sir, your fellow-traveller and most humble of all your slaves, Tobias Turkey, vulgarly yclept Toby Turkey,—you will generously excuse my card—it would not be worth your acceptance, for, if memory serves, it would certainly not turn up trump—I never held a trump card in my life. I have played many a game, and have generally found myself in the hedge, as the learned term it, and have never been able to get the odd trick;—never got the odd trick—no, never,—memory serves—never. But may I be honoured, sir, with *your* name? I see you are a man of considerable kidney, and one doubtless who purposes accompanying the good ship ‘Ocean Queen’ even unto the final disembarkment.”

“Sir, with *you* I am uncommon pleased; I was just a-wanting such a companion; the gentleman who has popped his head down the hatch-way, he has been toddling about a-first a this un, and then a that un.”

“To and fro, like Satan in Job,” interrupted Mr. Turkey.

“Well, I can’t say anything about Satan—in Job, did yer say?—inasmuch as I never talks of that gentleman behind his back; but I can just give yer my observations upon this score, and (stopping the tobacco down in his pipe—puff, puff,) fust and foremost, how do you like this here bacco?” “It’s tol lol,” replied Mr. Turkey; “it’s tol lol.” “It’s more than tol lol; look here, (patting the pork-cask, upon which he sat,) here’s lots o’ room. This bacco—but now ain’t this excellent, to sit at our ease with the wind right aft driving us along so cosy to Aus—or Austral—is’t?—asia!” “I assure you, my esteemed friend, Mr.—Mr.—I beg pardon, I really have not yet had the pleasure of hearing from your own lips your—your—the worthy name of my good friend on my right.” “Oh, my name—(puff, puff,)—I’m like you; I got no good cards in my pack,—there’s none on ’em no great shakes; howsomever, I’ve got in my pocket a letter I received (fumbling his pouch for it) by the very last Plymouth pack—packet: no, was it the packet? Well, really one has been knocking about the waters so long, one almost forgets; howsomever, here *is* the letter. Now (handing the letter with an air of dignified importance) read for yerself what it says on the outside,—let’s hear what it says—can you sypher it?—in

course you can ; it says"—“ Oh, thank you, I read distinctly,—‘ Mr Ochus Moss, Esq., Mary & a bone, to bee left at Mrs.’”—“ It don’t say no such a thing as Mary and a bone ; it’s where I formerly resided, at Marlebon, London, and it’s addressed to be left at my grandmother’s. Howsomever, my name you now know, at your service, Ochus Moss, of Marlebon, London.”—“ Any relation to the Fungus family ?”—“ Fungus ! no, the Mosses of Marlebon. And now, sir, sitting with you on this here pork-chest, sailing away at the rate of—I suppose (looking anxiously about)—Captain!—where’s the captain?—Mate ! mate, I say ! (looking over the side) how many knots ? nine, I look upon—upon it.”—“ Ay, nine knot—But, sir, your pipe wants a little more bacco. I see you know the valee of an old-stager ; you smokes ’em till they be a reglar Sambo, and that’s the proper ticket—what say you ?”—“ Come, let us drink to the good luck of every mother’s son on us—(drinking)—Here’s luck !” “ Ah, Mr. Ochus Moss, I little thought that I, an humble indiividual—is that the correct texico-graphy ? that I, an in-di-wid-u- (oo, is it, Mr. Moss ?)—“ (Never mind the oo)—“ that I, an—but I can go no further—should have fallen into the society of one so much after my own heart. Would it be too intruding in me to ask you, whilst we blow forth this princely weed, and beguile the fathoms, to give me an idea, a consolatory outline, of whether I am to set you down in my pocket-book as an Australian neighbour, or whether I must send you an invite a month beforehand to ask you *when* it will be agreeable to you *to* ask—(puff, puff,)—for me to invite you to a—a—the best my mansion can offer ? you understand me.” “ I tell you what, Mr. Turkey, I have, from the time I first set foot aboard to this here very moment, entertained this—that is, I means to make my precious self”—“ (Your precious self, Mr. Moss ? You’re right—memory serves)”—“ pretty comfortable—that is, if all goes along pretty bobbish ; but if things goes anyhow at all, I flatters us we *shall* just about do the thing ; but, as you seem a decentish sort of a fellow, and as we shall in all likelihood be a smartish bit together, I’ll just tell you what brought me out to emigrate in these rum Australia countries. Now, just you fill your pipe, make yourself comfortable, and here goes.

“ You shall know, Mr. Turkey, that in my youth—for though rather an oldish codger now, I have been a youth, and as dapper a one too as

—but self-praise, you know, friend Turkey, is no—But, excuse me, what a queer name your'n is, Turkey! it puts me in mind of Christmas: Turkey and sausages, or Turkey and forcemeat balls, and Turkey—” “Yes,” interrupted the addressed, “Turkey carpets, Turkey rhubarb, and a few others, no doubt—memory serves.” “Well, as I was holding forth—let's see, where was I?” “You were ‘as dapper a something—’” “Oh, ay—well, I really was in those days remarkably sprightly; but—(sorrowfully) I was then a youth. I received my edication at the Grammar School in the village; it was a sad neglected place to be sure, like all the rest o' that name, though it had lots of property, as most on 'em have, to make it very excellent as a school, and edicate no end on us; yet there was but about half-a-dozen when I was there, and the parson who pocketed the £700 a-year gave an old lame pensioner about £20 a-year to teach us 'rithmetic and syntax: but it was sadly managed—all was decay and ruin, even the rain used to come through the ceiling and wash out all our figuring; and when I left it, having got all my learning, there was scarcely any roof to it, and but about four lads there, at all.” “I dare say,” cried Mr. Turkey, “that even those were students *upon the foundation*?” “Well, I don't know about that, but upon leaving that seminary of logic, (Mr. Turkey blew out a cloud,) I was put apprentice to a man that renovated old hats, and made cast-off apparel look better nor new. I stayed touching up the castors and tickling the fat out of sleeves and coat-collars till my master found the old-hat trade but a very seedy 'fair arter all; and though he polished up other people and brought 'em all from the shade into the very broad daylight, yet in spite of his steam engine, for we did it upon scientific principles, the customers dropt off one by one like ripe apples, till at last the master calls me a one side, and he says—says he, ‘Ochus,’ says he, ‘throw all those old leathers into the river; follow 'em up by the hoofs!’” “Beg pardon, Mr. Moss, what leather and hoofs were they?” “Oh! bless your heart, they was the life and soul, secret and body, of the concern. We got from all quarters parings of leather, ditto of hoofs, and any other of those gummy sort of things, and biled 'em all together in a cauldron: *that* used to form, with a bushel of soot added, a thick, sticky compound; and with that same, if you had sent me the vilest old tile you ever had upon your precious poll, I could have

touched it up by those means to look like what now-a-days is called a thick-webbed spider 4s. 9d. gossamer, or a velvet Frenchy; if we'd a' gallooned the edges, you'd be astonished; and that same hat wore uncommon well till it rained, and then, in course, you might has well a' had a nightcap of tripe on your head, as anything like that, to feel dry and comfortable.—Well, where was I?—oh, ay, well, I felt rather astonished to hear my master give the word to throw all the valuables pack and package into the river, and at first thought he might be a matter or two malty; but no, he was as sober as a judge. So accordingly into the river I bundles all the parings, hoofs, and leather; which as soon as I had done, my master called me once more into a secret conference. 'I am a-goin, Ochus,' says he, 'to change my mode of life altogether.' 'So I should think,' says I. 'I am a-going,' says he, 'the very next blessed Sunday as comes, to be married to Mrs. Moffat, the pawnbroker's widow; and Moss, I am going to turn Uncle.' My surprise was beyond all control. I roared out, 'You're going to be married to Mrs. Moffat!' 'I am, next Sunday as ever comes, I am!' 'And,' cried I, 'are yer a-goin to turn the tender heart of the peaceable renovator into the grinder of the needy and distressed?' 'No, Ochus,' said he, 'not exactly the grinder on 'em, but upon the usual equitable principles.' "Principles in a pawnbroker! did memory serve?" inquired Turkey. "Yes, upon equitable principles. I was bewildered; and when he offered to increase my little pay if I chose to remain a short time with him, as a sort of likes, we made a kind of bargain over a glass of gin-and-water, and I proceeded, according to his directions, to make as free with the old hats and the hat-blocks as I had done already with our sinners of war the stiffening.

"A few days rolled away; the Sunday came, and Mrs. Moffat and my respected master Abraham Barlow were man and wife. The honeymoon was ushered in by Mrs. Barlow getting the painter to regild the balls, that had swung in sombre blackness as if in mourning for their late master; the outside of the house was fresh painted; the old jewelry I rouged and rubbed and arranged afresh, and a dashing framed glass, bearing the inviting words 'Money lent,' was placed in a favourable position in the little bow winder.

"Well, though I didn't much like the pawnbrokerin idear, howsomever

to it I went tooth and nail. But it wouldn't do : I couldn't abear the poverty and distress daily before my eyes. God bless you, Mr. Turkey, I've met such fine swells in the street, taking the wall of everybody, and blowing a long beak up, and every feather out for show, like a tormented Turkey cock !—Beg pardon, didn't mean to be personal. Well, and about the time that blessed Monday morning came round again, there was I tolling out half a sovereign or so—yes, it's true, week after week, enter and cross the thingummies half worn in the shop and half out. Then the misery—oh ! the supplications, the begging and the praying for another shilling ! Altogether I could not stand it, so I gave Master Barlow due warning, though it was a well-enough-paid place, and I was going to face the world like a thimblerrigger about the visible means. Well, I did—I left him hard at it, and one fine morning I walked my chinks to try my luck. I fell in next day with a gentleman's servant's place ; but the maid-servants and I was rather too agreeable, and the master, though he looked over that as being natural, yet one thing stuck in his crop, and he never liked me arter that. I'll tell you how it war. You must know, I had all left-off clothes as perksites ; and the master never wore 'em when they went seedy abit under the arms. Now, one of the wicked wenches put me up to this trick which I used—'twas just to tickle them abit in that situation with my—you won't go to mention it, Mr. Turkey ?” “ No, upon my honour. What did you tickle them with ?” “ My *penknife* ! So when they got so thin as you might see to read through, I shoved my thumb through at once ; and when I was helping him on with his coat, I just tugged his shirt through the hole, and then made him hold up his arm at the glass. I found it never fail. But one unlucky day—I believe in unlucky days—he actually was watching me out of his window when I expected him not out of bed, and I forthwith, as he said, ‘ for my ingenuity,’ had the sack. I have sold many a coat, but never *off his back*—always *on his back*. He was a fine-looking man ; and when a dealer used to call for an article, I used to shut him up in the saddle-room till master came down to see the nags ; so then I showed him his bargain to the best advantage, and he always had it by the end of the week. After leaving that place, I set up in a public, and should have done tolerably well, had not one of the confounded wenches from my old place wanted

to speak to me upon very particular business. So I sold the goodwill of the concern, traps and all, and resolved at once to emigrate to South Australia. And here I am, highly gratified to find so excellent a gentleman as Mr. Turkey; for I see you are a gentleman, in every sense. You have got an after-cabin, ain't you?" "It may be called partly after, and partly intermediate; more comfortable, though more expensive. But I beg to thank you for your kind yarn; and, 'by two-headed Janus, Nature hath made strange fellows in her time.' I suspect, however, this to be grog-time o'day, if memory serves; so, if you will just whip down into my berth, you shall shoot the crow flying, as they say in the Low Countries."—"Do they?" said Moss; "well, then, I'll just have a pop at the crow, and it shan't be my fault if I miss him, for I'll put a good charge in, howsomever."

CHAPTER V.

"She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also."---MANFRED.

THE weather had been, with but little intermission, for the last fortnight, one continued blaze of sunshine ; the voyagers were now rapidly approaching the equatorial line, and all things on board had fallen into the regular routine and quiet which is as infectious as it is necessary for a life at sea. The quiet of the evening after a burning day, when the busy hum of the sailors in their various employments had died away—when nothing was heard but the sullen plash of the noble vessel as she bore her bluff bosom through the waves, making silence audible,—these were the precious moments when the body could take from every breath that stole o'er the sea new vigour, and the mind expand upon the deep blue vault of heaven, and dwell for a few celestial moments with those dear friends that long since have left us alone to toil and trouble midst this rugged world. But the gloom that the departure of the glorious sun has spread upon the waste of waters, though it makes the ebon mantle of night still of a darker, a gloomier hue, yet the pensive twilight has hardly ushered in her reign, when, lo! the queen of the stars appears bounding in the already-glowing South ; and around her, gorgeous and sudden, millions upon countless millions of radiant worlds appear, dancing and gleaming, bespangling the vault. Then, forth from the dark bosom of the distant wave, slowly and stately emerges the bright round moon, looking of magnitude immense. How solemnly and with what majesty does she rise, like a spectre at the bidding of some mighty magician ! There, now, her whole globe is visible. Over her head, what subdued radiance !

She boasteth not that refulgence which precludes all but the strong-eyed eagle to gaze upon her charms ; the humblest animated being can see and admire her ; and though her rays are said to possess but little fire, yet how comes it that she inflames the lover's heart, consuming the very soul ? Without the moon, the Adonis might sigh in vain ; without her warm, yet chaste assistance, Venus might pine alone, and Cupid, when he had unharnessed the goddess's doves, break his bow and his arrows in twain.

Upon the deck of the "Ocean Queen,"—beautiful vessel, Cleopatra-like, sailing upon a sea all dazzling with gold,—are to be seen, as usual, upon these heavenly tropical eves, the emigrants. Various are the themes discussed : now the soft hum of some seeluded pair, descanting upon the friends they have left, in soothing tones of pensive melancholy—anon rising into energy, as they strike the chord, the chord that vibrates to the adopted home to which every moment draws them nearer. Upon the poop, rapidly pacing on the windward side, we have now two gentlemen in animated converse. Let us hear what can have so much claims upon their oratory and discussion.

"My dear Rennie, the observation you have just made may be true to a certain extent : I am willing for one, free as any man, to confess the difficulties which beset our course. I am not a man who has left England without mature considerations ; I have weighed the matter well—I have eudgelled the question, and I flatter myself that there is not a point bearing upon the subject but what has occupied my most serious attention. I stand no better, perhaps not so good a chance as you do ; my former habits are so different to my anticipated employments ; but I have nerve, and, I hope, perseverance—and, they in spite of all obstacles, must carry the day."

"But, my friend Blair, are we not to consider difficulties must and will arise of which we dream not ? Do we expect to land upon a shore already flowing with milk and honey ?"

"Now, Rennie ! I have already shown you the chart of Australia—yes, Australia the Southern !—in it do you not behold boundless plains, forests, mountains, rivers, meadows, lakes, rivulets, and, in short, everything that can render life either happy or desirable ? I am no dreamer ; do you for one moment consider, friend Rennie, I would have left my

all, put myself to so many months' anxiety, amounting even to absolute wretchedness,—do you suppose, I ask, that I am a mere shallow-pate, who would have parted with my certainty in the land of my fathers, for an uncertainty in an antipodeal wilderness? Answer me that; you are silent—yes, you are silent! It is not my nature, Rennie, to over-value tinsel; I am aware, to my cost, it is not all gold that glitters; but why are you silent—why do you not speak? why not speak, Rennie? I see, by your so hastily drawing your cigar, that you are cogitating something that is intended as an underminer to what I have so positively advanced. Is it so?"

"Blair! I have listened, and the answer that I can only make is simply by three questions: What, in the name of fortune, caused you to become discontented with your English lot? what first put emigration in your head? and why are you so certain of success? You will, I am certain, my dear Blair, excuse the freedom of these questions; but you are aware that they are deserving of all our attention."

"Rennie, of this I *am* fully aware; and upon another occasion, when we have not quite so much overfatigued ourselves with the promenade, we will devote an hour to those very questions; and I will satisfy you, I feel confident, in every point, that I have acted as you or any other right-thinking man would have done under similar circumstances. But for the present let us just rest half-an-hour upon these hen-coops: how admirably they are contrived! see, they form comfortable seats all around the poop, containing dozens of fowls, and yet how compact, how very close they are arranged! not an inch—no, not one inch to spare; on the contra—— What voice is that singing? Hark!"

"How merry, how gay is the sailor's life!
As the bird he is wandering free;
In the very last port is his widow'd wife—
Sing fal the ral la, la lee."

"What scoundrel, Mr. Rennie, sings that libertine song? Hark! he is actually going on again!"

"I've roamed east, I've roamed west,
And, splinter me, thus I say—
The sigh that heaves from Polly's breast
I shan't hear when I'm far away."

And many a time, in the midnight watch,
My heart it is beating true;
But if I had been but her street-door latch,
I'd have known who had just pass'd through.
Then fal lal lal la, and chorus all,
As we sail on ——"

"Strike the bell eight, there; call the watch."

"Ay; there, Rennie, I am glad they put a stopper on that rascal's pipe. So, that's a true hearted blue? Only just reflect, what a disgraceful doggrel he has been singing! and, what was more provoking—so easily are people led away by impudence—I heard several voices join him; yes, actually anticipate the scoundrel! What do you say to honest Jack, Rennie? After this, is he any better than he should be?"

"You will, I am sure, excuse me, Blair, when I tell you, that I have neither heard the singing of the seaman, nor any of your elaborate, and doubtless learned, remarks on music. I have been, for the last quarter of an hour, watching a lady who is leaning alternately upon the arm of her maid and upon the taffrail. I do not recollect that I have seen her before. Do you know who she is? I have not seen her, to my knowledge, at the cuddy table; neither have I heard that any lady occupied her cabin from illness. Know you, Blair; who she is? Surely she is not an intermediate passenger?"

"Rennie, I know not. If it is your wish, let us speak to her. She is a fellow-passenger, you know; and, waiving etiquette—in fact, it is etiquette, the very essence of it! to introduce ourselves—if we could see the Captain! But, however, it is of no consequence; we will just walk that way, Rennie. Douse your cigar. No, Blair, wait a moment; suppose the lady is an invalid? Let us first ask the Captain."

"Does your lady not know her, nor any of the other lady passengers? It may be some one we know, only in a different costume."

"No, Rennie; I know it is not any one we have already seen; and I will give you this as my authority,—the maid answered not the question of the steward's wife, as to what was the matter with the young lady in No. 10; and the inference drawn by my wife from the maid's taciturnity, and the lady's non-appearance, is, sea-sickness."

"No, doubt, Blair."

"Yes, it may be that, Rennie; but I'm afraid, from what I am obliged to hear, it's a far worse malady than that, and far more fatal!"

"God bless us, Blair! you don't mean consumption?"

"No; worse than that. Consumption only consumes the body; her malady, if she has it, which God forbid, gnaws the soul!"

"Ah, I see, Blair; she is doubtless an incurable fanatic?"

"No, you are wrong; and, to a certain extent, you are right. I will tell you what aileth that creature. You have never seen her?"

"No."

"Upon your honour?"

"I have never seen her."

"Well, then, I will tell you her disease. She is an —— I can hardly make myself heard, from the noise those fellows in the intermediate cabin are kicking up.—Well, let us see. Oh, you have never seen her?"

"Never, upon my honour."

"Well, then, according to all accounts, she is a perfect ve—— It's of no use—those bacchanals—just hark! How little do they reflect there is not but a single plank betwixt them and eternity!"

(A voice singing, from the intermediate cabin.)

"Though the weather it be foul,
And the sea in thunders roar,
Yet we'll quaff a hearty bowl
For the friends we've left ashore.
Though to other lands we roam,
And leave all we adore,
Yet our hearts are still at home,
And Hope anchors on her shore."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Turkey, your health—Mr. Tobias Turkey's health! Three times three, and one cheer more!"

"Ah! there it is—it's Turkey—I expected it was. What a fellow that Turkey is!"

"Well, whilst we have been listening to the songs, our fair friend has departed. Did you see her depart?" "No." "Major Rennie?" "Yes, Blair." "Well, we will just have a biscuit, and a glass of half wine and quarter water, with our lively friends in the intermediate,

crowded though they be. These companion staircases are none of the surest of descent, Rennie." "You are right, Blair: I shall follow."

"Oh! oh!" cried a voice the moment tully appeared in the cabin—"Oh! oh!—as we live, our valued friends Messrs. Rennie and Blair. Gentlemen, your health—and, in fact—Who stops the jorum?—and, in fact, I am about to drink your most astonishing good healths—good beyond anything known since the Millennium—Gentlemen, Captain included." "Thank you, Mr. Turkey." "Gentlemen, the health of our compatriots and fellow-travellers—*en bonne espérance*—yes, memory serves, *en bonne espérance*—Messrs. Rennie and Blair—with the third edition—hip, hip, and conserve of hips: Dr. Blair without his Sermons, and Professor Rennie without his Insects." "Order, order, Mr. Chairman. Mr. Turkey—Mr. Turkey, you forget yourself." "Not so, my worthy and approved good masters—Memory—yes—The object I had in view—Mr. Brown, may I trespass upon your time one moment?" "Certainly, sir." "Then pass the bottle. Mr. Blair, first and foremost be this understood—I was, ere your august presence was amongst us, duly elected Vice-Chairman—mark the Vice, Toby Turkey his mark. Mr. Rennie, if you consider yourself better qualified than I am, I will thank you to favour the company with an extempore song." "I assure you, Mr. Vice-Chairman, I could not in your presence attempt." "Our friend Blair?" "The plea of Mr. Rennie availeth me." "Well, then, you have all heard the spirit-stirring old song of The Turned Head?" "No, never—what Turned Head?" "Well, *ici commence*."

THE TURNED HEAD.—SONG BY MR. TURKEY.

An old chap there was, and I dare be bound
His equal was not upon England's ground;
He was wrong in his pate, as soon will be found—
He fancied and swore that his head was turn'd round.

So nervous was he, as he sat in his room,
He thought all who saw him would laugh at his doom,
And as round it he'd shuffle, would frequently roar,
"What a strange thing it is that my head's hind before!"

If any one call'd on this comical chap,
 There he sat with the tails of his coat in his lap;
 And loud he would shout, "As thus I'm equipp'd,
 How uncommonly well I could see to be whipp'd!"

And when he walk'd forth just to show them the door,
 He'd the hind of his breeches loose dangling before;
 And button'd behind was his waistcoat likewise,
 And the queue of his wig flourish'd over his eyes.

He'd his spectacles hung on the back of his poll,
 And the hind of his stock buckled under his jowl;
 And when he shook hands to bid any good day,
 His arms he poked out just the contrary way.

He often would joke, for facetious was he,
 And loud he would laugh, as he said "Don't you see,
 If scandalous neighbours my character rack,
 I shall see every rascal that bites my back!"

And as there's no man in futurity sees,
 I am equal, and look on the past when I please;
 I can see all the rogues, and confuse every knave,
 Who thinks I walk to, when I walk from the grave.

But Malice may say, "Ha! he sits in his chair,
 Turns his back on us all," as no doubt I appear;
 Yet let those who know me their judgment suspend,
I willingly ne'er turn'd my back on a friend.

"Well done, Mr. Turkey! noble sentiments, and wonderfully expressed—not to mention the execution!" "No, sir, you are right, as the creditor observed to his bum-bailey, not to mention the execution." "Well, Mr. Turkey, I trust you may ever keep your head in the proper position, and at the same time have an eye to your wallet on your back." "Thank you, Captain; though that same wallet be in resemblance a very fac-simile of the Honourable Richard Dowlass's in the play, I am still anxious to retain it, as it, especially at this moment, contains a many curiosities." "Curiosities! did you say curiosities, Turkey?" "I did, most redoubtable Captain—such as few people can get sight of now-a-days, not even the most distinguished literati!" "God bless us! what ever have you in your mysterious wallet? Have you some eggs of the *Onyrhynchus paradoxus*? or the beard of Moses made into a modern wig, with sleeves to it?" "Neither, thou

bantering son of Neptune. My wallet contains no less than half-a-dozen shirts; ditto fronts; wristbands and collars to match ditto; two swallow-tail coats; one spencer sans tail, continuations to match: and I esteem them the greatest curiosities I ever possessed, for be it known unto all men they are *all paid for!*—pos—! got the receipt in a glass frame. Gentlemen! agreeable dreams. *Bung swear. Parley-voo?* Memory serves, gentlemen---*Bung swear.*" And the Vice-Chairman bounded like a kangaroo into his berth.

CHAPTER VI.

“ There was a woman beautiful as morning,
And she sat looking upon the waves.”--REVOLT OF ISLAM.

“ How vain, my dear Susan, are my attempts at repose ! There are but few nights that I can note productive of refreshing sleep. The mind, Susan, the *mind* that is not at rest will allow the body but little slumber. How beautifully does Young sing upon this subject !

‘ Tired nature’s calm restorer, gentle Sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes,
To light on lids unsullied with a tear.’

Sometimes I doze gradually into a partial state of forgetfulness—half asleep, and yet in a state of consciousness : it is a delicious kind of dreamy existence—vivid pictures skip before the imagination, as if we had parted with our mortal coil, and were no more inhabitants of clay. This beatific delirium passes at length away before the leaden-sceptred King of Sleep, and for one half-hour the world, its good and its evil, has been erased from the tables of the mind. All is gone, departed ! The throbbing breast still toils on ; but the soul has retired within herself, and death is not more perfect. The grave and the couch are equal then.”

“ You encourage melancholy, my dear missus. There can be no need o’ your going on a this un ! You are con-tin-u-ally filling up your poor dear head with all sorts of foolish phantasmagories ! And you a’ no more occasion to fret than I have : you know very well what I have suffered—only picture to yourself what I have gone through.

I am sure nobody knows the trouble as I 's in! what wi' one thing, and what wi' another, I a' suffered a martyrdom—no poor crittur ever more, I'll say. But look at yourself: here you are, young, handsome, and —"

"Now pray, Susan, spare me any of those compliments—I did not suspect that my faithful Susan could have been so easily schooled by the world. Susan! never allude to my appearance: better, far better for me had I been plain, even uglier than a Macbeth witch.—But I forget myself."

"Ah! my dear missus, you do; and I am willing to remind you, things is not so black as the folks paints 'em."

"Bring me my guitar, Susan: it is wonderful how the motion of a vessel unfits one for any kind of application. Thank you; now, Susan, you can leave me.—What a destiny is mine! what a card in the lottery of life has fallen to my share! How little do shortsighted mortals see into futurity! how merciful in Providence to close the pages of destiny! To-morrow we arrange for a bridal morn—to-morrow we are a corpse upon a pallet! Our vision was happiness; its interpretation, *Thou shalt find it in the tomb*. Yes, dear guitar, companion of many a sorrowful hour, once more I will call forth thy soothing voice."

SONG.

From o'er the ocean's boundless wave,
 I land me on a foreign shore.
 Welcome to me the wretched slave
 That gasps for joy that is no more!
 He bends beneath a tyrant's chain—
 And I, beneath a load of sighs:
 His lamp may ne'er be lit again—
 Like mine, how dark his destinies!
 Sigh on—sigh on, thou careless Sea,
 In whom sleeps many a weary breast;
 Thy voice alone hath charms for me—
 It soothes the wretched soul to rest.

"I can sing no more; but I will once again, for the thousandth time, gaze upon his face. Yes! these are the lineaments—how true! it is

wonderfully true. Poor Charles! thou hast been—But no, my tongue will not pronounce the hated word. Oh! is there no power—is there no guardian angel to reveal the truth? Why should such things be? why should the all-valued voice of justice not be heard? and why should the wicked and the crafty flourish and fatten upon the righteous, the innocent? Sure as there is an overruling Power, justice will be done, and the villain receive the reward of his iniquity. But—”

“Oh! missus, would you not like to just come on deck? They are a-shooting the line! There is such a piece o’ work! and they do say as how Mr. and Mrs. Neptune is a-coming aboard. I hardly knows what they be a-going arter: every soul is on deck; and I overheard the Captain ask the Mate if he could see the line yet! But Mr. Turkey, who was by, said as how the American ships, with their Indy-rubber hind parts, rubbed it out a good deal.”

“What a rhodomontade story you have got by heart, Susan! Well, I do not feel sufficiently well to appear on deck; so you can tell me, when Neptune arrives, how he was received, and what kind of a gentleman he was.—It is wonderful to me, this crossing the Line! How many thousand times has this farce been acted, and yet it seems not to lose any of its original interest! But one can scarcely be surprised, when we take into consideration the unvaried dullness of a seaman’s life; one can enter into the feelings of that, to me, unhappy race of imprisoned beings, and I can imagine that the least circumstance that varies their monotonous existence must be eagerly caught at, and prized accordingly.”

This was the soliloquy pronounced by the mistress of the eager Susan, as the latter departed with rapid strides to the scene of action; and though these were the thoughts of a gentlewoman unused to the sea, the voyager who has traversed the ocean and crossed the encircling belt of the world will (unless he be a cynic indeed, or a sombre Calvinist) readily excuse—nay, even join in—the boisterous merriment that announces his “shooting the Line.”

The tramping and hurrying of footsteps upon deck—the evidently unusual buzz and bustle that seemed to issue from that sanctum of Jack’s, the forecastle—the mystery which sat upon the countenances of the uninitiated—and last of all, the tremendous blast of a horn, be-

spoke the presence of something or other out of the way of ordinary things. As Susan was an eye-witness from the commencement to the close, it will be proper to hear from her own lips what took place upon this important occasion, and what sort of a gentleman Mr. Neptune proved himself.

"I never seed such a thing afore in all my life—never in all my born days—I never did! First and foremost, a loud ging-gong sounded; then, all on a sudden, a trumpet blows a blast; and then, actilly from out the bottomless sea, over the very water itself, a rough, cracked voice, a most unhuman voice, says, 'Ship, a-hoy!' 'Hello!' answers a sailor aboard, looking over the side. 'Any o' my sons aboard?' says the rough voice again. 'Better come aboard and look yerself,' says the sailor. Accordingly, I heard a scramble and a deep growl, like unto Wombwell's wild elephant, come from the bottomless, and, in less than a minute, up the side of the ship, wringing wet, all over hair, like Hesor, and a three-tined fork, and such a beard! all a-dribbling—up comes Neptune himself—his actual self! up comes he! and after him Alfytite, his wife. I never did see such a pair! Alfytite was the biggest ooman I ever seen: some said her was no ooman at all, and but a mermaid. All of a sudden, a clumsy-looking carriage, drawed by a dozen, dressed up and bedizened like the old-fashioned morris-dancers, all over flying rags, and masks on. These, all harnessed to the car, preceded by three musicianers, and a drummer, who I seed at once was the black cook, Congo; he played a good drum on his soup-tin bottom. The musicianers and all marched round, drawing the king and queen of the ocean, till they got on to the part where the butcher kills his pigs; then and there Neptune demands, through a trumpet, whether he may not see his new sons? Accordingly, I sees a poor fellow being led up blindfolded towards the throne. When he gets opposite to his majesty, he kneels down, and Neptune puts his trumpet to his ear and roars out whether he had ever been across his dominions afore? 'No,' says the blind man. 'Well, then, you must be shaved. Barber!' cries Neptune (through the trumpet, for he never speaks without that engine),—'Barber,' says he, 'up with your Christopher,' says he. At those words, the barber pulled forth and brandished a lathcring-brush, like what the chimblly-

sweepers use for routing out flues, and with this he actilly besmeared and beskumbered the blind man's face all over; yes, all over, his neck and all. 'How old are you?' says he; 'and have you cut your wisdom-tooth?' When the poor fellow opened his mouth to answer, the hard-hearted barber stuffed in a dolloper of wadding soaked in tar; and then, at a given signal, there was such a torrent of water come poshing upon him from above, that I never did see the like—it fairly washed the unfortunate a yard or two. Then, as he lay upon his back, the unmerciful barber, with his razor, a yard and a half long, shaved him. Another torrent from aloft, and then the poor soul was unbandaged and unbound. But, wringing wet as he was, he didn't afear taking cold, for I seed him soon after getting up the rigging, with a bucket of water, to throw on another one wot was a-being shaved, and make him as uncomfortable as lay in his power."

"I wonder, Susan, that *you* did not get a sprinkling!"

"Why, so, ma'am, they tell me I should; but I prevaricated the matter, and guv 'em a bottle of rum as a prevaricator."

"Well, and what then happened, Susan?"

"Why, ma'am, there was six or seven had a fine soaking and shaving. 'The Lord ha' mercy upon 'em!' said I. 'Suppose the man should catch the ager, or swallow the ball of wadden; the crowner's inquest would bring it in, Died by visitation of God—or, what is wose, might bring it in——' "

"Temporary Insanity, rather, on the part of the murderers, Susan."

"Well, Miss, then there'd be what they call 'a doudand;' and who's to satisfy that, I should like to know?"

"A deodand on what, Susan?"

"On what, ma'am? Why, on the ball of wax, or pitch, or what it was as choked him! That's a doudand—when a man gets killed by a mad bull, then the bull has to pay a doudand; and if, as in course, the beast can't pay, then his owner has to forfeit the beast, as he was the owner of the murderous doudand! he has to give him to the crowner for his trouble in the investigation."

"Well, after they had all been shaved, Neptune rises from his car and makes a long speech to the Captain, assuring him that grog was a

wholesome licker, and good for the inwards. So, after this speech, three bottles of rum was given to Neptune, on behalf of himself and brethren. The lady Alfyte then danced a hornpipe with her lord the king; and, that done, they mounted the car again, and striking up the music and a song, they departed this way, an' in the same order they come; but they are all a-fiddling and dancing now on the forecastle; yes, that they are, till they are all of a reek. I am sure a sailor must be made of Indy-rubber; he is, by what I read in some book—he's a hamfiboose animal. But I'm glad it's over. I never seen such a sight, and never shall again. I wouldn't have a sailor for a husband, with his great tarry fist, and his undecent tight breeches, all begrimed and betarred! I would not have one of those hamfiboose critturs, not for the Indies o' goold!"

"Well, Susan, thank you for giving me such an insight into your choice of a husband. I am afraid you would not, according to your present opinion, even accept the heart of Neptune himself."

"Of Neptune, Miss! and have his great bear's paws and elephant's voice a-near me! I'd rather be a spinster for——"

"Susan!"

"For years, and wear out my existence a virgin! that's what I'd do, believe me, Miss!"

CHAPTER VII.

“ And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent.”

HEBREW MELODIES.

“ Good morning, Captain.”

“ Good morrow, Mr. Blair.”

“ What’s the pace this morning? About six, I fancy?”

“ Why, I should say, maybe half a knot more.”

“ By-the-bye, Captain, who is that delicate, mysterious young lady, who confines herself so strictly to her cabin? May I be informed *who* and *what* she is? I am extremely curious upon that matter, and long to know.”

“ Why, Mr. Blair, I can gratify you so far as this—she was accompanied on board by an elderly gentleman and three young ladies, who wept bitterly during the whole time they remained. The gentleman begged of me to give her every attention in my power, and to seek her the best lodgings possible upon my arrival in Australia; and, in the event of her not wishing to remain, my orders are either to bring her back to England, or put her on board any vessel which or whatever she may choose. Her passage is paid, and her maid’s also; and the parties who came with her had a coronet upon their carriage. Now, my dear sir, you know quite as much about her as I do.”

“ Well, but, Captain, is it not mysterious? Is it not wonderful?”

“ Very.”

“ What can that delicate and unprotected flower do in a lone and desolate wilderness?”

"That, sir, is more than I can answer."

"But, Captain—really I'm quite bewildered—but, is your vessel not to touch at Sydney?"

"Yes, it is."

"And will she accompany you?"

"That, as yet, I cannot say."

"How very strange! But here comes Rennie. Well, Rennie, my worthy, *comme vous passe la nuit*?"

"*Passablement, je vous remercie.* Glorious weather?"

"It is."

"We have just been trying to capture one of those beautiful polypi, the Portuguese men-of-war as they call them; but ——"

"Where's a Portuguese man-of-war? Good morning, gentlemen. Where's a Portuguese man-of-war?"

"Good morning, Turkey. No, the polypus so called. There, look you! What splendid colours! Cook, just dip your bucket under that fellow. Ay, there you have it, bring it here. Well, what radiant colours to be sure! I'll just lift him out. Just feel the weight of him, Turkey."

"I'm obliged; I never take liberties with strangers. I prefer the faculty of sight to that of touch, to either wolves, crocodiles, or Portuguese men-of-war. Once I did accidentally handle one, and, if memory serves—Ay, ay,—ha! ha! What, he's stung you, has he?—ha! ha!"

"Rennie! what, are you bit? Ha! ha! You forgot he was a *noli me tangere*. I was once caught, and they sting like nettles, can't it?"

"It is, Turkey, irritating like nettles."

"Well, then, you'll not get rid of that delightful sensation for several days; for, if memory serves, a pocket-handkerchief I had on at the time I was tickled by one: that very handkerchief stung me a fortnight afterwards, and, for what I know, might have given the old washer-woman a touch into the bargain. Here's the Mate: ask him how he does, and shake hands with him."

"Well, how are you this morning, Mate?" (holding out his hand and familiarly shaking him).

"Nice weather indeed, this, Mr. Blair," said the Mate. "Yes, we

trip through nicely, though I can't say how long it will last. Sky looks rayther eoppery," again remarked the Mate, (scratching his hand); "it may hold out another degree or so, but—(rubbing his hand lustily,) but I can't say I have much opin—ion—I can't think what's the matter with my fist all in a minute!—it smarts, and pricks, and shoots."

"Let me look," cries Turkey. "Ah! it's all over red spots,—you have been drinking a little over-night—had an extra north-wester, no doubt?"

"No, indeed, sir. I am sure, nothing a that sort."

"Well—I see—you had better consult the Doctor, and get bled directly, and mustard poultices under your arms. I'm sorry to say it's decided—but I won't frighten you."

"What do you think it is, sir?" said the Mate, continuing his friction.

"I think it's only the prickly heat. I often have that in hot climates, and the best remedy I find is just a good stout dose of salts; though it's a medicine I abhor."

"Well, I tell you what," interrupted Mr. Turkey, "*that* is no prickly heat! But come with me into my cabin; it's a pity to disturb the Doctor. I know your disease: I've got a remedy—follow me." As Mr. Turkey spoke these words, he put his arm with a firm link through the yielding limb of the easy Mate, and they both left the deck for the dormitory of Mr. Turkey. No sooner were they fairly gone than a loud laugh rang amongst the party who had been accessory to the mischievous Toby.

"I have been pumping the Captain," said Blair to Rennie, "just before you came on deck, relative to that beautiful creature below."

"And what have you made out?" interrupted Rennie.

"I have made out," said Blair, "just nothing more than that an old fellow and three young ladies brought her in a coroneted carriage, left strict orders about her being particularly attended to, and ordered the Captain to take her to any part of the world to which she wished to go; and if not going himself, to see her safely and comfortably off."

"Humph!—that's all?"

"Every morsel!"

"That girl, Blair, will be the death of me!"


"We shall both be buried in one grave, Rennie."

"She is a mysterious being from another sphere!"


"That's what she is, Rennie."

Here the Mate rushed upon deck, distorting his face, and making the most laughably-hideous gesticulations, crying aloud—"I certainly will never take any more of your most abominable stuff as long as I *live*, Mr. Turkey! I would not, if I was dying of the plague!—whough!—it's the vilest stuff!"

"Well, my good friend, compose yourself!—consider your disease!"

"Consider my disease!—if it was the cholera morbus I laboured under, and if another dose would save me, I would not have it—I would not, ; that's what I wouldn't," cried the Mate, as he stamped the deck violently.

"Why, Mr. Mate?" cried Rennie, "what! *has Mr. Turkey* been doctoring you?"

"Doctoring me! he pretends I've got the—the—I forget the disease—'Fantods,' I think he called it; says it's fatal in a few hours, and he has got a specific. So he actually crammed down my burning throat—it's like a overheated flue this minute—he's crammed down a dose of the most devilish mixture ever man devised; I can feel it working round in my body like a fire-rocket  Congreve."

"Why, Dr. Turkey, we did not conceive you were a man of medicine: pray what have you given the patient?" inquired the Captain.

"Ah! that, Captain, is a most impenetrable secret; but if you will promise me not to divulge it, and only to use it for the aid of *suffering humanity*—"

"Whoop!" cried the Mate, who overheard Turkey's last word—"whoop!"

"—I will whisper the precious words."

"I promise."

"Well, then, come into the remotest part of the vessel; let not mortal ear but thine devour the invaluable secret. Put your ear down."

"Well, now, Turkey."

"You promise upon your honour not to tell it to any one for five minutes?"

"I do," smilingly said the Captain, bending his neck.

"Well, then, I gave him Croton oil, Cayenne pepper, oil of sulphur, and mustard!"

"!" cried the Captain.

"That's what I say," calmly breathed Turkey, as he walked quietly off with his hands in his pockets—"that's what I say."

"A shark! a shark!—by all that's glorious, here's a shark!" shouted Blair from the taffrail. In an instant, the whole of the passengers who were on deck rushed simultaneously to the side to gaze upon the vagabond—the marauder—the detested tyrant of the deep.

"Suffer me," cried a voice which was immediately recognised as Mr. Turkey's—"gentlemen, suffer me for one moment to have what is vulgarly called 'a finger in the pie.' It glorifies me beyond measure to indulge in a little revenge. How do we know, 'brother sailors' (Boatswain Smith?)—yes, memory serves—how do we know whether this ravenous villain may not contain our very grandfather, or, at the least, the codicil to his will? Let us hook him—let us obtain him by hook or by crook, as the adage expresses it. Now, brother Moses, where's the pork? Sharks are no Israelites, though an Israelite may be a shark: it is possible they are cousins-german—yet they abhor not the flesh of swine. No—you have not sufficiently disguised that ~~hook—that crook~~—may I be—really, you are very obleeping—thank you. Now, my hearts of oak, look out—'overboard he goes, Bill' (Old Song)." And as Mr. T. adjusted the delicious morsel, the action of overboard, &c. was immediately suited, and the piece of "glorious gammon" sank some four or five fathoms into the deep.

"Look, Captain! See, Rennie! There!"

"How green it looks!"

"What looks green?"

"Why, the pork."

"The shark looks greener. See—there! by Jove!—ah! ah!—Silence, all hands! silence in court—take that child out! Hush—(whispering)—Look at the pilot-fish—what 'knowing vons!' they go back to the caitiff! they tell him what a gandeamus! He swims nearer

and nearer. Silence! on his side—yes, he is on his side—Waugh! Haul away—yeo, boys! he's got it!"

And true it was, the shark had slewed round upon his enormous beams, and, at one very easy gulp, down went the ten pounds of pork; and, to pursue the tale as Turkey described it to the invalids, as we copied it from his own Journal—

"The reptile bolted the fat—the salt and the deceitful; yes, down it went with a jerk and a dab like an auctioneer's hammer—dab! and there it was, like a bad debt; it stuck in the gullet, and then, as the poet sings, when he describes the very scene—see—Virgil—Virgil? no, it can't be the Georgics? Well, however, memory is not always to be depended upon—but *the* this or that poet thus chaunts (no doubt, when they had hooked a shark):

'And there arose from sea to sky
The wild farewell:
Then all was still, except the shriek,
The solitary flapping of the tail,
Of the vile rascal in his agony.'

But all were not still; for a rush, and a most determined one—a rush like unto that when a happy pauper, possessing the envied ticket for the more envied soup, essays, by all that appertains unto him—by his might and main, to gain his point—His point? a pauper *gain his point!* does memory serve? Yes, too severely. How oft have I, Tobias Turkey, witnessed the pale face of starving misery! how often have I seen the fluttering rags that the bitter breeze lifted, as in mockery, to show the skin-drawn bones beneath! Ay, often, too often, have I beheld the miserable of earth's most forsaken sons stand, hour after hour, with their spoutless jug, trembling in the falling, freezing shower, in the expectation of being able, at least, to secure a nourishless pot of charity soup. Oh, thou who canst feed upon thy quiet crumbs and thy easy cheese, how little does thy mind embrace the agony of the being who solicits his charity soup! *His* turn arrives from his shivering hours; he bears it, cold as a corpse, to his starving little ones; it is the donation of pride, or the hard-wrung drainings of

a race who, in the pressure of adverse times, begrudge even the famished a fare."

But to return from Mr. Turkey's private MSS. to what became of the shark. Safely on deck was he produced, and no danger from him could again happen. "How he did," as Mr. Rennie observed when he gave him the final blow—

"How he lash'd his venom'd tail!"

Or, to quote a further illustration of what the fourteen-feet monster did when he lay his length upon the quarter-deck, we may collect the following from his tormentors:

"How he doth curvette and kick!"

(*Hudibras.*)—TURKEY.

"Perdition catch thy arm! The chance is thine;

But, oh! the vast renown thou hast acquired

In conquering!"———

(*Rich. III.*)—RENNIE.

"How many perils do environ

They who meddle with cold iron!"

(*Hudibras.*)—BLAIR.

"I would not enter [him] on my list of friends."

(*Cowper.*)—TURKEY.

"I think the caitiff hath a cho po co!"

(*Turkish MS.*)—TURKEY.

And so he was cho-po-co'd; for amongst the party who had captured him, not a morsel was respected. The fins adorned the cook's galley, as a present to some Chinese of distinction, should they pick one up at sea; the head was dissected by the Doctor for his jaws—the body was also his perquisite for the same interesting purpose; the tail was requested by an amateur; and a capturing indefatigable desired the backbone (which was quickly dried in the rigging) as a walking-stick; part of his flesh was served on table, by way of a novelty—a sort of "caller haddy," as the Scotch have it; and his stomach—his all-

importunate stomach—was opened, with much ceremony and before numerous witnesses, by Turkey, who with an enormous knife threw daylight into the “tomb of all the Capulets”—but, lo! what did Turkey find in the “maw-solemn?” He found, what he keeps as a souvenir to this day—he found the last *bouilli-tin* that ever was issued; and by its means he was enabled to assure all those whom it might concern, that by the last bulletin things were in as undigested a state as ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Disguise it not, we have one human heart;
All mortal thoughts confess one common home.”---SHELLEY.

THE sailing in a vessel is, as we have upon a former occasion remarked, monotonous enough even under the most favourable circumstances. The little novelty afforded by the ship soon becomes most tiresomely familiar. The only thing at sea which wears well to the very last, and never diminishes in interest, is the all-charming dinner-bell. There is a halo around that iron-tongued marker of the flying day, and as he, hour after hour, solemnly announces that another sixty minutes of our little span has departed, we derive a consolation from our loss, that he has tolled—has been heard—has been understood; and though he is for another brief space to be left in repose, his voice has not sunk into echo ere the sound of the feast takes up the solemn knell, and turns solemnity to gladness. But eating and drinking must cease for a time—the excitement cannot last long, and *Ennui* again lays her melancholy spell around. To relieve this, and turn the vacant hours into profit and to cheerfulness, it was arranged amongst the passengers in the cabin of the “*Ocean Queen*,” that those gentlemen who had seen any part of the great drama of life, or who had actually played a strange part themselves, should, so far as it was agreeable to themselves, for the benefit and amusement of the others, sketch the same. This being agreed upon without one dissentient voice, the only question now remaining was the all-important one, “Who’s to begin?”

“Gentlemen,” said a youth, who had hitherto been remarkable for

his melancholy manner and profound silence—who had seldom been out of his cabin, but whom we have already seen upon deck as the party discontented with the speed of the vessel,—“Gentlemen,” said he, “I will tell you my tale.”

“Good ! very good !” cried the company, as they one and all drew their stools, or the trusses of compact hay (which were drying on the poop) around the speaker.

THE HISTORY OF THE MELANCHOLY GENTLEMAN.

“My history, gentlemen, is the history of but a humble individual ; and if it fails to interest, I shall leave off at any part of the tale. It may possibly relieve the next dull hour, and will at any rate disclose to you the miserable and unhappy being who arraigns himself before you. Pledge yourselves that you will not exercise my confession against me ; let me at once assure myself that misfortune shall yet find a friend, and hopelessness and despair find comfort even in the breast of the passing stranger.

“It is necessary, then, that I begin my early life ; for, as you may readily perceive, though young in years, I am about to show I am nevertheless old in misfortune ; and if you detect in my narrative aught that can arouse a smile, ’twill be but the burst of sunshine through the eternal thundercloud, rendering all more sombre around.

“I shall, however, pass over my earliest life—the tedious and almost unprofitable time I spent at school. I did not learn anything there ; but the little information I possess was picked up at later intervals, by my observation of men and manners, and by devoting a portion of my spare time to literature. By this means, I repaired what had been sadly neglected before ; for although my father paid (what to him, and what, perhaps, was a goodly sum) thirty guineas yearly for my boarding-school education, yet I really cannot look back upon any one useful thing that I acquired. The system of the school was radically bad : we were, for instance, hurried through the arithmetic, from the beginning to the very end, without understanding the common Rule of Three ; we went at the same railroad speed through our Grammar ;

and, as we stood in rows and parroted away passages from 'Enfield's Speaker,' or mouthing at a fearful rate 'To be, or not to be,' our intelligent master would be patiently wading through an old Chronicle, occasionally lifting off from its pages his spectacled eyes, to cry out 'Let me hear that again.' Thus we went on day after day, marvelling in our own minds what beauty there could possibly be in the twang-twang rhymes, or harder blank verses, of those people called poets. My account-book exhibited the handicraft of the usher; my letter, the all-important letter at the approach of the vacation, was scrawled and re-scrawled a thousand times, till, at length, by the formation of one syllable after another, upon the principle then in use called 'guiding the hand,' I turned out an epistle that for solid round turns and affectionate phrases to my 'honoured parents' was without any rival, but those of my schoolfellows, which in beauty of penmanship and expressions of tenderness were fac-similes. Well, I at length left the school to brave the world upon my stock of knowledge. I actually could recite an entire act of a play said to be written by Shakspeare; I could read the first fable of Æsop in Latin, and explain its meaning in English; and I could say the whole of my Catechism. What more could an 'honoured father' or a 'dearest mother' require? and what more could the busy world demand of so industrious a youth? I was consulted as to what profession I would embrace, and not being aware of the merits of one from the other, I selected that of medicine. To a practitioner at once I went, and I will tell you what influenced my choice for the Esculapian pursuit: (Heavens! would that the day had died in its birth!) I was at a neighbour's in the village in which I then resided, and as one of the family happened to be ill, the doctor, as the surgeon was called, drove up to the garden-gate. I recollect the circumstance vividly. 'Oh, gracious goodness!' cried the young ladies, all in a breath, 'here's the doctor!' and forthwith there was a grand scuffle to arrange everything, as their old mother expressed it, in 'apple-pie order.' So it was; the chimney-piece was redolent with flowers, and though the dearest member of the family was at death's door, nevertheless all bore the appearance of extraordinary gaiety. The young ladies were, each and all, in the highest apple-pie order, and so was their mamma and the unhappy patient himself. The 'old

gentleman' had his nightcap arranged knowingly on one side, and his hair brushed and oiled by the young ladies, that even he, ill, dispirited and disturbed as he was, must, nevertheless, be in 'apple-pie order.' Well, in strode the majestic and learned doctor, and forthwith he was duly ensconced in a large easy chair. I recollect well what passed. I remember it to the very letter. Down sat the doctor, and after waving a highly-scented handkerchief in the air, and taking several huge pinches of snuff, he thus began: 'Good morning, ladies; how's papa?'

" 'He has passed a miserable night—so restless, and his cough is dread——'

" 'What a shower we had just now! it'll knock the wheat about. So they say Miss Brown is going to be married!—well, wonders never cease. I hear strange things as I travel. Does papa keep as good ale as he had used? I remember he had some fine old October when I was this way last.'

" 'Oh, dear, yes! doctor,' cried the mother of the young ladies, who sat quite absorbed with the presence and the contemplation of the doctor. 'Lucy, my dear, go fetch a tankard; here—skip. We alliss keeps a good tap. I dare say, doctor, as how you feels warmish anow?'

" 'The weather *is* sultry,' replied the doctor, blowing his cheeks to the magnitude of two melons; 'we may pronounce it *hot*!' The ale arrived, and the doctor forthwith despatched it. 'I dare say,' quoth he, as he set down the empty tankard, smacking his lips, and tapping Miss Lucy under the chin,—'I dare say I shall be obliged to hear strange news some of these odd days—eh!—eh!—I dare hardly lay a wager which goes first, eh? Ladies are like Members of Parliament; they often pair off—ay, they pair off—that they do, mamma! You'll be sorry to lose them, but you *must be prepared*. Never drank better ale many a long day!'

" 'Do, doctor!' cried the old lady, her eyes sparkling with pleasure at the doctor's prophecy,—"do, doctor! Lucy, dear, go fetch a drop more beer—it'll never hurt you, doctor; you've had a long ride. Lucy, skip.'

Lucy skipped away for an additional supply of ale, which the doctor

swallowed as gravely as before, concluding with 'Ay! ay! my ladies, I *know* what I *do* know—pretty faces can't be hid—I am a married man and getting old; but *if*—yes, I say *if*!—but now let's see poor papa!' Off go the whole party to the sick chamber. 'Well, how dost do, poor soul?' cries the doctor, holding out his hand for the sick man's wrist, and solemnly looking at his watch. 'Humph!—put out the tongue—humph!—no sleep?'

" 'None at all,' groans the patient.

" 'Humph!—thirsty?'

" 'Very,' was replied.

" 'Humph!—you must have a little repose—shall see you again to-morrow—shall send you a draught to be taken every half-hour, and two bolusses at night—yes, tongue furred a good deal—humph!—humph!—humph!—Well, good day; you'll soon mend, we hope—oh, we'll soon set him up,' says the doctor, as he hurried off to his gig. 'I'll send him the physic with directions. Young ladies, take *great* care of yourselves. Good day.'

" No sooner was he fairly off than out broke all the three simultaneously: 'Now, Lucy, ain't he a delightful gentleman?' 'Oh! Jane, he is a sweet creature!' 'Such a good-humoured soul!' rejoins the old lady, 'not a bit of pride about him—a gentleman like that to sit and drink beer—he didn't care—he who drinks his port and sherry every day after dinner, and eats frosted fruit—he, you see, dears, can put his mouth to a farmer's brown joe, and make no fuss! But it's alliss the ease with the thorough-bred gentility; they are not of the out-scouts, not they—they know how to behave. How different, my dears, he is to some of these muckill-bred uns! *so* familiar.' 'Oh! he is, mamma, a dear, good-humoured gentleman, and *everybody* speaks well of him.'

" Now, hearing and seeing all this, my mind was instantly inflamed, and all my early ambition was to be just such another gentleman as Dr. Howshe. From that very day I thought of nothing but being a doctor; it was my thoughts by day and my dreams by night—nothing would do but a doctor I must be, and at length the to me happy period arrived when I was to be conveyed to this very Dr. Howshe as his pupil. How my heart panted for joy! everything that earth held out to my desiring eyes was that day to be crowned. I was to be put upon

the high road to become a gentleman and a doctor, even as great as the great Howshe himself, with whom I was immediately to associate. How vain my search after the hidden gem of happiness! I was elevated to the highest pinnacle of hope, and from my exalted position I soon began to look down upon the flowery fields I had left, and to cast a sigh, that came deep from my heart, after the joys that had now departed. I found that Dr. Howshe *at home* and Dr. Howshe *abroad* were as different as midnight from noonday; that the gay, the charming, the all-polite Dr. Howshe, with whom I had been so enraptured at the village, was *not* that easy, good-humoured, all-joking creature I had imagined; and as it regarded his mightiness, his grandeur, and his all-enchanting presence, he sank from the former before I had been on intimate terms with him one solitary half-hour; and as to his all-enchanting presence, I could totally and for ever most willingly have dispensed with that with far more alacrity than I dispensed my medicines.

“My kind and amiable father, by the industry of many years, had accumulated a small pittance, upon which he subsisted in his decline of life. Out of this he sliced off the small sum, ‘a mere nothing,’ as Dr. Howshe termed it—‘simply a nominal £200’—for fee of apprenticeship; and for this my parent indulged the hope that I should instantaneously be treated as a member not only of a liberal profession, but of the family. A dream—a pleasant passage of thought! I was called upon forthwith to sweep out the surgery, I was degraded to the lighting of the fire belonging to the same; I was head counter-scourer, pallet-polisher, bottle-arranger, duster, and washer. I was, to be sure, frequently employed upon what I might call, in theatrical language, the ‘legitimate drama;’ but year after year passed away—year after year, I say, for I remained but two, and at their expiration I still found myself sole manager of the tinder-box and broom. To be sure, I had long since been taught the art and mystery of carrying out medicines, and the deep secret of so arranging them in capacious pouch to prevent their breaking—for, lo! I could not bring myself (in spite of my humiliating flourishes with the broom in private) to carry a basket of bottles like a pop hawker in public.

“I come now to my final catastrophe, beginning and ending with *my zeal*!—for really I had moments of pure and unadulterated zeal for

science, even as much in its carelessness for torture as the dog-crimping Magendie himself. One morning, whilst pounding, till my arm ached again, an enormous mass of ‘pill klier comp.’ I thought ‘Why am I always pounding and pill-rounding, and bottle-carrying? This is not the practice of chirurgery; and as I am not intended as a physician, I aspire higher, for I have repeatedly heard Howshe exclaim, “Any old woman would do for a physician”—now, knowing this fact, I’ll stick to surgery, and I will perform an operation upon a *living animal*, if I am driven to the necessity of cutting a toe off the cat.’

“At this moment of furious resolve, in came, lonely and quietly, a workhouse pauper—(O that he had never been born!)—and behold, he held a handkerchief to his jaw: he had come for the purpose of having his offending tooth extracted. My eyes sparkled with joy as I politely informed him that the Doctor never drew teeth—(he hated, like most others of his tribe, the operation)—but that I was an exceedingly clever operator (God forgive me!) and that if he would entrust himself under my hands, I would whip out the grinder in a wink. To my joy, the unsuspecting wretch (O that I had never beheld him!) sat quietly, at my desire, upon the floor, in order, as I told him, that I might not cause a quarter of the usual pain. Down he sat, and I forthwith furnished up the instruments. ‘Now,’ said I inwardly,—

‘Now is the winter of my discontent
Made glorious summer—by this pauper.’

I consoled myself with the reflection that, after all my obscurity, now was I about at once to emerge—I was about to perform a *surgical operation*! I was a dentist about to be in full practice.

“I bade him open his mouth. I examined the tooth: it was an enormous one, to be sure, and very hollow; but out it must come. So, seizing my lancet, I cut deeply at the root. I, even to this day, flatter myself that no living artist could have lanced that man’s gum better than I did—and I am confident that it would have been equally out of their power to have lanced it *deeper*. I fixed the terrible key upon the tooth, and straining with my uttermost might, I found I could not stir it in the least degree. Another, and a most awful strain—the pauper

uttered a deep groan, and his eyes, like mine, were nearly starting from their sockets. Still, I kept on my unrelenting screw, now with one arm, now with two. At length, from the agony the miserable man was enduring, and my perseverance in force, he gradually rose from the floor, inch by inch, as a spectre is said to rise slowly from a tomb. At last, he arrived at too inconvenient a height for my exertions; for I expected, by perseverance, to gain my point by actually tiring out the holding muscle, and so getting out the tooth the moment it relaxed. However, the unhappy patient contrived to rise; to meet him, I also elevated myself to my utmost erect position—then on my very tiptoes. Still, the gaunt pauper seemed to grow; I actually appeared to draw him out like wire. I desperately mounted a low chair. It was too high; I descended, having still my hold of him as tight and unrelaxing as ever. Though the sweat by this time poured off my brow, and the patient's face was red and bloated as a rising sun, he began to place cautiously one foot before the other in cramped march round the room. As he advanced, I retreated. There he was, with his head firm on one side, as if it had been nailed to his shoulder. I could at that moment have died upon the spot, of vexation. The man could bear it no longer. I cried. 'Help me, pauper!' for I began to hate him, and in my heart wished him safe back, tooth included, at his workhouse. In pure desperation, worked up to frenzy by agony, he seized my arm with both his fleshless paws, and, with a tremendous wrench, out came the tooth. 'Thank Heaven,' cried I, 'here it is at last!' showing the enormous fangs to the ought-to-be-overjoyed man. He looked at it a moment with his great grey eyes; then hastily rubbing the blood off a part of it with his thumb, he roared out, in a voice of Stentor, 'I'll be d——d if it ain't the wrong 'un!'

"Imagine my feelings at this moment—imagine me, after all my labour, hearing this announcement! Vainly did I endeavour to poke a pin into any part of the tooth to induce the furious man to believe it was a vile one—the obstinate pin would not enter the smallest cranny; side, bottom, inside fang, outside fang—all in vain, whilst he continued his roarings—'That's my only good tooth—the only one that met on all my jaw! I'd a rather you'd a pulled 'em all out than that 'ere!'—I attempted to console him, that he would do quite as well without it;

that—(I was going to say paupers required no teeth)—it had every symptom of speedy decay. The more I argued, the more he soliloquised about his loss. I knew not what to do. I would give him gin—I had none; money, ditto. A bright idea struck me—I gave him a large wine-glass of pure spirit of wine, and, in order to soothe him, I poured in some laudanum. ‘There,’ cried I as I held it out to him—‘there! drink that, my friend; and though you have lost your tooth, some of these days I will make you ample amends; but now swallow this—it is for the benefit of your gums.’ The bewildered man tossed it off at a draught; but the scene that followed, how can I describe it? The burning spirit, getting upon his mangled gums, produced the most excruciating torture, making the former misery a positive pleasure in comparison. He put both hands to his mouth—he blowed, and he gasped for breath—his big, wild, glassy eyeballs rolled round in their orbits, or fixed glaring upon me, as that of the serpent upon its prey; he could endure it no longer—down upon the floor, amongst the blood, regardless of ranges of bottles, he kicked and he plunged, as a galvanised dead man by the application of the most powerful battery. I expected all was soon to be over with him—that these were his last struggles; for I doubted not that nature, under such violent exertion, must soon yield.

“Never was any hapless and bewildered lover of science in a more helpless or unenviable condition. If I could have called upon the earth to swallow me up, pauper and all, I should have been happy, and had my shame and my misery sealed for ever. But to find myself the murderer of a fellow-being!—to slay him, too, under false pretences!—when he had reposed confidence in me, seated himself wishingly at my desire, opened his ill-fated mouth—(O that it had never drawn breath!)—and, oh! horrors! to come to me to be slain! I could not hide the corpse; for now it lay motionless, and the eyes were firmly shut—no doubt closed for ever! I looked for a moment upon the result of the employment of the last half-hour: what a change had that short period wrought! How lucky should I be if it were in my power now to make it appear that the man died in a fit! But then there would be an inquest on the body; there would at once be shown his lacerated jaw! But suppose he died immediately of apoplexy after the extraction of

the same? But they would open his body, and there were spirits of wine—and, oh! horrid to think of, *laudanum*! I rushed out of the surgery, hurried with fearful strides up to my room, seized a pen, and wrote the following hasty note, which I, as soon as I had changed my coat, left upon my table.

“To DR. HOWSHE.

“The unfortunate man who lies dead upon the floor came to me in the agony of toothache, and insisted upon my extracting it; I did so—he then fell down in a fit—I gave him some spirits of wine to revive him; but he groaned heavily, and ceased to exist. I assure you the man died of his own free will. But I cannot remain any longer under your roof, as from this day I forsake so horrible a profession.

“In haste,

“11 o’Clock, Monday.”

“YOUR LATE PUPIL.”

“Having so far arranged matters, I ventured one more look into the ill-fated chamber of death, and to my horror, there still, and stiffer than ever, lay the body of my victim the pauper.

“I sprang from the house, and ran headlong at the top of my speed from the accursed spot. Getting at length upon the mail, I was borne from the scene of my misfortunes fifty miles ere I dared to venture one timid glance behind.

“Scarcely knowing whither I flew, I stopped when the mail had arrived at its journey’s end, and found myself to my great comfort near a relation of mine, of whose character I had heard little else than that he was a quiet, unassuming gentleman. Had I heard him represented as a wild man, as an unchained wolf, I should have at that moment sought his protection, or prayed him at once to devour me. Towards his mansion I at once directed my trembling steps, was received with astonishment, which, in order to appease, I at once forged a most serviceable lie, which I adhered as adhesively to as my bewildered imagination, confused by my horrible deed, would allow. Although this excellent relative entertained me with wonderful hospitality, yet he would frequently say, ‘I cannot for the life of me understand why you travel with so little baggage; you say you determined to pay me a visit—now you must intend it to be a very short one, as I remark you travel with less luggage than the generality of gen-

lemen.' Thus did he search me ; at length, unable to bear it any longer, considering myself looked upon with an eye of suspicion by the whole household, I seized an opportunity when the old gentleman was alone, and disclosed to him the fact of my having deserted my profession—one that I abhorred—one that was more than any man with nerves short of iron could endure, and I ended by imploring him to allow me to remain his guest for a short time, to recruit, as I said, my shattered constitution. He lent a willing ear to all I had stated, and at the conclusion, (for I did not breathe a word about the defunct,) merely replied with an arch smile—' I'll be hanged if I did not say so ; I'll be hanged if I did not guess as much—well, well, I'm glad to see you, my boy ; stay as long as you like, and make your life happy. You shan't be a doctor—you shall be a farmer, that's what you shall be.' Thus did the good-natured old gentleman pour oil into my wounds, and ale down my throat, and I grew more and more comfortable every day, and almost forgot my melancholy affair altogether, when, lo ! one morning after I had been about a week or ten days in my retreat, I was struck dumb by hearing my uncle read in the *Weekly Times* the following :—' Suspicious Death.—One of the most singular circumstances we have ever had the painful duty to record occurred on Friday last, in the town of ———. From what we can learn, a pauper from the workhouse at ——— left early in the day for the house of Dr. ———, to get, as he said at parting, a painful tooth extracted. He had been absent several hours, when the doctor himself came to the workhouse, requesting a bier might be sent, as the man lay dead in his surgery. The doctor could give no account how he came by his death, as his assistant was at the time absent ; but he supposes the man must have expired in a fit. What makes the case more singular is, the body appeared to have recently had a tooth extracted, as the mouth was half choked with blood, and a large grinder and the tooth-keys lay by the side of it on the floor. The circumstance has quite disturbed the town, from the mystery that hangs over it. The assistant, who, it appears, must be acquainted with the fact, has not since been heard of. A jury will sit upon the body to-morrow, (last Monday,) when, we trust, this singular and suspicious event may be properly accounted for.' Upon

hearing this, my knees tottered and rapped hard one against the other ; the cold sweat of guilt oozed upon my brow ; the piece of food I was masticating stuck fast in my convulsed throat ; the room swam round : I remember no more. Upon recovering again the use of my faculties, I found myself stretched upon a bed, my face swimming in vinegar, and all my relations around the bed. Yes, there they were, every one with their strained eyes fixed full and inquiringly upon me. I lost all command, and as I sank once more upon the pillow, I cried out in agony, 'I am the wretch !'

CHAPTER IX.

“ I will not ask where thou liest now,
Nor gaze upon the spot:
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not.”---BYRON.

“ **WHAT** is there in this world that exceeds the pangs of a guilty conscience? Every revolving minute seems surcharged with misery; the day hurries to its close in a sombre shroud, and the night comes upon us loaded with troubles; sleep is at once denied the unhappy wretch, and he dozes like a watchful dog, starting ever and anon as his agonised brain conjures up, with all its attendant horrors, the approach of some direful event.

“ In this dreadful situation was I, when I was for a period relieved by the intervention of fever—during the delirium of which I disclosed at once every particular relating to the horrible deed which haunted me day and night. I looked upon myself as a murderer; I even went so far as to contemplate —— but, oh! I dare not think of those demoniacal thoughts which I then so greedily encouraged. To add to my anguish, I received a letter from one upon whom, above all others, I had anchored my every hope—and now, having discovered my retreat, she—even she, my adorable Clarissa, was amongst—ay, even the very first to hurl a dagger into the wounds of a prostrate friend. ‘She had heard *all*,’ she said, ‘and the suspicion that fell upon me—my flight, my mysterious hiding-place, my conduct—all together told her but too plainly that the tongue that whispered my guilt breathed no lie. She advised me to fly that country whose laws I had so outraged,

or at once acknowledge my crime, and surrender myself to the offended justice of the land.'

"Rendered furious by such ingratitude on the part of one, above all others, I ——" Here the feelings of the speaker were unable to continue the narrative; he held his handkerchief to his face, and in an instant was in the solitude of his cabin below.

"Well, I certainly never heard anything to come up to that!" cried Mr. Turkey.

"It's a dreadful tale!" was echoed around, as they gazed one upon the other, and found that the melancholy youth had departed.

"It's one of the toughest yarns I ever heard," said the Captain. "So he actually either poisoned the fellow, or frightened him to death, that's certain—one of the two; and they are both bad enough—there's not a pin to choose. I've sailed the sea a many years, but I don't know I ever carried out before—a—a— Well, I'm very sorry for the poor fellow—he is but a lad, and it was the man's own fault trusting him."

"Ah, there you are right," interrupted Mr. Turkey; "there, Captain, you're right: I've no notion having bones wrenched out of my skull by any bungler that chooses to put the corkscrew on them. Drawing teeth is an operation some people very much resort to: the least cold, pain, throbbing o' the gums—oh, off to some old wife, and show your valour—out with him! out with the tusk, and half your jaw! as if one's teeth, like mushrooms, spring up in one night, and fit for plucking in the morning; as one of the poets tells us—Byron, I think, ode the —— Memory don't serve—but here it is:—

'Thou, form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts (teeth) that perish.'

And in the self-same canto, the poet actually recommends 'a whetstone for the teeth;' which to me is confirmation strong, that *that* illustrious defunct bard was entirely of my opine, that a tooth placed in our gums by Providence should there remain, as a man says when he marries, 'for better, for worse;' and, in my opinion, it's a species of sacrilege to force the ivories from their proper homes, and unfeelingly tear them from the tender and fostering embrace of the affectionate gums. I have spoken."

"At all events, Mr. Turkey," said Mr. Rennie, "when it is necessary to one's own comfort to have a tooth extracted, you of course would submit? We cannot be restless night after night, and foodless day after day, for the sake of nursing a vile old stump which is utterly useless, and whose room would be better than his company."

"No—no extraction! not a thought of it, Mr. Rennie, till we have soothed the discontented member by every means in our power—by opium, by blisters on the scruff of our necks and behind our ears—at the same time gallons of salts, nitric acid, scoring the gums like pork for roasting, and even then not resorting to the screw till you have thrust a red-hot poker into the very vitals of the offender. I can conceive anything of a horrible nature, but of *all* horror of horrors is the wrenching out one's grinders! Oh, thou poor Jew that refused to lend King John thy money!—oh, thou hapless son of Israel!—and a tooth of thine—thy invaluable ivory to be dragged from thy miserable jaw, one after another, one after another,—thou couldst not endure it—no! lover as thou wast of thy gold—it was not equal to 'bone of thy bone,' in thy just estimation of jewellery. No! no tooth-drawing—the very rack before it. I'd turn a Mussulman to-morrow, rather than lose a tooth to-night."

"I think," cried the Captain, "your remedies are worse than the disease. But list—the bell strikes eight, and the Steward telegraphs the supper, where we will find occupation for our respected grinders, and over a brimming bowl of punch drink 'May we never lose a grinder,' and better success to our unfortunate passenger."

CHAPTER X.

“ The orb of day
In Southern climes o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks, sweetly smiling ; not the faintest breath
Steals o'er th' unruffled deep : the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day,
And Vesper's image on the Western main
Is beautifully still.”---QUEEN MAB.

“ How beautiful indeed are the clouds of a tropical clime, ever varying, flashing, wonderful ! Gorgeously the banners of vapour float over the bosom of the sleepy sea—and morning comes, and with it such a flood of light gilding, dazzling the eye of the stranger, who finds, by the magnificent kaleidoscope of the heavens, that indeed he is in the land of the sun. The very sea has changed its robe of blue, and mocks the sky in the varied glories that it assumes. Now does it heave its heavy breast ; slowly and solemnly, one mighty wave chaseth another, over fields of purple, of orange, of crimson, of ebony, till in the distance the glittering silver line of day lies twinkling in intolerable radiance as a fringe to the dazzling shroud that, for a moment, hides the coming of the mighty king of day. Then all is one flood—one beam of overwhelming gold ; and the boneta and the finny tribe, who hail the approach of morn, gambol their burnished bodies in the light. Bounding now with gossamer wings, glad, careless, and free, in flocks hurry over the ripple caused by the dashing ship, the bright little beings of the sun, the flying-fish ; and the chameleon-like dolphin is ever and anon exposing his charms to the intruder of the waste, that to him is without a bound. All is life within that vast expanse of sea ; but solitarily pursues her way the lonely bark : not a living thing that

acknowledgeth the shore is around her ; her march is over the unfathomable gulf—she is a being charged with life, a solitary spot inhabited by those who have no sympathy with the strange animals that are gambolling around them—whose home is on a gaping grave, and whose safety—whose life—depends entirely upon the wind, and her fickle sister, the sleeping lion, upon whose mane they dare to play, and within whose jaws they dare to call their home. Such is man ; he beards the very tempest—in the whirl, the crash of elements, his weak voice is heard triumphant ! and the storm that hurls the daring sea-bird from the sky, he leads a captive ; and his eye is turned upon the reddening glare of the angry heavens—he bares his head to the bursting of the fearful peal, and he gazes with a calm eye upon the turbulence that is raging around him—the only living thing on earth at peace in the dreadful war of Heaven !”

“ I have heard your rhapsody, Mr. Blair,” said Mr. Rennie as he familiarly tapped that gentleman upon the shoulder,—“ I have heard it all through : doubtless you expected to harangue but those unhappy hens in the coop ? Well, I argue with you, it is glorious to behold the scenes that every hour has in store for us. As poor Turkey often says, ‘ it’s a beautiful world !’ Look, my friend, at those albicores ; with what annoying speed they dart around the prow of the vessel ! We cannot be sailing at a less speed than nine knots an hour, and yet see how rapidly they wheel and sport, and turn and caper—now aloft, then going like an arrow through the waves. How beautiful ! and what a treat it is to behold even a living thing to relieve the interminable watery wilderness, that is so almost inanimate around !”

“ True, Rennie ; but there are many beauties to contemplate—many rare and curious things are here that those who journey not beyond their native Isle can have but a faint conception of. For instance, *there* is the Cape pigeon—there he flies, dipping his variegated wings into the wave, as he captures some unwary fry ; there he flies—a thousand long miles have his dappled pinions borne him from the shore ; his home is indeed upon the waters—his resting-place is the hollow and the brow of the ever-restless sea. He seems alone in his occupation, all-absorbed in the search of his morning meal. But no ! I descry far in the distance his little mate ; gay and gladsome is her

bosom—no doubt happy in the companion who shares with her the tempest and the calm.—And here comes whirling round us, as if to examine what and who we are that dare intrude upon his dominions—here comes, skimming the air with his enormous sails, the huge albatross. Look at him, Rennie!—how he turns his great black eye upon us, and how near us he skims, determined as it were to ascertain the very name of the vessel and the colour of its inhabitants. Well, he is indeed a magnificent fellow, and I shall take the first opportunity of fishing for him: the Captain tells me they are easily taken with a long line and a pork bait.

“After all, to a mind at peace with itself, I have never yet known an instance where satisfaction and contentment may not be extracted from circumstances apparently quite adverse to anything approaching tranquillity. Even in this crowded vessel, the time has slipped hastily away, and nearly one-half of the tedious passage has been passed. Then, again, there will be a great novelty in our visit to the Cape. I certainly shall make the best of my time there, as I am anxious to make a few observations upon the present state of that Colony. Perhaps, Rennie, you may join me in a little expedition of discovery—what say you?”

“I shall do so, Blair, with great pleasure. I am of opinion, it is a Colony whose real merits have been very much neglected, and shall be glad to ascertain how far advantageous it would be to a settler, as in the event of not succeeding according to my wishes in Australia, the chances are that the Cape might induce me to turn my steps toward it. But, as the patient Turkey says, ‘we shall see.’”

“May I ask you, Rennie, if you have already purchased land in Australia?”

“Yes, Blair, I have done so—I have purchased to the extent of five hundred acres.”

“In what part is it situate?”

“As it is not at present surveyed, I am not prepared to answer that question; but I am led to understand it will be situated on the banks of a river. I have already sent out my son to select it, as you may not be aware, and I have instructed him to choose it as follows:—Firstly, with a moderate growth of timber; secondly (or rather I should have said, firstly), as near a river as may be, if possible on the banks of one);

and thirdly, as near the site of the proposed town as he can. I have ordered him, when various lands are surveyed, to forthwith make his selection, and establish himself and party by the erection of a comfortable habitation, so that in the event of our arrival we may at once have a tolerable place of refuge. He has taken out with him for that purpose the frame of a very good roomy house, and I expect to find him comfortably ensconced within it by the time of our arrival."

"Have you any agricultural implements with you, Rennie?"

"Oh yes, I have a very large assortment. I have been at great pains in endeavouring to get the best and most approved—my ploughs are mostly upon the Scotch principle, light and handy—for I am determined, as soon as we are safely landed, to commence operations with some spirit."

"Well, I agree with you, it will be a great satisfaction when one has actually made a beginning. I shall indeed rejoice to see my herds and my flocks, my crops and my garden. I am quite a devotee to a patriarchal life, and cannot tolerate the false refinement and the galling armour one is obliged to wear in the stupid monotony of fashionable society; and I feel myself more than happy when I reflect that the possibility is, we may not be very distant neighbours—for then we can render each other mutual assistance, which, I conceive, will occasionally be in demand."

"I can assure you, Blair, my desire is yours; few things would give myself and family more satisfaction. I presume, Blair, that the young ladies are not altogether pleased at the Australian expedition—what say they?"

"You have mistaken them, Rennie. So far from feeling any regret at leaving the follies of the ball, the morning twaddle, and the senseless tea-parties behind them, I am happy to say their only regret was the dear and tried friends that are occasionally to be found in this motley world—found too often at the very period when necessity demands we must leave them for ever behind. My girls are educated entirely under a mother's care—they have never been under the discipline of a stranger's hand; neither have their young minds been directed into impure channels by associating in public seminaries with those whose dispositions are trifling and worthless, and whose bosoms are too often

found not to be softened by the assembly of a school, but hardened into ridiculous manners, and educated utterly false in their views of the world. How often, Rennie, is the heart of the parent racked with grief, when, after years of expense and anxiety, the tenderly-loved girl of their bosoms, having at length completed her education in the public schools—how often then, sir, has the cruel sting of disappointment been sent deep into their vitals when they have beheld the beautiful idol of their souls, in all the loveliness of youth—at a period when she is to be launched upon the rough world, totally ignorant of its ways, distracted with false ideas, a prey to every petty disappointment—standing alone, as she does, gazing upon life as it really is; ignorant, totally ignorant, of what constitutes the *real* foundation of happiness—a knowledge of and a readiness to meet the common-place events, the everyday routine, of a bustling, a selfish world.”

“That, Blair,” replied Rennie, “is a philosophy seldom attained by gay young maidens; but certainly the way you have pursued in keeping them clear of the frivolities of a public school will do much for them, particularly when a mother’s eye is ever upon them; and, as you observe, a correct knowledge of what the world affords may be, under such circumstances, more efficiently imparted. I am myself no advocate for your finishing schools, your romances, and your love-sick swains, and haunted castles; they pollute the heart, and too often, instead of sending forth a valuable member of society, we see nothing but a flighty waxwork doll, full of imagination, music and dance, but absolutely *above* the world in which she is destined to move—and so much so in one instance that came to my knowledge in the person of a relation of mine, that she threw herself into a fatal disease by her abstinence, considering it to be actually derogatory to be seen in the fact of eating. Now I mention her, I may just finish her history. This lady—the Miss Belinda—in one of her abstinence fits reduced herself to such a passing shade, that medical advice was called in. The doctor recommended change of air. The beautiful girl—for she was an attenuated beauty—was forthwith removed to a respectable farmer’s in the country. There she, like Ophelia, culled the flowers, the pansies, and the willow; she also directed her attention to the sheep—and from the sheep (oh! tell it not in Gath!) to the gay young shepherd!

—Oh, romance! oh, rocks, brigands, and caves!—and oh, sweet, tuneful, gentle Colin, and thy still gentler lambkins! Where are you, Colin? let the groves answer, and the hills echo it—where are you, and where is the mistress of the humble cot, the miserable Belinda?”

“So ended her romance, I presume,” said Mr. Blair; “no doubt she died of a broken heart?”

“No, Blair, she lives yet: the husband has been advanced by some secret benevolent individual to the rank of toll-gate keeper; and the very last time I had occasion to ride through that part of the country, I had the shock to see the unhappy woman washing in a little orchard, by the side of the toll-house; and she held up a hand, bleeding at the wrist, to me for my toll. I knew it was Belinda, but she knew me not. I hastily threw a crown to a little blue-eyed urchin, who had thrust forth his curly flaxen head to look at the traveller; this at once surprised the mother, whom I left standing like a statue, straining her large blue eyes at the unaccountable generosity of the stranger. ‘Poor thing!’ thought I; ‘thou who wert once too delicate for the very balmy South to blow upon, art now exposed to the rudeness of every blast; and those long and taper fingers, that have swept the keys whiter than the ivory of thy piano, enchanting all beholders—where are they now? The muslin brocade has fled from that snowy bosom—the plain red kerchief is there now, and the herden apron tight embraces that slender waist, which bends to thy irksome task as a reed that a tempest hath broken. May I see her misery no more! It was a stab, Blair, I did not very readily get over.”

“Does her husband treat her kindly?” inquired Mr. B.

“Of that,” continued Rennie, “I know but little. However, *on dit* that he is a kind, harmless clown—extremely uncouth, as a matter of course, being totally without education, except the little that his unhappy wife has taught him. Ignorance in the present age (abounding, as it does, with the means of knowledge) is a *positive crime*; and, in my code of criminal law, I would insert, ‘And be it enacted, that on and after the 1st day of January next, all youths who shall be above the age of ten years, and discovered totally unable to read and write, shall be considered at the disposal of Government, and may be draughted into such regiments or ships as may be thought necessary,’—where the

schoolmaster might be found at home ; and that therein, in consideration of their education, they should be compelled to serve till the age of twenty-one—thus making something, as it were, out of nothing ; for, in spite of what men may preach about a little learning being a dangerous thing, I maintain the force of the adage, that ‘half a loaf is better than no bread.’ Ignorance, being too often the parent of crimes, should be made accountable for her progeny, by the very same law and jury who condemned the trumpeter to death, negating his plea that he fought not, neither slew he any man—but the Judge advanced the fact, above all *he was the greater criminal*, by being the cause of others fighting.”

“ I think, Rennie,” cried Mr. Blair, as he turned from the mainmast, against which he had been leaning,—“ I think you have reason well on your side ; but it will be yet some years ere the little lever of the schoolmaster can heave from its low position, to any favourable elevation, the ponderous mass of ignorance that benights the rural districts.”

CHAPTER XI.

"Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear---
Samuel, raise thy buried head;
King, behold the phantom seer!"---SAUL.

"ALL the fat 's i' the fire! here 's something to talk about—now for it! who's to blame?—*there* 's a secret, find it out!" Thus violently ejaculated Mr. Turkey, as he hastily bounded upon the quarter-deck. "*There*, gentlemen," continued he in an agitated tone, addressing some passengers who were listlessly promenading,—"*there*, my fellow-wanderers—policies of life insurance are at a premium; who brings such to the market? I'm a purchaser at any price.—Misfortunes never come alone—four this morning, and two last night: here 's a list—*écoute!* *Imprimis*—The jars of London pickled cabbage for the use of the would-be scorbutic, friends, turns out to be all brine and parings of leather!—yea, briny as the very wave that washes yon lee scuppers,—and tough! ay, tough as my grandmother's pocket! Gentlemen, elongate not the visage. No. 2—The water is nearly spent, and what little remains stinks—ay, most foully savours, as Don Quixote said to Sancho—Yes, the Don to the Squire—memory serves—'Sancho, thou savourest,'—that 's Spanish for *stink*. Notre aqua Thamesiensis est impuris, abominalis,—that 's pure and unadulterated Latin—memory serves. Note the third—The tripe is defunct! last bit in the bucket to-day; so, gentlemen, you will get no more of that delectable viscera for thy abominable viscera—at which you find yourselves in no worse a situation than the illustrious Queen Bess herself, of ale-drinking,

herring-eating memory. Hear what one of her poets laureate sung to the Royal ear—beats Southey hollow :—

‘ An thou shalt feed from choicest
That ever queen hath seen,
Thou shalt not eat no ttypes,
For they be seldom clean.’

So lament not thy deprivation,
But list, ye landsmen, all to me ;
Messmates! hear from brother sailor
In what a pretty *mess* we be.

Yonder pig who is poking his long and mangy snout betwixt those forbidding bars, ate up the last murphy yesterday!—absolute fact, however dire to tell. Now for another note—The black cook swallowed the last bottle of ale, to his own cheek, this very morning at six A.M. : I took an observation of him through the grating. Now for note the last, but not the least—Miss P. has just decided not to allow the addresses of the gentleman who last evening mistook her cabin for his own!—Now,” cried Turkey, as he caught the form of the Doctor gliding past,—“ now, Doctor, I have emptied my budget ; what have you to say ?”

“ I’ll tell you what I have to say—that I would recommend you all taking a good active dose of physic, and take care not to go near the long-boat ; for the typhus fever has broke out amongst us, and the ship is so crowded, I must make that my hospital, and throw a sail over it.”

“ The typhus fever !” simultaneously exclaimed all ; “ God preserve us ! And to make the long-boat an hospital ! Why, already there are four oxen and twenty sheep in it !”

“ That does not alter the necessity of the case. I must have the stern-sheets and the bows : and I herewith forbid any and all of you from holding any intercourse with the infected. I am going to tar, smoke, and limewash the interior of all the cabins, and shall be glad of any of you idlers’ assistance.”

This announcement of the Doctor struck the whole band motionless ; for he was a man generally of few words, and it was to be feared, in this instance at least, that he had not exaggerated the danger. He was

overheard to remark to the Captain, "When a fever breaks out in a crowded vessel like this, its effects are awful. I have known, out of two hundred emigrants, no less than eighty of them carried off by fever ere they reached Sydney: and I can further add, that a friend of mine, a surgeon, lost seventy out of a hundred and twenty; and upon his arrival in Sydney Cove, he was ordered back with his ship-load of the dying to Sydney Heads, where tents were erected on shore for them, and where medical men came down from town to assist them—three of whom, as well as my poor friend, took the fever and died. And furthermore, the mischief does not end here—the ship is infected for years after, and if employed again in the same service, ten chances to one of her escaping the plague, more raging and terrible than before. That, sir, you may not be disposed to imagine I am exceeding the fact, I will relate an incident.

"A vessel called the 'Lady M'Nab' sailed from England to South Australia. The fever overtook them on the Line—it swept off a third of that melancholy crew, and continued to rage with unabated fury till their arrival at the Cape. Here they went to the hospital on shore—those, of course, who could afford it, purchasing better accommodations—remaining there three weeks; and, after purifying the ship, the remnant once more embarked—and once more did the fever resume his throne of skulls. Day after day the mournful bell summoned the unhappy people to the gangway to commit a fellow-mortal to the deep. From the saddening effect which this created upon the minds of the few who remained in health, the dead were thrown overboard in the secret hour of midnight.

"The moving scenes of that dread ship would appear to have ended with her destination. Not so!—six months after that, I was upon the Eastern seas—we were driving before the wind nine knots—when a vessel, which we had as it were all of a sudden observed standing across our bows, hoisted telegraph. As we became able to distinguish the colours, we referred to the code of signals, and there we made out the question 'Have you a doctor on board?' We backed the main-yard as we approached, and hoisted in reply 'Yes.' Up went their flags again—'9078'—'What's that? 9078?'—'We will send our boat immediately for him.' The boat came alongside, and I and one or two curious

passengers boarded the bark. It was the 'Lady M'Nab,' on her return voyage from Sydney, and she was *full of fever!* The Captain's young and beautiful wife, whom he had recently married at Sydney, was lying in a hopeless state, and at least a dozen of the crew. The Captain informed me that they had had the vessel fumigated, limed and fresh painted, and yet the lurking seeds of that insidious malady were not destroyed."

"Then, Doctor," inquired the Captain, "would the infection never be destroyed?"

"Why, yes—after a length of time; but that vessel should be forbidden to carry out emigrants on her succeeding voyage. The invisible agent so much to be dreaded lurks in every cranny. If the seeds of the plague are brought thousands of miles in a morsel of cotton or an old garment, why should not a ship or a cabin, where the breath and exhalations from the diseased would saturate every plank, and emit, in spite of all precautions, the miasma or infective agent, until it became by time innocuous?"

"But what can be done, Doctor?" inquired the Captain; "our vessel is so crowded."

"True, it is horribly crowded. I myself protested in no measured terms, ere we started, upon the very wickedness of so cramming the people together like herrings in a cask; but I joined the ship too late to make any very sensible alterations, though I certainly unshipped a dozen. I am of opinion, the captain of a ship should be himself made answerable, and that an agent properly conversant with the matter should examine every emigrant ship before she sails for her destination. This is not denied a stage-coach whose journey is twenty miles, but is withheld from a lonely ship whose passengers are in helpless hundreds, and whose journey is the antipodes."

"We must make the best of it, Doctor," said the Captain.

"Yes, that is cool and comfortable philosophy—we *must* certainly endeavour, by every means in our power, to arrest the fiend who menaces us; but it is of no avail straining medical knowledge to its utmost, and being also provided with a superabundance of drugs to assist in the combat, if we with open eyes see unconcerned the mischief, ere we start, that is certain to befall us: medicine should be employed to pre-

vent disease, as well as to arrest it. But however, as it is, we must not necessarily alarm the minds of the passengers; for fortitude is as useful when threatened with the approach of disease, as it is in war when we find ourselves suddenly surrounded by our enemies.—Now, Captain, to our tasks, and success attend us! We will attempt to destroy the germ of the budding dragon.”

“Who heard anything?” exclaimed Turkey as he drew in a long breath. “My wig, but here *is* a pretty kettle of fish!—The Doctor talks of fortitude—guarding against disease! All diseases proceed from a disarranged stomach. Now hear my logic:—It is the duty of every man to guard against disease. To arrange the stomach, is to fortify against all diseases. *Ergo*—steward, bring me a strong glass of brandy-and-water. I will instantly ‘attempt to destroy the germ of the budding dragon!’”

CHAPTER XII.

"The bastions of the storm, when through the sky
The spirits of the tempest thunder'd by,
. beneath the lash
Of the wind's scourge, foam'd like a wounded thing,
And the incessant hail with stony crash
Plough'd up the waters, and the flagging wing
Of the roused cormorant in the lightning's flash
Look'd like the wreck of some wind-wandering
Fragment of inkly thunder-smoke."---WITCH OF ATLAS.

THE voyagers had hitherto journeyed in peace—the winds, upon the whole, had been what they could have most sanguinely expected, and they all began to entertain hopes that the high lands of the Cape would in a short period be announced from the mast-head. Preparations had been for some time past in real earnest commenced. The steerage passengers had performed, as if by general consent, “a most glorious wash;” not a morsel of linen the size of one’s handkerchief had escaped the universal ablution. The fit seemed not confined to the steerage alone, but it broke out with equal manifestations of violence amidships: universal war to the very suds was declared against the dusty and the stained—not an inch of the spare rigging was left unoccupied by the motley array of blue and brown, and various-coloured things. There they were, fluttering and flying, flapping, curling, twisting, in attitudes never to be performed when inhabited by the living trunk: bloated, headless bodies struck out their tenantless arms at the invisible antagonist, or challenged each other, like knights of yore, to the tilt, and appeared to the speculative observer to be the resurrection of the good old times when

“ 'Twas a glorious sight to see
The charge of the Christian chivalry.”

Shirt challenged shirt, and jousted together; under-waistcoat challenged pantaloons, and red nightcap flourished his tassel over an ignobler knight of the garter. Thus went on all things, animate and inanimate; all was life and activity.

Various were the bets made at this period, and numerous were the guesses, the hopes, and the suppositions. Little knots were seen in various parts of the "Ocean Queen," in deep and solemn discourse, upon the change in the water—the bit of sea-weed which had been discovered as it floated past—and, above all, some birds flitting under the stern, pronounced by the wise ones as swallows. All wore the aspect of a period soon arriving, when they might stretch their listless legs ashore. Alas for human hopes—the shortsightedness of that arrogant biped man! He noted not that small red spot in the heavens, such as the Prophet saw, "no larger than a man's hand;" but that unnoted speck on the cerulean bosom of the sky was the ear upon which rode the monarch of the storm. He came in silence—he rolled above the waves; the very wind crouched before him and was still, and the sea turned pale at his approach. The startled bird, with his wing of night, dashed like a meteor before him, and sounded his cry of alarm, that echoed o'er the else silent waste; the petrel darted around the scarcely-moving bark with unwonted restlessness; and the sails of the vessel, as if unwilling to contest the coming blast, shivered as in agony at his impetuous career.

The voice of the Captain—the answering pipe of the Boatswain—summoned all men to their duty. The deck was crowded with life; and there was hurrying to and fro, and the scarce-audible whisper which one man breathed to his fellow as he turned his eye to the murky canopy that had spread like a magic carpet over his head. One instant more! and the sea rushed with the violence of a cataract over all—howling and boiling,—sweeping all in its course—whipped up in an instant, as if by an enchanter's wand. All which had been silent as the tomb was now mantling in violence—in overwhelming passion—around. The yell of the affrighted birds, made visibly larger by the lightning's flash—the tremendous flappings of the mighty sails as they endeavoured to break like an infuriated lion from his lashings—the sidelong and terrific manner in which the vessel tore amid the bil-

lows—and, above all, the awful peals of thunder that boomed and rolled around them—were overpowering and bewildering in the extreme. The passengers, driven below by the fury of the breaking sea, that ever and anon swept like a supercharged torrent over the deck, had not only to contend with the tempest that threatened momentarily to engulf them in the yawning chasms that opened around them, but the vessel, driving and rolling as she was, first one gunwale under and then the other, precluded the possibility of any position but absolutely lying at full length; and then their lives and limbs were in imminent danger, amidst the rushing and crashing of trunks, chairs, tables, and every portable article, broken loose from their moorings, and dashing across the cabin in horrible—in appalling confusion.

The suddenness of this storm was only equalled by its violence. Not a solitary thing in that tempest-beaten bark was at rest. The rolling, the heaving, and the trembling of the vessel's timbers, as she pitched into a hollow sea, or was struck by a gigantic wave, produced a dizziness, a cloud, upon the minds of the passengers below, that though uncertain for a moment as to whether the next wave would not engulf them, yet there was not to be heard a solitary voice giving utterance to grief. The darkness that necessarily reigned below made it impossible for any one, at the risk of their life and limbs, to remain an instant in the main cabin; therefore every one sought shelter for himself, in the best manner he was able, in his own cabin, gazing with bewildered senses upon the carnage reigning around him. On deck the wildness of the scene defies the description of the pen: wave after wave was raising its huge body, chasing, overwhelming its fellow, whilst the fiery sky gleamed upon the whole, tinting all around with a lurid red. The ship, although with scarce a sail upon her masts, flew over the waters, plunging, bounding, roaring along, as a huge monster in the extremity of madness. Four men were lashed to the helm, which had as now no mastery over her turbulent subject. No voice could be heard, from the blasts that bellowed through the overstrained rigging. Each shroud had assumed, from tension, the appearance of a bar of iron; and as the wind rushed upon it, a sound was given forth as from the bass of a trumpet. The thunder joined its awful voice to the terrible din; and the forked lightning flashed upon the dishevelled locks

and upturned eyeballs of the seamen, giving them for a moment the ghastly appearance of beings from another world.

The sea had increased every minute, and was at this time making a clean breach over the ship. One tremendous wave came, leaping and bounding over his fellows, as a giant sent at once to arrest the further career of the all-tottering and uncommandable bark. The Captain's experienced eye saw the huge sea coming fierce and impetuous to the attack : he had scarcely time to pass a rope round his waist and waive his hand to the men at the helm, when the ship was struck. For an instant the wild bark was arrested in her flight. The boiling, the hissing sea was above, below, and around her ; she was fairly entombed—all were for an awful space, brief as it was, buried in the ocean's womb. The gallant vessel, however, was stunned—not slain ; and again she feebly renewed the unequal fight, and gallantly once more presented her bosom to the enemy.

Soon as the eye was enabled to distinguish the results of that woful sea—whilst yet a perfect river was rushing waist-deep over the deck, they discovered, to their horror, that the long-boat, and all that it contained, was washed away : but, hanging half through one of the lee port-holes, appeared jammed, as it were, the body of some one. The Captain unwound his faithful rope, and staggered to the assistance of the precariously-situated individual. By main force he attempted to extricate the body, which was that of a female firmly wedged between the carriage of a gun and the open port. A sailor in the rigging hastily darted to the rescue, when they succeeded at length in drawing forth a woman whose fingers were spasmodically holding by the hair an infant.

The woman, upon being released from her perilous condition, and seeing who was by her side, faintly uttered, " Captain, I thank God I have saved the child ; but the mother is gone ! "

The unknown woman and surviving child were hurried at once into the forecastle, for there was no time to lose, as at this moment, and close to where they stood, the main topmast came down with a tremendous crash, and the heavens appeared, if possible, more dismal and foreboding than ever.

Whilst heaving overboard the remaining guns, and what other encumbrances remained upon the deck, there was heard amid the roar of the storm the sudden booming of a gun! The Captain hastened into the rigging, and there, far—too far for him to make out distinctly what vessel or of what kind she was—but certainly there, with apparently but the stump of a mast standing, lay, rolling and plunging, the huge hulk of some unfortunate vessel, which had evidently exhibited, without the dreadful signal-firing of the gun, that she was in the last stage of distress.

The vessel lay far out to windward, and it was only when lightning lent its fierce glare that the tossing and unguidable hull could be discovered. Minute after minute the distress-gun boomed through the din around, till suddenly it ceased. The Captain strained his eyes to the spot where he last saw the vessel: the lightning blazed fiercely as before, firing up the whole horizon, but no mortal eye ever gazed again upon that unhappy ship—no mortal ear shuddered henceforth at the boom of her signal-gun.

As the Captain descended from the shrouds, a voice close to his ear eagerly inquired, “Is she gone down?”

The Captain turned his eye round to look at the inquirer. It was the same female whom he had rescued from such imminent peril: she was swaddled up in a seaman’s dreadnought, and her head was bound round with an old oilskin south-wester.

“Who tied you there?” asked the Captain, seeing that his inquirer was firmly lashed to the windward belaying-pins.

“Is the ship foundered?” again in a tone of intense anxiety demanded the female.

“She most certainly has,” answered the Captain. “But who are you, and what is your object in braving this awful hurricane? This is no place for women! your life is in momentary danger. Get you at once into a place of safety; you may meet with an accident that will send you after the vessel you so foolishly inquire about, if you don’t take better care of yourself.”

“I can afford to lose my life, for I have already this day saved one perhaps of more value than my own. But, at all events, whilst this

storm continues I shall keep the deck ; and if the vessel makes her last plunge, I at least shall go down with my eyes open. Here it is my determination to remain."

"As you please," said the Captain, hurrying his way aft; "women will have their own way."

CHAPTER XIII.

“ ‘ What if thine eye be beautifully bright,
E'en as the eagle's ? yet thy rugged back,
And flatten'd head, and legs are dusky black :
Thy mouth---oh ! close it, for I dread the sight.
Go'
 ‘ Oh, why reproach my lot ?’
A voice replied, low murm'ring from the flood :
‘ A purpose I may serve, to thee unknown.’ ”

THE tempest continued its force unabated till toward the close of the second day, when the wind began gradually to die away, and the sea sunk rapidly into a state of repose. Now might be seen emerging one after the other, from the crowded cabins to the deck, the delighted passengers, exulting that the danger was over.

“ Well,” cried one above the rest, as he poked his red-nightcapped head up the companion, “ Well, thank God for all things ! we’ve had a precious shaking ! Talk of tossing a fellow in a blanket—it’s nothing to the d—d tossing, tumbling, rolling, bumping, bending, cringing, headaching, shin-skinning, back-steaming, that I’ve undergone the last sixty hours. Not one morsel of animal food has entered my precious mouth, except a blind and diseased cockroach, that doubtless fell into it in a fit as he was crawling over ; not a morsel else—no, not even the crack of a biscuit. You might lie on your bone-shaken back, and bawl out ‘ Steward ! Steward, I say, for the honour of the Virgin, bring me a bite ! for the love you bear St. Peter, bring me just a morsel of biscuit, if it’s only the size of a nutmeg, and the very least drop of rum to saturate the same ;’—no ! not he,—you might implore the infidel by all the names in the calendar, he moved not ; though I’d the melancholy satisfaction to see him in the distance, clearing the

dust out of his own pipes with a pleasant touch of solitude I longed to invade. Well, as I used to hear my respected grandmother say, after giving me some rhubarb and senna tea, whilst the nasty yellow mess still hung thick upon my lips—‘Now laugh, Toby, and suck your plum; it’s all over.’ But stay! where’s the long-boat? and where’s the cook’s galley, that should stand here, if memory serves? Where be the swine, and the sheep, and the oxen?”

“They are all gone, Mr. Turkey, to Davy’s locker; and thank your lucky stars you ain’t gone arter ’em! I can just tell you as how it war as near as a toucher,” said a sailor, in answer to Mr. Turkey; for we find it was our old lively friend, who was one of the first upon the scene of the conflict.

“And is the cook gone to see old Davy?” pursued Turkey.

“No,” rejoined the seaman, “he ain’t exactly gone, sir; he’s a sort of chap as holds on by the skin of his teeth. Cooks at sea are like post-boys ashore; it’s reckoned a sight quite out o’ the common order o’ things to see a dead un of either on ’em. I’ve heerd in my time, when I was aboard the ‘Thumping Sally,’ as we called her—I’ve heerd a rummish go or two about what you call the cooks—we call ’em the doctors, ’case they docters us inwards, arout which there’d be no employ for the t’other docter, you know, Mr. Turkey, except he wanted just to try his fist in the amabotomy, don’t they call it? But the sea-cook never cocks *his* toe, ony under most exasperated circumstancees. The black covey aboard the ‘Thumping Sally’ made believe, off the coast o’ Africa, that he was a dead un! The docter said as how he was as dead as a marlin-spike. I went to look at him—as in course we all did, reckoning it a sight we didn’t see every watch. Well—we *all*, the starboard watch, went to look at him as he lay upon the grating; and the mate chalks on the slate—‘10 p.m. Died Wappy Dumpo, the Cook;’ he puts it in large letters—I seed him do it. Well, when we’d all seen him, the boatsun says to me, says he, ‘Bob,’ says he, ‘this is the thirty-seventh year I’ve sailed the brine, and I’m blow’d if ever I seen a dead cook afore—I never did, by G—d!’ said he: ‘I’ve heerd tell on ’em, but never believed it.’ Well, he says to the sailmaker, ‘Sailmaker,’ says he, ‘when are you a-going to stitch up poor old Wappy

Dumpo?' 'I a' got the yarn for that very job,' says he, 'and I'm a-going just at it,' says he. Well, in course we slewed round to lend a hand—it was getting devilish dark, and we wanted him overboard afore the morning, for corpses won't keep long in those 'ere latitudes. Well, sailmaker kneels down, and we just helps Dumpo's carcase comfortably into his hammock. It was a most uncommon short un, that same hammock, and wouldn't kiver his legs; so as we must in course shot the body, and we allais shots the stern, we sews up the shot under his great ugly hoofs; (Lord! what sprawling feet that fellow had, to be sure!) Well then, stitch after stitch went on, till we could see no further: according-ly, I fetches the glim;—that 'ere being done, and all ready for launching, the mate comes aft to lend us a hand. We gets the grating fairly o' the leward gun carriage,—then on from there, by might and main, right to the top of the gangway. Well, there he rested as on a balance, like a man as you may a' seen jumping in a sack at a country fair. Dumpo's hammock war sewed tight under his chin, and his great black curly head (I think I see it now) lolling out of the sack. Up climbs the mate and the sailmaker, just to see him go down,—it's allais a sight as makes impression on me. 'Up with the glim,' says the mate; 'and when I say *Three*, let go. One—two!' I held up the glim at that moment as the mate cries 'Two,' just over the corpse, so as to let the light fall plump on his face. Thinks I, 'I'll take a last look at poor Dumpo.' The mate screamed out, afore I could turn my quid 'He's alive, by G—d!' The carpenter and sailmaker fell one over the t'other on to the deck; and the black going over, seized the lanthorn with his teeth, and arter him it went like a ball of fire hissing into the sea. Arter that I remember no more, till we was all four having some grog on the capstan. 'Did you see *that*, Bill?' says the mate to the sailmaker. 'I did *that*,' says he, shaking his head. 'And so did I!' 'And so did I!' echoed the t'other two. Myself had nearly lost my faculties; I couldn't tell what I had seen, till I felt the grog reviving within me. And then I ups and says, says I, 'And I'm d—d if I didn't see it too: just as I held up the glim,' says I, 'and the mate was singing out, One—two, I'm blessed if the cook didn't *wink* at us; I seen his great white eye, actilly like a cotton ball, just afore he snapped at the glim.'

I shall never forget it—he was a murdered man ! I often think of that event ; it war one of no every-day occurrence ; catch me ever lend a hand again to swamp a sea-cook—I wouldn't, by G—d, for Greenwich ! It's wilful murder—that's what it is."

Mr. Turkey took a most violent pinch of snuff, and " Bob," the relater of the terrible " ewent," slewed his enormous quid from port to starboard ; and, as he turned a parting glimpse upon Turkey, and gave the satisfactory hitch to his nether man, he poked his thumb knowingly over his shoulder, and, with an accompanying nod of the head, roared out, " Mr. Turkey wants the cook !"

But that functionary was too busy at that time to lose a moment ; and, notwithstanding he heard the summons most audibly, as he should, he contented himself with shouting out,

" And him can say, him cook wery glad o' turkey ! him fine ham West-failure to marry him to, ha ! ha ! Cook wery glad storm ober, but wish him let galley alone ; knock him all in lee-scupper, and bust him copper's ribs in like old buckets. It was no good to repent—all is gone, and sorree is not for me."

(Cook sings from his broken galley.)

" I knew by de moke, dat so gracefully cull'd,
 Abobe de geen ems, dat a cottage was nee,
 And I say, if dere's peace to be foun in dis wold,
 A hat dat is umle mit ope for it hee.
 Ebry leap was at est, and I ha'd not a soun,
 But him woodpecka tappin de ollow beet tee.
 Ebry leap," &c.

" Well," soliloquised Turkey, " to think of that melancholy-looking, doubly-dyed piece of ebony chaunting a love ditty ! It's a beautiful world !"

At this juncture, a voice of complaint was heard, loud and deep. The bewailer was vainly endeavouring to achieve some object apparently very difficult to effect. What it was, the following may serve to show :—

" If I'd a' bin only to a' know'd what sort of a woyage was a-going to fall to my lot, I'd a' set up a razor-grinding—(click, click)—machine.

I am not one of those sort of beings as likes this infernal sort of a—(click, click). Well, now, hang me stiff *if* I can—(click). Everything in this world seems to go wrong. Not one bit of bakker have I had in my pipe this three days; and now—(click, click)—I'm spifficated *if I can* get a light. Ah, ah! what, my old friend, Ochus Moss! Is that you? All alive—alive oh! Good! Let's bakker, Moss."

"Yes, Turkey, my friend, it's myself—or a precious good imitation."

"And here you see me, in the most horrid trim I ever was in my whole course. This shaking us all up together, like pills in a box, don't suit my notion of quiet. And, what's the worst on it, for the soul on me can I get a light! Been pelting and digging into this old steel till I am ready to break out in a flare myself, and all to no purpose. *Fire ain't in it!*"

"Here, friend Moss—here's a lucifer."

"The devil there is!" ejaculated Moss, seizing the proffered box of Turkey. "Now, I say, *this is* as it ought to be. Here, Turkey, here's my bakky; let's blow a cloud. Where did you stow yourself during the 'three glorious days,' as the *parley-voos* have it?" inquired Mr. Moss of his fellow-smoker, as the two worthies seated themselves upon a cask.

"Why, Moss, that's a question I can hardly tell. I was stowed away in a horrid predicament."

"Ah, ah! that's good. So was I. And the worst of it was—this—the worst of it was—(puff, puff)—Well, now, I'm—(puff)—I'm d——"

"Hush, Moss!" cried Turkey, holding his hand open toward the irritated smoker. "Don't anathemise!"

"Don't anatomise! do you say? Is't not enough to make a parson anatomise, when his pipe's flue's bunged up, and, for the vig on him, he can't get no vent? I thought of having just a quiet whiff, and here am I, flint *and* steel, tooth *and* nail, at it for half an hour, till I steam like a cucumber bed; and when I do get a spark on the top of my weed, here I am again, blowing and flapping my cheeks together

like an old pair o' bellows : sometimes my pipe draws like a pump-sucker ; then, again, it takes a fit, and is as tight-plugged as a man's nose when he's a-got the snuffles. Blow the pipe ! if it ain't enough to exasperate a bishop !"

"Patience, friend Oehus !" quietly said Mr. Turkey. "Don't *put your* pipe out ! Here, take this blade of bamboo, and give it a radical reform ; that's all the pipe wants—a thorough turn out, and a search into all its secret crannies. You have not paid that attention to it which was necessary ; and if you have not a keen eye upon all things, and give them a regular scouring out now and again, abuses will creep into them, in spite of all your confidence."

"Good, my learned Turkey !" said Moss, as he complacently blew forth a cloud that enveloped himself and friend. "Good ! I say ; what a thing it is to be blessed with that 'erc ready kind of comfortable doctrine ! I've *poked out* the rubbish that was, day after day, accumulated, and *now* there's nothing the matter wi' the pipe ; it only wanted a stir up with a proper sort of poker,—not too stiff an' headstrong, for that would a' broke afore it entered ; not too soft and bendable, for that wouldn't a' searched out the proper depth ; but a middle sort of thing, just like that bit o' bamboo—strong, yet the first to bend at the proper time ; stiff, and poking just where it war wanted. Come, that's a good idear. Have you, Mister T., heerd anything particlar awful durin the storm ?" inquired Mr. Moss.

"Not *very* particular yet," replied Turkey ; "but we lost a woman when the long-boat was washed away—the cattle, you know, &c. &c. But as the poor wretch of a woman was in the last stage of typhus fever, I look upon it rather as a blessing than otherwise. But the most curious part of that affair is, some cock-and-bull story the steward has got by the tail, about the child of the woman going after her into the sea, when a mermaid instantly snatched the child up, and, as the ship lurched, placed it safely aboard again, not a bit the worse ! The steward says, the carpenter and Bill Bobstay actually had a yarn with the mermaid, when she inquired what latitude she was in, bid them good voyage, and, after flourishing her looking-glass at them, dived after the woman ! Steward says it's a positive fact."

"God bless us and save us!" cried Moss, taking his pipe from his mouth and staring wildly at Turkey. "A mermaid, ay? Now we'll soon prove wether that's a lie or no, for I'll just go and ax to see the young un, cos I knows that war in the boat."

So saying, Moss jerked himself off the pork-cask, and, with a determined air, strode off to properly "investigate" the matter. He had not been long absent, when he came hurrying along the deck, his eyes fixed full on Turkey, and his pipe flourishing in his left hand, whilst he stretched forth the clenched fist of his right. And no sooner was he within the hearing of Turkey, than he thundered out—

"Consternation bully me, if it ain't a fact! I've actually seen the balchin!"

"Seen the what, Moss?"

"Why, the little balch young un. By my old boots!" continued Moss, vehemently striking his thigh, "by my old boots! if this don't cap Dolly! Well, come, I have heerd strange things in my time! Poor Abraham Barlow, of the 'Three Balls,' used to say strange things: how he once seen a woman dressed as a widow, and three orphins, come straight into his shop one night as he sat balancing his books; and how the widow's cheeks looked like withered parchment, and her eyes sunk deep into the sockets, twinkling fiery upon her bony young uns. She makes straight up to a shelf, without taking the least notice of Barlow; takes down off it, without any ceremony, a wariety of articles: there was a box o' dice, a parl necklace, and some rings, all of which, one arter the t'other, she swallowed, till it come to the three dice, one of which she guv to each of her bantlings, which they, arter the fashion of the old un, directly bolted. Barlow saw'd it all, clear as possible eyes could see; but he couldn't utter a word. He looked firm at 'em, too. The door didn't seem to open for 'em to go out, but they, he says, deliberately walked *through* it. He heerd a faint rustling, like silk, as they cut off; but he couldn't get his jaw to wag, else he says he wanted to hoot arter 'em. What's the strangest part on it all is, the next morning arter he told me on it, we both went to look at the shelf, and, bottle me off if there warn't all the dollop, dice and all, as comfortable as ever! We couldn't make nothing on it; but it

wery much bothered poor Barlow. He allais talks on the widow when he gets rather smoky. But this mermaid consarn quite bemistificates me—I carn't get over this !”

“ Well, Moss,” interrupted Turkey, “ you see, however, that it’s a positive fact ; and there’s the evidence of the child’s being alive to prove it. The mermaid gave it the captain through the porthole.”

“ Well—I wonder if the child had a caul or not, what’s often sold in the *Times* paper ; if not, I never heerd tell o’ such a miraculous thing afore,” said Moss,—“ never in all my born days. It’s the rummest go I ever did hear tell on. Bottle me off, if it ain’t ! I’m rigler corked !”

CHAPTER XIV.

"Yes---from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers."---THE ISLAND.

"SUSAN, child, bring me my writing-desk. Thank you. Did you ever hear the last letter I received from my unfortunate Charles, Susan?"

"Never marm,—but I will be obliged to yer, if so be, marm, you would read me a bit of it; for this terrible shipwreck as we are all undergoing takes away my complete senses—except those as wants to be comforted."

"Sit, child, upon that sofa—or lie upon it, Susan; never mind me—you will be more comfortable reclining. You know the dreadful charge laid to him Susan, and the horrid verdict given against him?"

"Ay, faith do I, marm," sighed Susan. "Do I? Yes, too well—he's anone guilty, no more than I am—not he, it ain't in his noble nature. Oh Lord!—it's dreadful to think on."

"Susan," interrupted the lady, who was half leaning, half sitting upon a settee, holding the letter in her hand, "he is as innocent of that dreadful crime as an angel sitting by the throne of the Almighty. However, time will do him justice—hear the letter.

"MY DEAREST, MY UNHAPPY PAULINE,—

"You have heard ere this the fatal termination of my trial. I am condemned to exile;—yes, the jury of my fellow-countrymen, upon the evidence adduced (all, as you are aware, circumstantial), have pronounced me guilty. I am as innocent of that foul and savage crime as thou art. You will have read in the public prints parts of my defence—and so certain was I of immediate release, that I had employed no counsel, and prepared no speech; I trusted alone to my heart to hurl the foul stigma from my bosom. You will

perceive that I have failed—only for a time. Well it is for me that my parents exist not, to mourn over the misfortunes of their child; the world holds but one—my adorable Pauline, that is interested in the fate of the oppressed, the above all others unhappy, Charles. I have already suffered two months' incarceration, the expiration of which, I bitterly remember, was to have been to me *the day* when I entered terrestrial happiness. *You* will call to mind—it was fixed upon as——O heavens! what a change! Where art thou now, O my beloved Pauline? Think upon the guiltless, the anguished, outraged bosom of thy poor Charles, and he who was to have been thy happy husband is branded with the accursed stain of ——”

“ Susan, Susan, Su——”

“ Oh, my poor afflicted missus, don't you read any more. Ah! she's gone—fainted as dead as a stone. Poor unhappy thing! what am I to do? I daren't call any one into this 'ere state-room. Ah! she gives a spasm sigh! Come, now, dear lady, smell this bottle.—Thank God, you are—yes, you are better now!”

“ Where am I?”—

“ You are in your cabin, my dear. Yes, here you are: I am Susan—your poor friend Susan—don't you know me? Lean your dear head against my bussum. There.—God bless me! how scalding hot her tears be!”

“ There—thank you, Susan, I am better, much better, now.” (She heaved a deep sigh.) “ I have been thinking of that ——”

“ Never mind, dearest missus—we shall hear of its all being right the very first letter—you shall live to hear it all found out. I myself will finely kick up my heels afore long—I mean to have a roaring gallop some of these days, and it won't be long first. Comfort, dear lady—comfort! our eyes are not made for tears, but for smiling. We are pretty near the land, they do say; and I know there's no cause for miserable unhappiness many weeks longer. Bitter partings makes the sweetest meetings—exactly as the sourest, worst apples makes the sweetest, best cider. I'll encourage none on't! There the tear-drops stand now on your eyelashes like the dew on the hedge of a hautum morning. Shake 'em off, and let's hear no more letter-reading: you know, dear marm, better than I do, it's all fiddlesticks!”

"Susan! my tried, my good and valued friend, thy kind heart would fain console all the woes that beset me, and lighten the care that presses heavy on my heart;—Susan, come hither—didst thou ever feel love?"

"Why, really, marm, that's a—that's a—ahem!—that's a——"

"I do not ask you as your confessor—no! my curiosity is not that of impertinence, neither am I anxious to possess the secrets of your bosom. If, Susan, you have ever felt joy in the presence of one being, that became sorrow when that being departed; if you have listened to one peculiar voice above the crowd that surrounded you; if you have dwelt upon words that have been uttered by one mouth in preference to that crowd, and found in them a sweetness that no other lips could utter; and if your heart bounds, when certain eyes seem to meet your own, with a thrill that awakens but to those eyes alone;—and, furthermore, if when you found that the cruel tongue of slander had selected that certain one as a victim, your heart swelled too big for your bosom as each malignant lie drove like a red-hot dart into your inmost heart, and your very brain throbbed as it would split its tenement;—*then*, Susan, I say you have *loved*—you have felt the pangs of love! and as the battle thickens, that would oppose a host, to the heart that is attracted by a consciousness it has met its fellow, and worthy of its warmth, so rises the soul of woman to enter willingly the conflict, and towers like a mighty conqueror, at length, when the weak and defeated body is unable to pursue any longer the unequal fight. Susan, men know not the depth of woman's love: alas! it is too often the phoenix that arises from a heart already laid in ashes.

"I have lately gazed upon the boiling passion of the sea—I have seen its rage sweep furiously upon the helplessness of man, and I thought, How like is this to what daily in our petty round of life we are doomed to behold! I compared our lone and tempest-beaten bark to a solitary being upon the waste of life. I saw the helpless vessel, scarcely sufficient in strength to contend with one rude wave, when another, as if determined upon her destruction, rolled fiercer than ever to arrest her—to swallow her to oblivion—to dance over her tomb, and bound rejoicing along for another victim!—Friendship, Susan, too often

is the gilded wave, that rises higher to the noonday sun, and appears to wear to the casual observer a crown of gold. We fancy we could lay our hand upon his burnished brow—we sail in a sea of gladness! 'Tis Eve! and the sun has sunk from his career in the high heavens, and things begin to wear the hue of night. *Then* may we strain our eyes in vain for the mid-day crest of gold that glided beside us—all around us is enshrouded in darkness, and 'tis in the distance we then discern the brightness that, like an *ignis fatuus*, is but shining to delude its other confiding victims."

"Dear lady, do not sigh. Why should you wring your hands and sigh?"

"Did I then sigh? Ah no, 'twas not a sigh—
It was the wreck'd heart's hard convulsive agony
That cheated respiration's proper play.
Sad heart! but little joy e'er shared with thee;
And that where most thou build'st in sunnier day
Lies prostrate now—is barren, desolate!
Beat on—beat on; I know not when thou 'lt cease:
To me the import's little—all is gone!
I scatter *ashes* where my flowers have been,
And bow my throbbing temples to the dust.

What sound of revelry is that I hear? Susan, open my cabin door—I am in need of a little mirth.—Hark! it is seamen singing in chorus. List—how joyful it sounds! List!"

(*Sailors singing on deck.*)

"The storm is o'er, and soon the shore
So welcome we shall see:
Our hearts are light, our ship is tight,
And flies like an eagle free—
(*Chorus.*) And flies like an eagle free!" &c. &c.

"A sailor's life is calm and strife—
Pass the can when the storm is o'er.
Here's absent friends!—my love! my wife!
And three cheers for Old Albion's shore—
(*Chorus.*) And three cheers for Old Albion's shore—
Three cheers for Old Albion's shore!"

"Susan, that hath done me more good (making no discomplement to your abilities) than any sermon you could preach me. Good night—I need you no longer; that one song has entirely recovered me."

As soon as Susan found herself alone in her cabin, she gave way to the following soliloquy :—

“It’s a certain thing that my poor dear missus is all but gone at times. Ony think of her striking out into such phantasmagories about them sailors singin! And then, again, her coming out and bringing me by main force from that comfortable fireside at home, to meet with disaster and shipwreck as we a’ done—and all to find out that poor lad! They’ve a-shaved his head long afore this; and if so be as we should find him in any o’ these outlandish countries, we shouldn’t know him. And a thousand to half-a-dozen if ever we get on to any land at all again! We been pretty nigh two months now knocking about these wild seas, and I see nothing o’ the shape o’ land—not I. I am a no opinion about that man turning round that wheel thingumbob, as he calls it, and pretending to take us hundreds upon hundreds of miles by a little bit of printed paper as he’s got in that little box afore him, about as big as the crown of his hat. I don’t at all like the arspect of things, though I don’t like to frighten the poor thing quite out of her senses—and I believe they are nearly upon the start, else what could make her steal out o’ bed and force her way on deck, and actilly stop there durin all that awful tempest, when I lay afrit to a cold sweat in my bed, expectin every moment was our last? There *she* was, all that outrageous shipwrack! and the very next time I clapped my eyes upon her, if she wasn’t disguised in somebody’s old leather-skin dustman’s hat, and a old jacket on her as I wouldn’t a’ picked up with a pair a tongs! And what was all that agin about the child?—she told me, when I was taking off those horrid clothes, she’d saved a child from almost instant death! It’s all past my comprehension, and I am more afeard than ever that she is gone entirely wrong, and isn’t *compost mentust*. But be that as it may, she doesn’t seem at all to care about our having been shipwracked, but told me it was a sight which she wanted to gaze on for ever, and said as how she wanted to be a seagull! I can see, after all, that I’m the fool most to blame, to follow a poor deluded young girl, when perhaps a loonattic assylus would have done us both good for a time. Howsomever, now I *am* here, and have took upon myself this uncommon queer place, I’ll follow her wherever she’s a mind to go, so long as she is rationable, and see how

it turns out arter all. But I expect, if we escape another shipwreck, we shall be all parched up on the desert of Arabe among the savage Philistines, or some of those Pharisees; and they do tell me they live entirely on the flesh of dragons, and white folks, as they catch in traps. I don't at all like this sort of prospect. Oh! if my poor dear mother, and dear old Mary Webb down in the village, could only but know how I'm a-travelling these forrin countries, and how we've been cast away, they'd a never believe it wor possible.

“For my part, I can't make it out at all, how people ever can come out again on this great heaving sea when once they a' been ashore. I should think if once Miss Pauline, poor dear, finds out her young gentleman, they'll never venture over the sea again. But really, among folks o' their standing, there's a no knowing what they won't be at; they never seem at all quiet, unless they be a-flying about some forrin country. I know Mr. Charles, although he's a-got, or *had*, a great estate that his uncle left him, he couldn't stay at it—not he. There war that great fine house, and greenhousen, and lawns, and woods, and fish-ponds; but all wouldn't do, he must start off into some forrin parts. They do say as how he went to those parts where they grow bakker and snuff; but home he comes agin, arter the lapse of two or three years, as brown as my father, wot worked in the fields. Now, afore he went, I thought him a very fine, handsome fellor, as any you may see in a day's march. His hair was just the sort of colour for me, a darkish brown, and it had a-used to be brushed out in a kind of curl over his ears. I remember as Sally Webb had a-used to say, she wished she had a lock on it. Then his great dark eyes used to look at you as mild and as pensive as a young maid's. When he met us, he always had a smile upon his count'nance, and a nod for us, accompanied with, 'Have you seen Mrs. Beer, the housekeeper, to-day?' But when he comes from his forrin snuff countries, I didn't know him, he had so altered. His hair was hanging flopping about his shoulders, and he had a great blue shawl round his neck, that seemed to swallow half his head. And then his uncommon queer coats, and his hat, all together, with his brown sunburnt face, nobody didn't know him till he spoke to 'em; and then they could hardly believe as it wor him.

They said it was the forrin way o' dressing ; and all people as had seen the battle of Waterloo common, wor obleeged to have their hair in long streams about 'em for a long time arter, as a pennance for their curiosity ! Well, I'll just compose myself to a nap ; though 'tis extraordinary how one can, considering what a little plank keeps that outrageous bellerin sea from besmotherin me in my sleep. Raily, people, afore they start on forrin travel, haven't the least idear what wonderful stuff they're made on !"

CHAPTER XV.

“How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off; and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity!

* * * * *

And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves,
Is like the full and silent heavens
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest---
Too newly to be quite at rest!”---LALLA ROOKH.

“Who could believe that this sleepy, gently-undulating field of oily-looking sea could rouse himself up, and drive this huge and lazy bark, like a cork, upon his crest?—Captain, do you think the calm will last?”

“I think it will, Mr. Blair. At any rate, it will allow us rather more time than necessary to repair our damage. The bill of mortality among the live stock is rather serious, sir. I don't imagine we can muster above three pigs and half-a-dozen fowls; so we shall not be entertained with much variety on the cuddy-table till we *do* make land. How far do you reckon, sir,” continued the Captain to Mr. Blair—“how far from the land do you imagine we are? Come, now, let's hear thee guess.”

“Why, after the terrible battering of that storm (certainly a period in my life I shall ever remember), and going at the rate we sometimes did, then deducting the lying-to and so forth—perhaps, considering all things, in a rough, landsman's guess, say five hundred miles.”

“I am happy to inform you,” said the Captain, “you are two hundred over the mark. Two days' fair wind, and I will land you on the jetty at Cape Town.”

"You will! Then, for once in my life, I'll exhibit signs of superstition, and whistle for wind!" said Mr. Blair, laughing, as the Captain forthwith commenced *his* shrill, plaintive chirrup, so peculiar to seamen when they are offering at the shrine to propitiate the fickle Boreas. At this moment the Doctor appearing amidst them, joined in the laugh with Mr. Blair at the expense of the Captain's credulity, who nevertheless persevered in his whistling for wind with the utmost gravity.

"I wanted to see you, Doctor," said Mr. Blair, "and to ask you a question, if you will be so kind as to answer it. Here it is. What is the matter with the youth whom we all call the melancholy gentleman? We have not seen him these three weeks, and we know you are daily in attendance upon him. May I learn the solution of the mystery?"

"I'll tell you, sir, the secret, for it is of no moment to inform you upon that point," answered the Doctor. "The poor young man, as he told us all, by accident poisoned a pauper. He fled to his relatives, from excitement had the brain-fever, got better, and, I suspect, fell in love with his cousin. Uncle ordered him off. He went away in the dead of the night, and retreated into Wales, where he appears to have lingered out a most miserable period; first, tormented by a knowledge of his crime; secondly, the fear of retributive justice overtaking him; thirdly, the affair of the heart with his cousin, who, it appears, from what he tells me, loves him tenderly; and, lastly, some letter he received—from what I can make out, a former love—recommending him to fly the country. All this weighs upon a very sensitive mind, and has produced such a dejection of spirits as to throw him into a completely desponding state; so much so, that I scarcely think, unless some great change takes place, his life will be of very great continuance."

"Poor young fellow!" said Mr. Blair; "I'm extremely sorry for him."

"So am I," cried the Doctor. "But medicine is of little use 'to a mind diseased;' and, travel where we will, we cannot fly from conscience, nor the reproaches of our heart. If he were to be hung for giving his patient too much physic, and *if all doctors* who commit that error in judgment were to suffer likewise, I fear that there would be more executions than in the days of the famous Jeffries himself."

Blair joined in the laugh with the Doctor, and both agreed that the melancholy case of the melancholy youth was a very *melancholy* case indeed.

"Well, Misses Blair," said the Doctor, turning round to those ladies as they appeared with their embroidery on deck, "how did you like the cradling we got the other night? Did you not call to mind the song of Mr. Tagg in the play, where he sings—

"Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves, in troubled motion,
Soothe them with a lullaby"?

"No, indeed, Doctor. I, for one, was in no humour either for repeating plays, or venturing one thought upon Mr. Tagg. I had the greatest difficulty to prevent myself rolling out on to the floor, and I believe that Emily ——"

"Fie, sister! I know what you were about to say. Doctor, don't pay any attention to Emily's jokes about me. I assure you, we were all in a pitiable condition, and scarcely knew whether we should not very suddenly find ourselves on the way to the bottom."

Thus spoke the younger Miss Blair, and at once betrayed, by her manner of alluding to the subject, that the horrors of that night were still vividly before her.

"Well—but—" observed the Doctor, "have you not heard of the heroine of the after-starboard cabin?"

"No!" exclaimed the two ladies in a breath; "what of her?"

"Why," continued the Doctor, "the whole of that terrible night, and the major part of the following day, she was lashed in the windward rigging!—she was there at the moment, most critical to us all, when that awful sea struck us, and which carried away the long-boat and all that was in it!"

"Surely, Doctor, you are not in earnest!"

"Indeed, ladies, but I am. She saw all that terrific scene; and it appears that the infant which my poor fever patient insisted upon nursing, was swept, by the force of that same wave which hurried its mother to eternity, to the lee porthole, where for a moment, during the lurch of the ship and back draught of water, it lay half out and half

aboard. That moment, in spite of the torrent still surging on deck, the heroine seized—cast loose her bonds, and was by the returning wave enabled to grasp the child by its hair as it disappeared through the port-hole. Here is the Captain, who, with the greatest difficulty, saved the brave young lady from falling a victim to her noble cause.”

“Doctor,” cried the ladies in a breath, “you overwhelm us with astonishment!”

Here the Captain assured them that the Doctor had detailed the whole of the facts; which the Captain further illustrated by describing the manner of the rescue, and his ignorance at the time, and even till very recently, who the female could be that was thus braving the fierceness of the tempest.

“And is the child still living?” inquired Mr. Blair.

“It is; and the distracted father is waiting the first opportunity to offer up his blessing to the preserver of, now, his only hope.”

“Was she a young person that had the misfortune to be washed away?” asked Miss Blair.

“She was,” answered the Captain, “but nineteen; and this infant that had so narrow an escape, was her first and her last. The unfortunate husband has been almost frantic since his bereavement; but I have assured him that everything shall be done that lies in my power to, at least, mitigate his distress. The whole of the passengers in the steerage have entered deeply into his sorrow, and I am glad to find by the Doctor’s account, he is gradually composing himself to bear the cruel bereavement he has sustained.”

“If, Captain,” interrupted Mr. Blair, “you were of opinion that a small pecuniary offer might in any way be acceptable to him, I will, in the event of our wishes meeting the poor fellow’s approval, put my name down for two guineas, and my wife and girls will subscribe a similar sum.”

“In that case, Mr. Blair,” said the Captain, “I will undertake to say at once, that such a proceeding on the part of the passengers would, at least, show that there was a sympathy reigning in the bosoms of all for the grievous affliction that has so suddenly blasted his hopes. I will join the list with two guineas also, and the subscription list shall be left upon the cabin-table for further signatures. I shall be too happy to

communicate ought to the poor man capable of alleviating his grief. I have every reason to believe that he is a very worthy person."

"Do you hear some one singing a ridiculous song, Miss Blair?" inquired the Doctor.

"Yes. I heard the same voice singing in the very midst of the tempest, and notwithstanding the terror that naturally seized us, I and Emily laughed most heartily: it's the same voice—I know it well—I often hear it—I believe the gentleman with the very low-crowned hat is the party. Is it true?"

"Yes, it is, Miss Blair. His name is Turkey—he is a most extraordinary being. I cannot make anything out of his history. He is a person possessing a liberal, if not a classical education, and, what Shakspeare says of Yorick—'he is a fellow of infinite jest, and wont to set the table in a roar.' Pray what was the song you heard him singing during the storm?"

"I heard him sing several," answered Miss Blair. "One, I recollect, made me convulsed with laughter. The first verse that he sung, evidently as he lay in his berth to himself, began—

"There was a little woman, as I've heard tell—
Fal lal, tal lal, lal lal le—
And she went to market—"

and so forth; but the ridiculous manner in which he sang it, and the idea that he alone should have such absurd thoughts crowding his brain when all around was no doubt wretched in the extreme—he must indeed be an original!"

"He is, Miss Blair," said the Doctor, "a perfect original! But there—there he comes upon deck—that's the man, with the low-crowned hat over that bushy occiput of his. Just hark! he has no sooner knocked that little-crowned thing tighter upon his head than he thrusts his hands into his pockets, and begins to banter the poor butcher."

"Well, Mr. Butcher, so you're alive after the blow, are you? You look as blooming as ever. When shall you cut the throats of the two pigs as died of fright?—you know."

"Oh, Mr. Turkey! Them pigs is overboard long ago."

"No such thing; you're going to send them up for our dinner to-day, the cook says, and that's the way you always manage. Do you expect to go to heaven? I believe that storm was all through having *you* aboard. Did you ever read about the whale swallowing Jonas?"

"No, sir; was he a butcher?"

"Yes, indeed was he, and was throw'd overboard for serving the passengers of an emigrant ship with pigs as died in a south-wester."

"Bless my life! there ought to be a hact a Parliament against such doings. When a pig looks rather fusty, I sticks him, just to save his life, but never has nothing to do wi' 'im arter death."

"Sinner, was that last pig alive when you cut his throat?" roared Mr. Turkey to the astonished butcher.

"Why, he, sir, (scratching his head)—he, sir, *was* pretty nearly gone; but you know, sir, we mustn't be very particlar, as times is," stammered forth that surprised functionary.

"Well, I can just tell you this, master butcher, that I am a man that consults and understands the stars, and they have told me, it was not the pork being hung up *in the moonshine*, as you made 'em believe, but you, you unpunished swine mutilater and emigrant poisoner—you that stuck it, and cut it up, four hours after it had died of the unwholesome pig disease—the allbristle alboneus. You'll have to answer for it before you die!—mark my words, you ragged-capped old sinner! you can't cheat us without selling your horrid black soul to the *old un*!—mark those words!"

Here the lecture was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Moss, who, with Mr. Turkey, walked forward to the fore-castle to indulge, as the latter said, in the philosophy of the pipe.

"Never did I," said Miss Blair, "hear that person's match; he does not appear ever at a loss."

"No, indeed," said the captain; "he is the life and soul of the intermediates, and is, by universal consent, the chairman of the party. I believe verily they could not exist without him, and he is universally esteemed for his kind manners, and he is always in a good humour—a great recommendation at sea, as well as on shore. I certainly should like to be acquainted with his history."

"And I believe," said Mr. Blair to the ladies, "that so should we all."

“What kind of a place,” inquired Mr. Blair of the Captain, “is the Cape for living?”

“It’s very cheap, sir—very cheap indeed; you can live for a sum there that would put a man, if he were obliged to subsist upon it in England, very much to his straits: in fact, I do not think he could manage it at all—he would be famished.”

“Talking of cheap living, here comes Rennie; he lived some time in the Channel Islands—let’s hear what he says of those parts. Rennie, my boy, we were just discussing the merits of various places of resort for cheap living. The Captain tells us the Cape is very reasonable, and I happening to recollect that you lived some time in Jersey, would you have the goodness just to give us a chapter of your experience in those matters?”

“With great pleasure, gentlemen,” said Mr. Rennie, “I shall do so; I will give you the entire history of the time I spent in the Channel Islands, as really very few persons seem at all acquainted with them; and those few who believe they are so, are very frequently in the dark upon points that most immediately concern them, and what in a superficial view of the thing may entirely be overlooked.”

CHAPTER XVI.

"He said---(I only give the heads)---he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
Upon all topics."---VISION OF JUDGMENT.

"I WENT to the Channel Islands twelve months since, last November. That, you are aware, is some months ago. However, they are exactly the same at the present. My avowed object in migrating thither was retrenchment, or economy, just as we like to call it. I directed my steps toward St. Helier's, Isle of Jersey. There, with the whole of my family, I landed, after great difficulty; for when one disembarks from the steamer in the Bay of St. Aubin (especially if it be low water), one has to bundle, pack and package, into a cart that is frequently ankle-deep in water. When we arrived at the pier end, it was literally one mass of human vampires, who, the moment they descried us, sent forth the most deafening yells---(of welcome no doubt). They consisted of idlers, porters, and touters for hotels. We landed on the bottommost step (of some sixty odd), to essay our arrival on the pier. In the midst of this deafening discord of, 'No. 24, sir; I'm the man!'---'British Hotel, sir!'---'The London!'---'Hotel de Paris!'---'No. 63, sir; here's my badge!'---'42, sir!'---'55!'---'64, sir!'---'I'll carry your baggage!'---'No. 102, sir!'---'The gemman spoke to me first!'---'No, he didn't; he spoke to me!'---'No. 84, sir!'---'That's your umbrella!'---in the midst of it all, half dislocated in our joints by the stormy passage we had experienced, did we fairly, at the risk of our lives, enter the concentrated square of these roaring, ramping, ungovernable cannibals. I was shocked; and we stood in the very midst of these clamorous vultures, bewildered and helpless. In the mean time, one man, 'No. 64!' was off, full speed, with my carpet-bag;

'94!' full charge with my portmanteau ; and myself, with my afflicted family, struck dumb with amazement at the turmoil and uproar that was raging around us. Willing to make a start, at any price, from this maniac mob, I roared out, in my despair, for a coach, and ordered the coachman to drive me a slow shilling's worth, whilst I in some measure resolved upon the means I would pursue. I found that myself and wife had, in our confusion, collected as many cards of hotels, lodging-houses, &c. &c., as we could grasp, and we stared at each other for some time ere we could give utterance to our astonishment. I broke the charm by a hearty laugh, and we became quite tranquil ere we were deposited at the Hôtel de Paris (at that time, the Royal Yacht Club Hotel, but it has since been renamed). Finding ourselves once more at liberty to breathe freely, I despatched sundry waiters (boots inclusive) in search of my scattered baggage, all of which (with the exception of my *most* valuable portmanteau, of which I never afterwards heard) reappeared. Eh bien ! I remained at the hotel some fortnight or more, during which time I performed the grand tour of the island, and verily believe travelled over every 'grande route' therein. Did you ever land at Jersey ? "

" No."

" Well, in that case, as it's a most tantalising calm, I'll give you a short account of its interior. It is a small island, as you may not be aware, intersected by innumerable small lanes, or gutters, which are fenced in by banks of earth some six feet, more or less, in height. These channels—for it may not be advanced that they are roads—branch and rebranch, as the fibres in a spider's web. The labyrinth at Woodstock, I feel confident, is not to be named against them as a puzzle. After you have blundered your weary way over these rough-shod roads, vainly stretching your human neck to the length of a camel's in the hope of getting a glimpse at the surrounding country, you find, to your astonishment, that the more you endeavour to get out of the mud, the further you get into the mire ! You can see neither above nor around you, for a sort of scrubby tree, a very humble apology for the oak, shakes its boughs, very affectionately, overhead, precluding the impertinent rays of the sun, who fruitlessly endeavours to drink up the bog and everlasting moisture that reigns in these un-

wholesome alleys. After wearying yourself, first down this gutter, anon pursuing that, which both lead to a field about the square of a Turkey carpet, we return and essay the first lucky wight Providence throws in our way. He (ten to one) is a Jerseyman; and, in his delectable patois, answers your plain question by something that sounds to your gaping ear like 'John's no toper.'—'Parlez-vous Français?'—'Oui.'—'Est-ce ici le chemin qui conduit à St. Brelade?' Then, as you list to hear the welcome direction, again the sound breaks the silence, and 'John's no toper,' accompanied by an incomprehensible, 'Voo knit pardons—la bun shimar!' Well, you by this time find you are in the land of the lost tribes, and, with a bitter grin, you bow off your questionably-shaped friend, and pursue your route, as doubtful as Vasco de Gama's when he found himself in this our present latitude some few summers ago. All hail, at length, to the swinging sign of an hospitable public! wherein you rush, in a state more to be conceived than described. The first moment you draw your breath, you exclaim, 'Thank the Fates, I'm saved! A glass! Parlez-vous Anglais?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Thank the Fates! A glass of your very best brandy-and-water!' You swallow it instanter; and, as your courage as instanter rises, venture to inquire your latitude! You have the satisfaction of learning, that you are still in Jersey, and two miles further off St. Brelade than when you started from your hotel. You proceed, however, nothing daunted, on your journey, and anon arrive at a tower, hoisted upon a mound, reminding you at once of your position. You are on the site of the grave of the hero who slew the dragon! You are, in fact, at Prince's Tower; and you find that sixpence admitteth those, who dine not at its base, to its summit. As you ascend, winding through its cozy little closets, various are the tête-à-têtes you so unholily disturb. But to the top you are bent—to the top you must go; the sixpence is paid, and 'Moses must see the show.' Arrived, and taking the necessary respiration, you, as a precautionary measure, rub your eyes. Now! open and behold—*your old grandmother's orchard, seen from the top of the pigsty!* A forest of unpruned, moss-o'ergrown apple trees, in the tanglement of an Indian jungle, amidst which are to be seen two or three melancholy cows, martingaled, as they, 'the natives,' call it—that being interpreted,

signifies, tying the miserable animal's head to his foot; so, being thus bound to a stake, like the martyrs of old, fully accounts for the milk in *the cocoa-nut*! This is the much-vaunted view in this much-vaunted island,

Where often meet the patriot crew,
Who drink to cheat the revenue!

From this point the roads branch off at all angles. The sterile coast of Normandy lies before one, in the extreme distance, like an old blanket stretched to bleach in the sun; whilst the sea surrounding this 'Queen of the Isles' is studded with beautiful black rocks, that bristle around, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine;' or, speaking more correctly, as it regards their actual appearance, like the warts on the back of a Surinam toad! You will say, comparisons are ———. I know that; but I like a simile, though it be not altogether homely. On the shore you will behold numbers engaged (wise souls) in raking up carefully the bits of sea-weed torn off in the storm; with these they manure their land, and also dry for fuel; but they appear to have little faith in aught else save their *magie vraie*. This, then, is a summary of this romantic isle—as romantic, certainly, as hedge-rows upon dirt-mounds, and stunted old apple-trees, with neck-cramped cows in baby enclosures, can make it. But here I had determined upon remaining twelve months, come what would on't; so, forthwith, having *seen the island*, and read every ticket in every window, and every advertisement in every paper, I at last fixed upon a cot, in a place designated by the pious name of St. Saviour's Road."

"What arrangement did you make with the landlord?" inquired Mr. Blair. "I am rather interested in the question, on account of a friend of mine who *is* there."

"My landlord, who gloried in the appellation of Twentevillan, informed me that it was customary in the island to take houses by the year or half-year. I was anxious for the latter plan, which he refused, saying he would let *his* house only for the year. Hereupon, finding no other so likely to suit me, I entered into a written agreement, and, as I was a comparative stranger, volunteered a quarter's rent in advance, which he accepted—for you must bear in mind, the house was

furnished. These preliminaries being adjusted, I and my family fairly established ourselves, and forthwith I planted the garden. Now comes the beauty of Jersey. I was one evening, after I had possibly been settled in my new mansion a week, reclining in my chair, and, to use the words of Turkey, thinking 'what a beautiful world it was,' when rat-tat-tat is heard at my door. The servants being in the garden, I hastened to open it. There, behold Mr. Twentevillan and another gentleman. 'Walk in,' quoth I. 'Enter, Messieurs. To what may I be indebted for the honour of this visit?' cried I.—'This,' answered the strange gentleman, holding forth a sheet of paper.—'What may it be?' I inquired.—'Read, sir,' gruffly echoed the strange gentleman.—'B. Rennie, Esq., debtor to A. Twentevillan, £30 sterling. What for?' I demanded.—'For rent, sir.'—'I owe none! I have been here but a week, and have already paid ten pounds.'—'It's the law of the island, sir,' continued the strange worthy; 'and unless you *pay it, I, who am the sheriff's officer, conduct you forthwith to the College!*'—'College!' cried I. 'What mean you, sir?'—'It's the scientific name for limbo, sir; and that's Latin for the cage, the gaol, the jug, the mustard-pot. I know not what the English calls it.'—'I am thunder-struck!' I exclaimed, looking I knew not whither.—'Are you?' returned the stranger; 'then, if you don't settle that bill, I'll be your *conductor!*' that's all; and the villain bent, and swayed himself on my chair, and winked at the Satan who stood at his elbow in a most diverting manner. I grew furious at the insults heaped upon me, and ordered the landlord to explain what could be the meaning of all this. He coolly replied by asking me a question—'Have you,' said he, 'taken my house for twelve months?'—'I have.'—'You, then, have only paid for one quarter?'—'In advance I paid that, sir.'—'You owe me thirty pounds sterling—British! British! British! *I'll have it!*'—I bit my lips till they bled, as I heard the sheriff's officer hum to himself, 'He knows not the law of this Normandy Isle.' 'Am I your prisoner?' I inquired.—'You air! you air!'—'Then let me walk in your respectable company to my nearest friend. I presume I am not to be handcuffed?'—'It entirely depends upon circumstances, that 'ere.' Unknowing what I did, I rushed out of the house, pursued by these two demons, and found myself, in a state of agitation I cannot describe,

in the parlour of one of my only friends—for I knew but two in the island. I briefly, as far as my excited and outraged feelings would allow me, explained all that I knew of the matter. My friend, who was somewhat more acquainted with the laws of the island than a stranger like myself, after reading the bill that was tendered of my debts, observed to the sheriff's officer, 'If I understand this matter, you have, at the instance of the landlord, arrested this gentleman for the payment of the remainder of his rent?'—'Yes, that is exactly the case.'—'And,' continued my friend, 'if he pays it not, you will convey him hence to gaol?'—'We shall do so.'—'Do you not rather demand security than the payment?'—'He has already been told the debt is owing.'—'That, Mr. Officer, is no answer. You have summoned my friend for a debt, you maintain. This man demands, as full acquittal for the use of his furnished house for twelve months, the sum of thirty pounds. Am I to understand such is your demand?'—'We demand security for that sum, if he refuses to pay it.'—'Then I will be his bondsman to any amount. You have your answer.'—'No, no, we ain't; not so fast, Mr. What'-e-call-'im. *Have you any land in the island?*'—'No, thank God, not an inch; but I ——' '*Then we won't take your bail. Your worthy friend,*' pointing to me, '*must give personal security. Come, sirry; no time to be lost.*'

Here we were more bewildered than ever. But not being, on the one hand, disposed for a gaol, or, on the other, to satisfy so unheard-of a demand, we, as a matter of certainty, beat up the quarters of our remaining friend. He—a private gentleman, residing with his family, solely as a matter of health—was equally astounded at the information we afforded him. Surely his bail could not be refused! Enter the messieurs to his drawing-room. 'Surely,' quoth he, 'this is a most monstrous and unheard-of outrage! But the rights of the subject, and the laws which are acknowledged between man and ——' 'That's nothing to the pint. Will you stand bail for Mr. Rennie?'—'Undoubtedly I will. What is the amount?'—'Thirty pounds.'—'I will pay it, if Mr. Rennie requires.'—'No, my friend,' cried I, 'that is the last thing we have at issue.'—'Then I offer my bail.'—'*Where is your land in Jersey?*' inquired the sheriff's hound, in an underhanded tone; '*where is it?*'—'I have no land in Jersey,' quoth my friend. 'I am prepared to ——'

—‘Come, no more gammon; *you* won’t do; *your* bail, mister, won’t go down. I’m not a-going to be marched all round St. Helier’s to fish bail for the man. We been to two already, and they are both ——’ ‘Scoundrel!’ cried my enraged friend, ‘if you dare open your unhallowed mouth in my house to reprobate men who —— Begone, sir! I myself will see that justice is done, although such persons as yourself and your worthy employer may be better versed in the infamy of Norman law than ourselves. Lead! We are prepared to follow. And let it be to the gaol, at your peril!’

Our justly-excited indignation drew forth a silent sneer from the Philistines, in whose hands we found we undoubtedly were; and, in a state between rage and astonishment, we proceeded on our route towards the gaol. I was resolute not to discharge so infamous a demand, and needed not the seconding of my friends. On the other hand, however valiant I might be in resisting to my utmost such an outrageous extortion, yet I could not but remember that my poor wife at home would be in an agony of suspense, wondering at my sudden departure; as, even when I was arrested, the dinner was going to table, and two hours had already elapsed. Towards the gaol, however, we went; and I had made up my mind that, for the first time in my life, I was about to taste its sweets, and meditate upon the uncertainty of human things. Onwards we swept, at a rapid pace. I strode along, with the sheriff’s bloodhound behind me, with as proud a step as my boiling brain would allow. As we drew near to the lane that led at once to the gloomy portals, one of my friends recollected his banker resided thereabout. We stopped at his door. He was at home. The matter was duly explained to him. ‘And does he want to borrow the money?’ inquired that gentleman.—‘No, no,’ answered we in a breath; ‘we want bail.’—‘Then I will become bail,’ turning to Garnutus, the Jew landlord. ‘I, sir, know you of old. This is not the first of your infamous tricks upon strangers. In this instance, I am happy to say the vulture is disappointed of his prey. Would it had been the case in most instances antecedent to this, where your rapacity has been but too often gratified! There, sir; I am bail. Pollute not my house any longer by your infamous presence. There’s the door, sir; make use of it. And as to you, Mr. Officer, your conduct in this insulting outrage shall be sufficiently exposed.’

Thus matters were, to my great satisfaction, comfortably arranged. I thanked the banker most heartily for his disinterested kindness, without which, incarceration was my immediate doom. He told us it was a too frequent practice amongst the unprincipled of this island, to let their houses furnished for a term of years, and, the moment the unlucky tenant had taken possession, pounce upon him for *the whole sum* ! And this, he said, was actually the island *law* !—The moment we had taken leave of our friend the banker, I was beginning, in loud terms, to express my joy that matters had been so settled, and that now I could rejoin my family, and explain my unpleasant adventure—outside the walls of a gaol, when, lo ! the two rascals again seized me, and demanded eighteen and sixpence for my arrest ! This was beyond all my philosophy, and I was about at once to try the weight of my fist upon my tormentors. ‘Hold!’ cried my friend ; ‘strike not—not for the world ! Refrain. Calm yourself. Let us return to the bank.’ I swallowed my bitter pill, and suffered myself again to be conducted to the banker’s. This fresh imposition was pronounced by him *illegal*. ‘Let them,’ cried he, ‘put you in prison if they dare !’ Once more in the street, I found all my hopes blasted ; and towards the gaol we again bent our steps—I being more determined than ever to resist this extortion, above all others. We actually arrived at the prison gates, and I myself was officious enough to ring the porter’s bell. There was I ! and my friends witnesses to the vile scene playing off at my expense. The porter opened the lodge gate, and I then, with a loud voice, cried out, ‘Porter, bear you witness to what is about to be done. Now then, scoundrels !’ addressing the worthies, ‘here am I, ready to enter these gates ; and, mark me, if once you force me over that threshold, if there’s justice to be got on earth, I’ll make the remembrance of this monstrous deed tingle for life through your accursed veins !’ To this my impassioned speech, the vulture, in the most lady-like accent, and with a drawing-room bow, breathed out, ‘We will kindly waive the paltry sum, rather than you should be put to the least inconvenience ! Good night !’ and away the two worthies marched, arm-in-arm, with the most diabolical sneer upon their countenances I ever remember to have beheld. Well, the porter shut his gates, and I found myself still outside. I now was as desirous for the gaol as I had before been

anxious to avoid it. The deep injustice and insult, heaped, as they had been, the last three hours upon me, had quite disturbed the proper arrangement of my thoughts; and it was not till I found myself once more in the presence of my wondering family, that I was fully assured that I was still at liberty."

"But," inquired Mr. Blair, "surely such fiendish laws do not exist to this day?"

"*To this very hour, sir,*" replied Mr. Rennie. "If you were to go to Jersey to-morrow, you are under *Norman laws*; and the language used in courts *nicknamed justice*, is a *Norman patois French*. And, furthermore, in illustration of the beauty of Jersey laws: I meet a stranger in the street—a sheriff's officer happening to be at hand—and say to the officer, 'Ask that person if he is prepared to pay B. Rennie fifty pounds. If he refuses, put him in gaol.' The man of course replies, 'I do not know B. Rennie. I do not owe any such man fifty pounds. I shall, of course, not pay it.'—'Then, sir, *you go to gaol*, and will remain there till your case *comes before the court*.' And he *does go to gaol*, and there *he lies* till his case does appear; and he *cannot help himself, nor get any redress*. I knew a scoundrel in Jersey who owed a person residing in Southampton eighty pounds. The creditor heard the debtor had come to Jersey: he pursued him to Jersey to obtain the money. The debtor happened to be at the pier-head, when his eye saw there his friend the creditor land from the packet,—come, doubtless, to hunt him up. He dogged the gentleman to an hotel, *fetched the officer, and served upon him a bill for the eighty pounds*, at the suit of Mr. A. The sheriff found Mr. B. at breakfast, and asking if his name were Mr. B., and having a reply in the affirmative, he handed him the demand. The astonished Mr. B. looked at it, and, recovering a little from his surprise, cried out, 'Why, odzounds! the man owes me the money, *not I him!* I am come over to-day by the packet on *purpose to get it*. Ha! ha! this is a capital joke!'—'You will not find it one, sir. Are you prepared, sir,' demanded the sheriff, 'to *pay that money?*'—'Undoubtedly not!' roared Mr. B. 'I tell you the scoundrel *owes it me!* Pretty thing, indeed! Ha! ha! That's rich!'—'Will you *find bail* that the amount is paid?' pursued the sheriff.—'I tell you, sir, the boot's on the wrong leg; the knave

owes me the money, and I have left my business, and put myself to great expense and inconvenience, to come here to recover it; and as soon as I have swallowed this muffin, I shall be off and find him. I must return by the next packet. Ha! ha! that's fat! Me owe it? Ha! ha!"—"I will wait, sir," gravely replied the sheriff, "till you have finished your meal; and then, sir, as you will neither *pay the money nor find bail*, I must fulfil my instructions, painful as they may be. *You must consider yourself my prisoner.*"—Imagine the surprise, the disgust, the indignation, that seized upon the infuriated creditor as he found himself actually in durance! And there, in spite of all his ravings about his innocence and the infernal mistake, he remained for *three long weeks*, till he was brought up to the Hall; and, *no one appearing against him, he was discharged*; for his rascally debtor had, as you perceive, caused him to be unjustly arrested and confined, in order to allow himself a clear exit to France, which he effected. And there was *no redress* for the poor creditor; so he quietly went to his home at Southampton, after suffering his three weeks' imprisonment in Jersey, minus his eighty pounds, and rejoicing that he was at length out of that d—d infernal place."

"Monstrous! Mr. Rennie," cried the Captain; "vile beyond anything I ever before heard, and yet ludicrous. Who can refrain a laugh, when we picture the poor old gentleman's visage, as he sat quietly munching his muffin? Who cannot conjure up his look of bewilderment when the sheriff announced that, unless he paid the money, *he was in custody*? Surely, Mr. Rennie, all their laws cannot be founded upon such grounds as that a man's bare word shall be capable of depriving a fellow-being of liberty? Horrid to think on!"

"The laws are abominable. Here is another illustration of them. Suppose you were to purchase a house, say for £800; you, of course, imagine that it is for your family after you—that all is your own after paying the stipulated price, &c. &c. Now, fancy, after you have enjoyed your property some ten years, and nearly forgot from whom you purchased it, a man one day pops in upon you, and briefly asks, whether you will take upon yourself to pay Mr. C.'s debts. 'Not I,' you answer; 'not a penny of the man's debts. What is he to me?'—'You gave him £800 for this house?'—'Assuredly: I have the re-

ceipt. What then ?"—' He, sir, has become a bankrupt. *If you do not discharge his debts, this house will be considered still his property, resold, and divided for benefit of creditors !* ' "

" Murder !" roared the Captain. " God preserve me from Jersey !"

" But have they no good laws, that redeem these atrocities ?" inquired Mr. Blair.

" Yes," answered Rennie ; " this, for instance, is an excellent one : A man robs your house ; he is discovered, and proves to be an Englishman ; he is tried, convicted, and the sentence of the court is, ' That he be transported (the prisoner) for the space of seven years.' The sentence is just. But to what place is he transported ? By the first steamer that departs, he goes to the Jersey penal settlement, *vulgarly called Southampton !* Or, if he prove a Frenchman, he goes for his term of banishment to the nearest French port, generally St. Malo's. And should the villain have the hardihood to show his condemned face in Jersey before the expiration of his sentence, he is reshipped for the settlement again, with a further punishment of three years added for his impudence."

The Captain, and all who heard this, broke forth into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which Mr. Rennie heartily joined.

" But I understand," said Blair, " that the islands are admirable for one thing—they have no pauper population."

" No ; how can they, when, the moment a man becomes chargeable, he becomes also a criminal, and they forthwith transport him for seven years ?"

" Ha ! ha ! It's too absurd. But, Rennie, is not living very cheap there ? else why go so many half-pays, &c. &c., there to reside ?"

" Living is not cheap. Beef is sevenpence to eightpence per pound ; very indifferent mutton, sixpence to sevenpence ; veal execrable, pork good at sixpence, which I esteem the best meat in the island, being all parsnip-fed. The spirits are all cheap and good ; but the wines are abominable. There is more what is called port made in Jersey, than ever is pressed out in Oporto ; and it is most execrable. Unless you get your wines from the Docks, as most Jersey wine-lovers do, it is impossible to obtain a good glass in any of the islands ; it's a nasty compound, unworthy the name of wine. I consider it a great mistake to

esteem the Channel Islands cheap places of residence. Men with large families will save in their grocery and in their spirits; but the high rent for houses (though there be no taxes) is a great drawback. And, strange to say, fish is very scarce in Jersey, and, as a matter of course, very dear. And the society, if it may so be called, you may find as good, or better—I won't say where!"

"But what are its amusements, Mr. Rennie?" inquired the Doctor, who had joined the group.

"A donkey-race once a-year; visiting the market, and carrying home a string of sand-eels once a-day; a tea-party and scandal every evening; cards, and drinking, to fill up the interstices;—such is life in monotonous Jersey."

"But the climate, Mr. Rennie? Let us hear all the particulars, now we are about it," jocosely said the Doctor.

"The climate, sir, is hot in summer. Rain, rain, rain! and most eutable fog, all the winter, producing, from its unwholesome moisture, fevers, rheumatism, catarrh, diseases of the glands (and particularly inflammation of the throat), with, as a natural concomitant to warmth and wet, toothache, headache, bilious attacks innumerable and unendurable! The mildew grew upon my walls in St. Saviour's Road (even where I kept a roasting fire), to use a little exaggeration, fit for the reaper's sickle. I have left Jersey. I went there with doubting as to its economy, I quitted it with a conviction it was *not cheap*. I suffered a banishment in a pent-up island, like Napoleon the Wretched. And my conclusion of this long yarn is, let no man, if he can live upon a continent, seek a water-encompassed speck in the ocean as the *summum bonum* of human bliss. And, above all, have a care of those isles which are blessed with the sway of the Norman laws!"

CHAPTER XVII.

“ But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?”---BYRON.

“ LAND on the starboard bow!” sings out the look-out man from the mast-head. What a joyful sound! what magic in those few words! “ Land on the starboard bow!” was echoed through the ship from mouth to mouth with the velocity of lightning. In an instant the people of all grades were seen pothering (as Turkey called it) up the various outlets from below to the deck, and every eye was strained to its uttermost powers to rest for a moment upon so welcome a sight. “ Where is it ?” cries one. “ There it is.” “ Ah, I see it !—no—yes.” “ There, look straight over the starboard anchor fluke.” “ Oh, ay ! is that land ? Yes, I see it, thank God ! Where's Bob Short and his fiddle ? ”

Now every one made himself believe that he had seen the land, which from the deck at that stage of the proceedings was an impossibility ; but it serves to show how the mind can cheat itself into the belief of the existence of things that are desirable. The land was not seen even from the main-top for a long half-hour after *all* had declared from the deck they had seen it ; and when to the accustomed eye of the seaman it did from *thence* appear, it was but as the very shadow of a mist. But the ship dashed on, as if panting for the long-toiled-for haven, and the rising sun, as he sprang higher and higher into the cloudless heavens, showed plainly from the deck, to the most unpractised eye, a dark-blue and steady hammock in the horizon. Yes, there it lay, in all its majesty, the sleeping lion of the Cape of Storms ! What joy now burnished every

face!—what gazing—what comments upon this, to most of the wanderers, *terra incog.*! Even Susan—that infidel upon all marine matters, now embraced the true faith of the compass—and that worthy individual might be seen ever and anon diving with unwonted energy into the cabin from the deck, to communicate the news to her mistress, as it momentarily grew more and more important. At length, Susan had for the last time ascended alone, for with her now came a form that was but seldom seen upon the deck of the “Ocean Queen.” And as this rare sight to the eyes of all ascended the poop ladder, the Captain might be seen, with the utmost gallantry and attention, arranging a comfortable seat for the lady in the white veil. What passed between the fairy form and the Captain we are not prepared to say; but the lady shortly threw aside her veil, as she walked to the leeward shrouds to examine through the Captain’s telescope the wished-for land. Then did the eyes of Mr. Turkey (who had from the first moment she appeared on deck intently watched her) rest upon her face, and as we were sitting near enough that gentleman to hear his remarks, we will put them in the rotation as he uttered them. (Enter the lady from her cabin to the quarter-deck.) Turkey catches the first glimpse of her—soliloquises to himself—“ ‘Now Hafed sees the fire divine.’ This is a vision I have long wished to bless my eyes. That envious veil!—oh, tear that odious veil away! I can gaze upon the sun and not grow blind, and, thou beautifully-ankled cherub! I saw thy ankle as thou didst ascend. That officious Captain—see—ah, the telescope!—she *does* remove the veil!—now life or death—or ophthalmia—I’ll venture a gaze upon the spirit of the storm.”

He rushes to the lee main chain, and is interrupted by Moss, who implores him not to commit *felo de se* upon himself.

“Silence, Moss. Bag thy unwelcome head. Retreat!—thy scalded, gooseberry-looking eyes may not meet the glare of this great light.”

“What is the man arter?” cried Moss, peeping anxiously at Turkey, as that gentleman was endeavouring to get a full gaze at the object of his curiosity. “Is the man gone actilly out of his mind? Art gone crazy, Toby? Come inside the vessel, you great oaf; you’ll be over-board!—and then who’s I to have a pipe wi’?”

"Moss!" roared Turkey, "turn thy October, cabbage-looking head towards the poop, and tell me what thou seest."

Moss wheels round and discovers the lady. "By Gum!" cries he over the side to Turkey in a half-whisper—"By Gum! there *is* a beauty, old codger! Who may *she* be?"

"Avaunt, Ochus Moss! Let me get inside, ere I'm unable to support my own weight. I've this moment had a two-edged dagger run through my inmost liver!"

"A two-edged dagger run o' your liver!" ejaculated Mr. Moss. "Why, who's a-done it?"

"Moss, let's instantly liquor."

"With all my heart."

They disappear from the deck to Moss's cabin; Turkey all the way muttering to himself—"If there ever was upon this world's surface a paragon, I'm the man who have just seen it. Bundle down, Moss, with those thick shins of yours; I'm in a fainting state!"

'The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.' "

In the mean time, the vessel was rapidly pursuing her course. The high-lands of Southern Africa grew into gigantic shapes; one after the other appeared, till the Table Mountain stood out boldly from amongst his fellows, proclaiming to the voyagers that at *his* base lay the wished-for object of their thoughts—the quiet little metropolis of Southern Africa. What a pretty group had now assembled upon the poop of the vessel! The awning was spread to ward off the beams of the gorgeous sun, whose rays can only be known in their true beauty by those who have left the bleak North far, very far, behind them. In these glorious climes the unpolluted atmosphere is so clear, so thin, so transparent, so elastic and full of electricity, that existence alone is a positive blessing; and when, above all other considerations, after a weary voyage, we can turn our eyes upon the glad and laughing earth, the excitement is such that the voyager forgets his troubles, and the world seems suddenly to open before him in a brilliance he had hitherto not conceived.

"You have not," said Miss Blair to Pauline,—“you have not been much upon deck during the voyage. We fear you have not been blessed with good health?”

"Yes, dear, I have," answered Pauline, "been far better in my health than I could possibly have expected. At the best I am but a fragile weed, and cannot depend a long time upon perfect convalescence; but the sea air has wonderfully renovated a frame naturally weak, and I am surprised at my own gay feelings."

"But, were you not rash in exposing yourself to the fury of that terrible storm, love? We are told you were upon deck during the principal part of that awful night."

"True, dear Miss Blair, such is the fact; my curiosity got the mastery of my discretion. Thank Heaven, I was not there, as I expected, idly to gaze upon that war of elements."

"You saved a child, did you not?" inquired Miss Blair.

"Yes. I had but a short time before employed a seaman to lash me to the rigging, immediately opposite the ill-fated long-boat, when the most tremendous wave in an instant overwhelmed us. I was for the space of half a minute prostrate upon a gun-carriage that was near to me, and totally submersed. Upon the sea rolling away over my head, and being once more able to use my eyes, I had the horror of beholding the long-boat plunge headlong into the sea—it had been swept as a chip of wood from the deck. Whilst my eyes were rivetted upon the dreadful sight, a child was surged close to my feet: notwithstanding the violent rolling of the vessel, I unbound myself, and had just seized the receding infant by its hair, when the returning wave swept us nearly through the port-hole. At that critical juncture I still retained sufficient presence of mind to hold firmly the child, feeling that relief was undoubtedly at hand, as a violent gripe at both my ankles testified. We were by the kindness of the Captain safely brought on board again, and the infant, I am happy to say, still lives to add some comfort to the widowed and else childless father."

"It was indeed a noble deed, love," said Miss Blair. "But tell me, what object had you for remaining, or even going upon deck, in so dangerous a storm?"

"Simply, Miss Blair," replied Pauline, "that I could not resist it."

You will scarcely credit how the passion of the elements invaded, and was partaken of, by my soul. I felt a superhuman strength, an exalted being of a superior nature. It was one of the most delightful nights I ever passed. Had you but witnessed how the sea yawned, and beheld how one mad mass of furious water dashed over another, turning all to a mantle of dancing snow, and how wildly we tore through the black abyss, one moment soaring toward the black canopy overhead, and then diving, as it were, into the very caverns that opened in a thousand dark forms around us ! and, amidst all this, the music of the blast, as it screamed in unearthly concert through the ropes, was what I never could have conceived, nor ever felt, till either our vessel or the genius of the storm had sunk at once to their slumbers !”

“It was an act of daring,” said the Doctor, “worthy one of the heroines of ancient Rome. I am rejoiced that worse consequences did not come of the adventure. Had the long-boat swerved a little to windward, you would have been crushed to the flatness of a plank. You had a very narrow escape, too, lady, when the topmast came down upon the deck.”

“True, sir, I had ; one of the large blocks fell close to my feet : but it is all past ; and behold, ladies, what a splendid prospect is here ! Let us turn from the contemplation of Nature in her angry moods to the brighter side of the question, and behold the extraordinary scene before us.”

“Already, Miss,” said the Captain, pointing his glass for the eye of Pauline,—“already you may observe the tablecloth spread upon the mountain, a preparation denoting an entertainment for those travellers who are a little behind us. I trust, ladies, we may have the pleasure of ascending that mountain. I can assure you—I who have several times been on its summit, that the view from thence is most glorious !”

“It must be very high, Captain. What is the height, are you aware ?” inquired Miss Blair.

“It is above the level of Table Bay three thousand five hundred and eighty-two feet ; and though it looks so diminutive at this distance, it contains a plain on its top of no less than ten acres. You certainly, ladies, must perform the ‘grand tour’ ere you leave the Cape, which

is commenced by slaying the great lion Constantia, then travelling to Wyneberg, doing the town and Green Point, and crowning all by ascending the mountain; the whole forming a very interesting and never-to-be-repented week's employment. Now, ladies, I leave the Doctor the felicity of entertaining you; I must see that the wee bit of iron is all ready to lower away—we require some tough metal sometimes in this country. We shall slip into the Bay like a swan. Adieu."

"There, ladies," cried the Doctor, "there's the lighthouse. What a curious castellated-looking object it is! How boldly the white-wash throws it out from that burnt and barren hill behind it! See, there is the hull of the 'William' East Indiaman; she is high and dry on the rocks; she was drifted on the shore in a storm, and soon went to pieces, but the crew escaped. Now, pray turn your eyes to the foot of those burnt Sienna-looking hummocks, and there behold the beautiful villas of the Cape gentry. See what dark foliage surrounds them, and how glaringly white the little square palaces are; they are indeed little earthly paradises, as you will find, all nestling in a bed of flowers that would slay an English gardener to behold. How rapidly we round Green Point! There it is! a long, green slip of land, running at the base of those hills—that's where the Cape equestrians take the air."

"Back the main-yard!"

"What's the meaning of that, I wonder?" cried the Doctor. "Oh! here's the health-boat coming off. Now, then, I must be busy. Ladies, as the gallant Captain said, adieu—*pour le présent*."

"Bless me," said Miss Blair, as the boat from the shore approached, "what an uncouth-looking crew! Do behold, Emily! Miss, dear, do look!"

"Indeed," said Pauline, "they are rather *outré* and sun-dried-looking personages. That gentleman at the stern, with that enormous hat, under which he seems buried alive, I consider the most unique individual I ever beheld. Ah! I see, he is a man of colour. It is a strange scene. Now, then, we shall see the health-officer. That must be the wight, doubtless, Miss Blair—that gentleman with the broad-brimmed straw hat; for surely none of the others can be medical men?"

Miss Blair laughingly said, "The speculation of Pauline must prove

correct, else the gentlemen of the gold-headed cane had sadly degenerated in these Southern climes."

"Stand by the man-ropes there!" cried the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and the seamen sprung to hand the little gentleman in the boat (for he proved to be extremely diminutive) all the assistance they could, whilst, nimbly as he might, up the side of the vessel bounded the Doctor.

No sooner was he on deck, than a grand flourish of his neat straw hat, and a most graceful bow to the ladies on the poop, followed by—

"What ship?"

"Ocean Queen."

"How many days out?"

"Seventy."

"What port?"

"Australia."

"Any sick?"

"None."

"Any Doctor?"

"Yes. This way, sir, Pray step into the cuddy."

The two learned Doctors and the Captain speedily and comfortably were seated at the cuddy table, where the necessary formula being prepared, the little strange Doctor tossed off a bumper of sherry, tucked the MS. in his fob—then "Stand by the man-ropes—the bow," and away over the wave skimmed the important man of medicine, and away round swung the yards again.

But one short half-hour, and not a ripple was upon the face of the sea. The "Ocean Queen" had thundered out her huge anchor; various little skiffs with fruits and flowers were making their offerings of welcome around her, whilst the busy hum wafted by the perfumed breeze from the shore pronounced to the glad voyagers that, after all their troubles, at length they were calmly at rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.”---JOHN GILPIN.

“ OH, it’s a beautiful world! and here we are all for the shore! Oh, it’s a glorious sight! Now for the seeing what we shall see. It’s a most wonderful planet, this same oblate-spheroid!—What think ye, sirs? I’ve got on one of my very best under ones—red-and-white stripe! Old fumbling Moss! lend’s a pair of top-boots and white corduroys. Oh, it’s a most grape-eating and wine-drinking country! Hang it for me! where’s this vile old Fumthoam? where is the man of boots? Here we all are—first boat actually landed, and I passing the best of my sunny existence in waiting for Sir Ochus Moss!—Sir Ochus!”

“ Holloa, Mr. Turkey! I’ll be with you in the twinkling of a bed-post.”

“ Your carriage stops the way, friend Ochus!”

“ Does it so? Just get in it, Mister Turkey, and tell the driver to go and get a pot of half-and-half—or *all* half, if you can afford it him, that’s a generous ——— Blow me! it’s a hot country!—Here I am on deck at last! Well, it does look beautiful!—my wig, but it does. So that’s the town, eh? Well, blow me, it puts me in mind very much of a box of dominoes all arranged agin a green baize tablecloth—don’t it, Turkey? Well, it’s a rum sight! and the lots of boots!—Look here, Toby! here’s a fellow a actilly holding up for us cowcumbers and lobsters. Blow me, if it ain’t a dish wot I’m mighty fond on!—Ain’t that feller a black, pig-eyed looking schemer?—Well, it certainly is a rum go, this! Just look, Turkey, at the emigrants, how bedizened they all be! And how do you like my kick—these boots?—eh, Mr.

Turkey? D'ye think I look anything like a —— (eyeing his nether encasements)—anything like a ——”

“Yes, redoubtable Moss, *very* like a whale.”

“A whale, Mr. Turkey!—what! a fish?—look fishy, did you say, Mr. Turkey?”

“No, most ever-to-be-renowned Moss.”

“A whale is not a fish—you are a giant!”

“It ain't a fish, and I'm a giant! Well, then, come, let's just bundle our corpses into this 'ere crinkum-crankum alongside. Arter you, Mr. Turkey: what are you a-looking at?”

“Silence, thou forlorn hope! There's Venus de' Medici; let me have one glance at that aquiline nose and those superabundant ringlets, and then I'll ——”

“Here's a feller, Turkey, wants thrippence for a water-melon; will you have a shy at it?”

“Oh, thou unreclaimable dross, Ochus Moss! Thou hast no more soul than a gridiron: always belly—thou art all paunch! Come, trundle those out-of-all-Heroding boots of thine over the side: I long for the shore.”

“Ditto, old Methodist parson. I'll have something to talk about as soon as I plant my precious hoofs on that brown country. I'll bring about as heavy a pound of bakker aboard when I come back, wot has been up this blessed ship's side a one fine while, I know.”

“Come, sit thou down,” impatiently cried Mr. Turkey, as his old fat friend stood rocking and rolling the boat almost gunwhale under,—“sit down, Moss, and just turn your unworthy eyes once again upon that lovely form in white muslin that is looking at us from the poop; and when you have done so, here is my penknife—cut your gristle.”

“What! cut my windpipe for the sake of a woman in white muslin! Pooh! Ha, ha!—Turkey, I wouldn't cut ——”

“Silence, Moss! don't let it out! Look at her, Moss—her eyebrows beautifully pencilled, arched over those drooping, plaintive lids! and ——”

“By Gum! Turkey, don't bother me about people's eyebrows, when I'm a-landing in a forrin country!—Look at this little gimlet-eye-holed looking codger abaft—ain't he a *native*!”

"There! she descends in a chair!" exclaimed Turkey, holding his hand to his eye. "There! she *is* coming ashore. I dare not bring myself to open my unworthy lips to such a celestial being; but I *will* see her land. I *will*—I certainly *will* watch to what part she bends her steps. I see the Captain is with her; and that bullet-headed, curly-wigged old Sukey, too, has just brought herself to an anchor in the bows! Smite me, but ——— *I'm resolved!*"

Thus did Mr. Turkey rhapsodise, as the Malay crew with rapidity neared the shore; and his companion, the unsophisticated Moss, as Turkey jocosely termed him, gave vent ever and anon to his delighted feelings as the beauties of the scenery every instant unfolded themselves. The boat containing them at length pulled up alongside the wooden pier, and those in the boat immediately essayed a landing—not without some trifling mishap, as poor Moss, in his anxiety to step out of the boat, missed the pier-step, and was instantly up to his middle, before the boatmen could seize him. This little incident caused a roar of laughter from the idlers who had assembled at the jetty to witness the strangers, and very much disconcerted Moss, who had not only to undergo the misery of being quizzed by every worthless fellow, but, when he did actually mount the pier, he found that, his boots being full of water, at every step he took the liquid gushed out at the tops, to the vast diversion of a set of youngsters who, after witnessing his accident, had assembled around to see him walk. This was not to be endured; so, whilst his friend Turkey was watching the ladies' boat making for the pier, Moss availed himself of the opportunity to take off his boot and empty the obnoxious contents. Whilst he is so engaged, we may turn our attention to the ladies, who, with Messrs. Blair and Rennie, the Captain and Doctor, had just arrived at the pier-ladder. Mr. Turkey rushed down the steps, held out his hand, and in the most gallant manner possible handed out the ladies. Pauline came last, with the exception of Susan, who, from her perturbation and the anxious eyes she continually turned upon the Hottentots on the pier, was nearly falling a victim to the same unpleasant fate which had so distressed Mr. Moss.

All out in safety and on the pier, Mr. Turkey entered the boat and brought out several articles belonging to the ladies—amongst which

was a bouquet belonging to Pauline, which when about to present to its owner, he politely prefaced by saying, that "most beautiful flowers had been seen in Africa, but he much doubted if that sunny clime could produce anything capable of rivalling those flowers which he had the honour to travel with from the North."

Pauline and the Misses Blair smiled very goodhumouredly as Turkey delivered, with the greatest gravity, that high-flown compliment, and, as he took off his hat, wished them much pleasure in their cruise ashore. Then turning a wistful eye at the gay group, as they quickly bent their course to the town, Turkey exclaimed, "The Cape will now see what *England* can produce." *

"Mister!" said a black, touching the shoulder of Turkey, and arousing him from his meditations, "is you anyting to do wid dat fat old massa dat step into de sea?"

"Why?" inquired Turkey.

"He say him want your penknife."

As Mr. Turkey wended his way towards the spot where he had left Moss, he saw that a crowd had assembled, and were giving way to the most uproarious merriment. As he drew nearer, he could plainly distinguish the voice of Mr. Moss; and upon looking over the shoulders of the people, he saw that gentleman, with one bootless leg, sitting on a soap-chest, and straining every muscle to get off his remaining *boot*, or even to restore it to its proper position. The big veins stood out upon Moss's forehead, vexed as he was, on the one hand, by his refractory boots—goaded and irritated, on the other, by a mob who had congregated to bait him and enjoy his discomfiture. The sight was too ludicrous for Turkey to withstand, and as he looked at his enraged friend tugging and cursing at intervals, he felt himself unable to resist partaking, in common with the crowd, of so rich a treat at Moss's expense.

"Where is that d—d Turkey?" cried he, staring about him in agony; "where is the fellow? Blow the boots! d—n Africa! [roars of laughter;] cus the country! I can't get the boots—neither on

* "A sight might thaw old Priam's frozen age,
And warm ev'n Nestor into amorous rage."

nor—off. [Renewed laughter.] I can't go barelegged, like a hover-grown Scotch wench, into the town. [Another tremendous tug at the offending leathers.]—Where's Turkey? I'm uncorked—quite beskumpered! Where is that man? I'm in a dreadful sweat, and my feet swell up like a man wot's hung at Newgate: they're actilly throttled with this wet leather. [Laughter; the delighted crowd still crying out, 'As him was once more.'] You black, unearthly scaramouches!"—"You John Bull!"—"Bull, am I? Wait till I've got 'em off, one way or t'other; I'm blowed if I don't gore you! I'll soon touch some of yer up in the bunt!"

Thus did the unhappy man rave and scold, tug and moralise, by turns, till Turkey, unable to see the poor fellow in such a trim any longer, rushed to the rescue, and with his penknife opened the seams of his tight boot, so as to enable Moss to get a fair start—which he instantly did, tucking the unlucky boots under his arm: and in this manner (Moss deploring his unlucky mishap, and Turkey soliloquising on his *Venus de' Medici*) did the two gentlemen enter Cape Town.

Mr. Turkey found that the ludicrous picture of his friend drew down the gibes of every wag as they proceeded; and a goodly number who had witnessed the whole of the exhibition still followed at a short distance, unwilling, as it appeared, to lose any part of the fun,—for assuredly it had diminished not one iota in interest from the moment the unlucky wight had miscalculated his footing. To behold a short, thick-set man, with a large fat face unusually red with heat and excitement—to witness him, in a dashing blue coat, yellow vest, and white tights, carrying a huge walking-stick in one hand and his broad-brimmed hat in the other, whilst an enormous pair of top-boots were tenaciously held, wet as they were, under his arm, as in a vice—and, above all, to hear his maledictions upon the country, and all it contained, as each step he took among the hot sand scorched his unprotected feet,—was, even to Turkey himself, who sincerely pitied him, a most side-shaking spectacle.

"I tell you what it is," cried Moss, "I can tramp no further! Here's a pretty pickle I'm in! Oh, if my poor old master Abraham Barlow could but elap his eye on me now! And am I to walk up to my knees in sand? I'm blistered now up to my very calfs! Is there

no possible means of —— Stop, Turkey; I've trod on a bottle! and, oh Lord! I must sit down a minute on this old hanchor!"

The miserable Moss threw himself down to examine his stockings; but as no blood appeared, Turkey assured him 'twas all imagination, and urged him to try to travel a bit further, where he could distinguish the sign of a "public." Moss, hearing this welcome intelligence, endeavoured to rise, when—

"Turkey!" roared he; "what—why, what the devil ails me now? I can't stir a peg! Odds bobs! if I ain't a sat down on a dab of pitch! and" (sagely applying his hand to the hinder part of his tights) —"and, blow me, if I ain't regularly burked! Look here, Toby!" (turning himself round, and exhibiting a most unfortunate surface of that adhesive material.)

At this unforeseen calamity, Moss renewed his lamentations, and Turkey gave full vent to the hilarity he could no longer restrain. Moss hobbled along after the convulsed Toby, and was enabled shortly to get a seat in a bullock-waggon—in which vehicle, drawn by a team of fourteen oxen, and surrounded by as many laughing rogues of boys who had been noisy witnesses of his distresses, did Mr. Moss arrive at the inn where his companion had already taken up his quarters.

CHAPTER XIX.

"And thus I am absorb'd—and this is life."—CHILDE HAROLD.

"It's a very pretty place, this same Cape Town," said Mr. Rennie to Mr. Blair, as those two gentlemen were promenading the streets the evening of the day after their arrival. "But I must say, the mosquitoes in the night, blowing their abominable trumpets, and digging their wonderfully poisonous little trunks into all parts of one's body, is anything but a recommendation to it."

"Had your bed not any mosquito-curtains?" inquired Mr. Blair.

"No. What are they?"

"They are simply a thin kind of gauze, drawn so tight round the bedposts as to effectually keep 'the vexatious intruders away.' You must speak about some. But if you are already bitten, I would recommend," continued Mr. B., "a solution of opium,—it allays the irritation; and, perhaps, a cooling quart of salts might assist the operation."

"Ha! ha!" laughingly replied Mr. Rennie. "The opiate I am willing to try; but as for the salts—no, friend, no!"

"Look, Rennie, what fine streets! The houses are all, you see, in the square, neat, Dutch style,—roomy, of course, for the climate. I cannot, however, admire the colouring of most of the houses in hot countries—of a glaring white. It certainly may be said to reflect the heat; but it is painful to the eye."

"And yet," interrupted his companion, "how pretty they look! Now, just turn your eye up this comfortable and clean-looking street, with its rows of three and four-storied square houses, with their little platform-looking buildings in the front of them, and all shaded by the

beautiful waving acacia. And, above all, look at Mynheer von Dunk himself, sitting there in the shade, smoking his canaster, and, beyond all doubt, quaffing his Schiedam. What a picture of Oriental indolence !”

“No doubt,” said Blair, “that is what may be at once reckoned an illustration of the Eastern saying, ‘I will sit upon the carpet of resignation, and smoke the pipe of patience.’ And if that greasy-looking worthy does not personify both resignation and patience in his very look, I am at a loss to conceive what does. How mechanically the automaton opens and shuts his heavy-lidded eyes, as though even the labour of winking were too much for him ! But, bless me, my friend, look what a lovely creature hands him his glass !”

“So she is—a very sylph ! And ‘To what vile uses may we not return !’ to think of her occupation being the handing of Dutch gin to a —— I won’t call ugly names. Let’s be gone. And, with your leave, we will adjourn to some hotel or other, where we may refresh ourselves with a bottle of what in Britain we call ‘Cape nastiness.’ Let us try the prophet in his own country.”

“With all my heart, friend ; let us crack a bottle, and judge for ourselves. Yonder’s the ‘London Hotel,’—let’s patronise it.”

“Just turn your eye, Rennie, upon these enormous oak trees growing before the door,” said Mr. Blair, as they were in the act of entering the hotel ; “and, above all, look what an amazing size the acorns are ! at the very least, double the size of English ones.”

“They are indeed, Blair,” said Mr. Rennie, “beautiful trees, and very fine acorns. Come, let’s be doing.”

The bell being rung, and the waiter making his appearance, a bottle of the best Cape growth was ordered—to be a white wine. It was speedily produced, and pronounced by the gentlemen to be excellent—little inferior to the best Madeira.

“But how is it,” said they, one to the other, “that the stuff we get in England is of such a vile and decidedly earthy and unpleasant flavour ?”

That, as a puzzle, served to amuse, till Blair observed, that “possibly it might be Madeira palmed upon them *as* Cape, to flatter the wine-growing properties of the Colony. But,” continued he, “we shall find

out the secret at Burchell's this evening. I expect he will produce a sample of his very best."

"No doubt he will," added Mr. Rennie; "he is a very liberal man, and should keep some of the best in the place. He has resided here long enough to know how to obtain it."

"What a strangely old-fashioned room this is! Look at the oak wainscoting, how it is rubbed and polished! and even the floor is of the same material, and equally burnished."

"I'll just carry a thought into execution, Blair," said Rennie, rising and pulling the bell. "Oh, waiter, bring in a few grapes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well done, my friend. Here they are. Well, to be sure, these *are* fine fellows! Why, this bunch must weigh, at the least, four pounds; and every individual grape the size of a pigeon's egg! Surely these grow upon a land overflowing with milk and honey, oil and wine!"

"Why, indeed, Blair, one would think so; but they do not quite come up to the bunch that the two men who discovered the promised land carried between them on a pole!"

"No; but, Rennie, we will substitute this bottle of wine for the pole the two worthies used with their grapes, and I doubt not, by its assistance, we shall be able to carry off a bunch ourselves! Now for a treat! Transparent! you can see every seed! What a glorious thing in a hot clime is the grape!"

"No sooner, we hear," said Rennie, "was Noah out of his ark, than he planted a vineyard."

"That shows your ancient learning," quoth Blair, "and Noah's sharpness; but he was certainly too much of the bacchanal, nevertheless—he indulged, it is to be feared, too deeply in his potations."

"Ah, poor old gentleman! he was doubtless so glad to get over his voyage, like us," said Rennie, "that he desired a little of the divine juice in rather larger doses than ordinary. Let us be merciful!"

"Ay, true; charity covers many sins. It is to be regretted there is so little of that estimable commodity in the market. There seems an unaccountable malignant disposition in some persons, raking up

even the ashes of the illustrious dead to feed their hyena appetites, or upon any bit of frail humanity their unsparing talons may bring to light.—Come, my friend, let us jog. We shall just have time for a walk through the parade adjoining, and off for a quiet dish of tea with our old friend Burchell. What's to pay, waiter?"

"One shilling, gentlemen."

Exit Mr. Rennie.

Blair, turning to the waiter, "And here is an extra sixpence for yourself, my friend."

This, trifling as it may appear, was a most important sum, and Sambo looked at it with a proper feeling ere he deposited it in that depth of solitude, far from all its fellows, his pocket—very soon, too soon, alas! doubtless, to be driven a wanderer again over the earth. Sixpences, their fourpenny cousins, or mighty grandfathers of the crown royal, are not kept long in the custody of the thoughtless coloured race; they are too much given toward the enjoyment of the present moment—or may, with some show of truth, be said ever to prefer a mirror to a telescope.

"The curfew toll'd the knell of parting day," and found, seated around the hospitable board of the merchant Burchell, most of our old friends, with the exception of Moss and Turkey, who, report said, had been seen that very morning setting out upon an equestrian trip, accompanied by a Hottentot rider. We should also have said that Pauline was not present, that young lady having been conveyed, immediately upon her arrival, to Sir Benjamin Briscoe's, the Governor.

"And how, Miss Blairs and ladies all, do you like our town? Do you see any objects worthy your admiration?" inquired Mr. Burchell, rubbing his hands, and preparing for quite a romantic burst of sentiment in its favour.

Nor was he altogether disappointed; for the ladies, with one voice, gave verdict in its favour: it was "A love of a town! So full of variety—what with the most extraordinary teams of eighteen or twenty bullocks, with their branching horns of size immense, dragging, in lengthened pairs, a light covered waggon that one of those strong animals certainly appeared able to draw himself; and then the

Hottentot driver, with his terrible twenty-feet-long whip, and his funnel-shaped hat—his whooping, whipping, and galloping this uncouth team at frightful speed round a sharp corner,—and all performed by that giant of a whip!—That single feature of Cape Town can never be sufficiently admired. It would sadly puzzle some of our London beaux to guide a team of twenty oxen, without reins, at full gallop through a town, and only be allowed the Hottentot whip!”

“Indeed, Miss Blair,” said Mr. Burchell, “you are perfectly right. The waggon with its paraphernalia is the first thing that strikes the stranger; its wonderful team of cattle, and their unusual size, to say nothing of their expanding horns. But you must know, ladies, that, light as that waggon appears, it is extremely strong; and I very much question if any other *very* different kind would answer the country. I admit it looks ungainly; but it is not so: it is easily manageable, either ascending or descending the most fearful passes, which they so frequently have to travel. A curious sight was recently exhibited at a place near here, called Hottentot Hollow, where engineer Mitchell had constructed an easy road up the mountain, which had used to occupy the farmers many weary hours in its ascent, and cause them vast delay and inconvenience, not to name danger. This road being finished, a certain day was named for its opening for general travel. The Governor and suite went in state. It was quite a holiday for us. And when we arrived, we discovered a crowd of farmers, with their waggons all arranged strictly in line, with gaily-caparisoned and sprightly nags, ready for the start up the pass. The word was given, and away went the boors, shouting, cracking their whips, and galloping furiously, in an incredibly short time, to the summit, amidst the cheers and gun-firing of the delighted spectators.”

“It must have been a curious sight,” said Mr. Blair, “and one reflecting much honour upon the engineer, and promising vast benefit to the Colony.”

“Indeed it does, sir,” answered Mr. Burchell. “If we could only get now, what is talked of very sanguinely—a *railroad* across the sand flats, from Cape Town to Stellenbosch—that would be our next grand move on the board.”

“It certainly is time that the Colonists roused themselves, so much

still depends upon their utmost exertions. It is of little avail friends of the Colony labouring at home, if their endeavours are not seconded by those whose interest they are slaving to serve. But it is to be lamented that your glorious Colony should have ever been placed under the hands of such despots as Somerset—a man of stern, jealous, wayward, and uncompromising disposition. His determined hostility to the freedom, and even establishment, of the press in South Africa, went a vast way towards enlightening the Colonists what kind of man the all-blasting “family influence” had forced down the throats of the else happy inhabitants. Giving a Colony, be it old or young, a bad Governor, is at once to uproot—if an old Colony—a vast deal of what has been done, and to blight the promising buds, and scatter them to the wind, of what would, with proper care, have produced valuable fruit: if the Colony be in an infant state, and has the infliction of that dreaded incubus, an inefficient head-piecc, it may, to use a homely comparison, be likened to a clock without a mainspring, a ship without a rudder or compass. There are more of the seeds of good or evil belonging to a Governor, than people at home dream of in their philosophy.”

“Indeed, Mr. Blair,” replied Mr. Burchell, “the truth of your remarks is very apparent. We have suffered a vast deal in consequence of the errors and imbecility of our rulers; but we *hope*—and it is but a faint one—that such short-sighted policy may be speedily amended, and that men of absolute talent may be in future placed amongst us. We want an energetic man of business, who will see with his *own* eyes and hear with his *own* ears, and not stoop to such degrading and petty favouritism, which in weak and wavering minds is a very certain attendant, ever pregnant with injury and ruin. We care not who a man’s grandmother might have been, so that he himself be an *Englishman*, possessing an English heart, and will turn a patriotic eye to the struggles of his fellow-countrymen. Such a man was the ever-to-be-remembered Earl of Caledon, whose wise, beneficent, and philanthropic exertions have been the admiration of every one who has had the happiness, as a Colonist, to experience them. His Lordship’s impartial and firm administration of the laws, his Christian-like conduct towards the unfortunate natives, and the numerous and untiring

efforts he made to ameliorate the social condition of those entrusted to his sway, evince the workings of no ordinary mind, and exhibit what is too rarely found in men of his office—a hearty benevolence, and desire to succour the meanest of his people.”

“How long, sir,” inquired Mr. Rennie, “did that nobleman govern?”

“His Lordship,” returned Mr. Burchell, “held the government of the Cape from 1807 to 1811, and then returned to bless by his presence his native place, Caledon. What a difference between that real man, and that terrible *fellow* (that, gentlemen, is my distinction)—that terrible *fellow* Somerset! We have no reason, thank God, to dread the return of those fearful times when our freedom or slavery was at the caprice of a tyrant. A Legislative Assembly will furnish to the historian more ample and interesting domestic details than a pure or mixed despotism, however enlightened, can ever yield.”

“A truce,” laughingly interrupted Miss Blair,—“a truce to you, gentlemen, and your discussion upon old women! A Governor of a Province or a Colony, or whatever he governs, has from time immemorial (including the illustrious Sancho Panza himself) been but an elderly lady! My opinion of all Governors and all M.P.s is alike—simply to benefit, on the one hand, Self and Co., and, on the other, to gratify a little harmless ambition.—Pray, Mr. Burchell, where is there a nice ride? The Captain wants a jaunt to the top of Table Mountain, and I want to go there too; but my giddy sister wants a gallop over the flowers: we learn you have lovely flowers?”

“I believe, Miss Blair,” replied Mr. Burchell, “our flowers and our fruits are unrivalled. An indifferent assortment of the latter are to be found in my garden; but the glorious flowers—the scores of species of blossoming heaths,—the—the —— I tell you, Miss Blair, I cannot recapitulate the thousands we possess. Imagine the contents of ten thousand English greenhouses in their best season planted thickly together, a balmy air around, and cloudless sky, as you now experience, overhead—and fancy yourself on a fleet barb, bounding, like a startled deer, over their fragrant heads,—and then you may conceive slightly what our spring-time scatters upon our plains.”

“And are we to see no flowers now? are we too late, sir?” ejaculated Miss Emily.

"No, dear lady; you will still see many glories, but recollect, this month of February, beautiful as it is, is our autumn, and the children of the sun have mostly put on a livery becoming the sober season; but I hope, at your leisure, to produce a very large bouquet for you, even if I am reduced to the necessity of filling up with a few aloe blossoms."

"Thank you, Mr. Burchell. I fear those centurions of Albion, who are so very chary of showing us their beauties, might possibly be *rather* too unwieldy; not but that I should enjoy the exhibition, after your collecting such a bouquet," smilingly observed Miss Blair.

"Now, Miss Blair," said the Doctor, who had enjoyed the recent sally of the gigantic aloe bouquet,—“Now,” said he, “have you any wish to speculate in a few cigars?”

“Cigars!” exclaimed the ladies. “What! for our private use?”

“Ha, ha! what next, Doctor?” cried the Captain. “Are you going to introduce Spanish customs amongst us?”

“I’ll tell the ladies my reason for asking. When I was a younger man than I am now ——”

“Hem! Beg pardon, Doctor: you were saying—when you were a younger man!” jestingly said Mr. Rennie.

“Just so,” resumed the Doctor—“I had the happiness to receive from a young lady, as a gift, a box of cigars. I thought little of it at the time. There were a thousand in the box; I smoked several every day—they proved delicious! Whenever I smoked one of those fragrant and soothing weeds, my mind, however disturbed it had been at the present minute, began gradually, step by step, lower and lower, to arrive at its wonted serenity; then, as I puffed, unconscious of my past feelings, my mind imperceptibly began to dwell upon the present,—my single and forlorn state—my utter friendlessness—a sort of half a body—a perceptible and eternal lack of something; then, as my cigar burned lower and lower, and its balmy and continued influence grew soothing and more soothing still, my mind stole a march, and the naked future stood before me! I saw a lone figure still walking along the rough valley of life, and still, in the horizon, the same unvaried sterility—all unsocial, cheerless, and lone. My cigar still burned; the ashes, hanging by me, as they did, to the very last grasp, at length fell; it was to me a sort of ‘Corporal Trim dropped his hat,’ a *memento*

mori prophetic of my end. I was now totally alone; the vital spark had fled from my favourite cigar—its last graceful curl of smoke turned as with a parting kiss upon my bent and thoughtful head, and dissolved like a dream away in the singing zephyr. I stole meditatively to my box of cigars, more sensible, every step, of my forlorn condition. I was in the act of taking another weed from the box, when the thought flashed as a courier past all others, and I candidly demanded, Who gave me these cigars?—‘Who?’ cried I, asking the empty winds, and startled Echo mocked me. ‘Yes!’ cried I, brightening up like an April sky as the delicious thought lit up my very soul, ‘HELEN gave me these cigars! I will in return offer her—what less?—my heart!’ Big with the joyful thought, I hastened to her home, smoking even other four to soothe the excitement of delicious dreams that now reigned triumphant in my bosom. The fourth cigar opened me the valley of life again; but, lo! no longer was the road of rock and precipice—no longer I saw the solitary man wending his weary way; no—all was changed,—flowers, beautiful flowers, nodded a welcome around, songs of birds carolled in rivalry of music on every waving tree, and I beheld a youth and maiden tripping in the midst, and the most comfortable old pair sitting, surrounded by innumerable children, waiting for them, ‘neath a woodbined cottage porch, in the distance. My soil was fire! my heart grew and panted with unusual might. I was at Helen’s door! She was at home. I flew into her presence—there was a man with her! I cried out, in the strength of my love, ‘Helen!’ She moved slowly toward me,—the angel moved slowly to the door—it flew open to her gentle touch. I was outside. She tripped lightly from my side a moment, and I heard her own sweet lips shout into the very ears of the strange man, ‘Are you not nearly choked? Throw up the window! Oh gracious! how unbearably that puppy stinks of tobacco-smoke!’ I rushed, like a cannon-ball, I knew not whither.—I dashed the hated cigars, box and all that belonged to them, upon the floor of my desolate room; I danced the Indian war-whoop upon their scattered and hated fibres—and I am still alive!”

The conclusion of the Doctor’s story drew forth much laughter and applause. Mr. Burehell, who had dwelt upon it from its commencement with the most earnest attention, was convulsed with laughter at

its conclusion. The evening whiled agreeably away. A plan was proposed and duly arranged for performing a visit to the top of Table Mountain, the first opportunity. Mr. Burchell had offered his vineyard for the use of the emigrants, who were to be landed for a run-ashore to-morrow, and all was gay,—the ladies expressing their determination to visit Mr. Burchell frequently during their stay, and that gentleman goodnaturedly assuring them that he had many a treat in store, especially the aloe bouquet. The gentlemen quaffed another and still another parting-glass, pronouncing it very much improving upon acquaintance; whilst the lone Doctor gave way to his ruminations, and sallied forth smoking, at the very least computation, according to Miss Blair, his four-and-twentieth cigar!

CHAPTER XX.

"All things are here of *them*."—CHILDE HAROLD.

"Now, dear Pauline," said Lady Briscoe, as they were sitting in the orange-bower in the garden of the Government House,—“Now, dear, do let me hear a little of your romance. I cannot bear to gaze upon you, love, and to think that in so young and fragile a creature, the worm—the canker-worm—should be gnawing in fatal secret the promising flower. You little imagine, love, that I have been expecting you some time back. Lord B. said, the probability was you would honour me with a visit; and at the receipt of his first letter, I merely imagined that you were about to be married, and that the envied man was upon some out-of-the-way errand going to bring you to the Cape: but his Lordship's second letter, saying you were actually about to depart, and without any allusion to a gentleman, caused me a good deal of speculation. Now, my dear, you *are* here, absolutely alone, and not going to remain with me, as I fondly indulged the hope, but proceeding to the Australian Colonies! I am sure, love, you will readily excuse my freedom of remark, but really—to see—to consider—it appears to me a romance in real life: and then you are so pensive, so lone in your habits, I could almost guess what is really the foundation of all this.—But no, dear Pauline, I cannot bear to see you weep; be assured that you are too dear to me. I fear I have been so unfortunate as to cause you pain. Be assured I shall never forgive myself if I have offended you. I will never more allude to the subject. I am but too happy to enjoy your visit, short as it appears it will be.”

“Dear lady,” gently said Pauline, looking upon her friend through a starting tear, and warmly pressing her hand, “you will, I am sure,

forgive me; you have not given me pain—it is I that have caused uneasiness in your generous bosom, possibly by my rashness. To whom could I confide the secret of my bosom—to whom indeed!—more worthy than dear Lady Briscoe? Pardon the erring weakness of your sex, and look down upon me with forgiveness. I fear I have erred in my decision; but it has been an error of judgment, not of the heart. Listen to me with tenderness, my mother's friend, and pity my unhappy condition.—I was engaged to a gentleman in our adjoining county—I fear we only loved too deeply; the day was already appointed for our marriage—every arrangement had been made, and—”

“Compose yourself, dear,” kindly said Lady Briscoe.

“—And,” continued Pauline, “as the time drew nigh, we were never a day without being in each other's company. It was late one evening, Charles (that was his name) was returning to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, when, in crossing a meadow, the night being very dark, he stumbled upon something which lay in his path. He stooped down to examine what it was: it was the body of a man! Charles felt the face—it was warm; he endeavoured to raise the body by main strength, when he was seized by the throat, and received a terrible cut with a knife on the back of his head. Charles instantly released hold of the man, and hastened to the nearest cottage for assistance. It was a tavern, and several persons were in it drinking. The whole party, upon hearing the alarm, instantly with lanthorns repaired to the meadow. There they found the man just in the same part where Charles had left him. He was not quite dead, but had a most fearful gash on his forehead, which was bleeding profusely. Upon one of the party inquiring who did the deed, the man faintly gurgled, ‘Him—it was him!’ alluding, as it appeared to all, to my unfortunate Charles. The wounded man was instantly conveyed to the tavern, when parties were despatched for a doctor. The doctor soon arrived, and Charles, in his presence, demanded of the dying man whether it was he who wounded him; to which the man, in his last gasp, uttered, ‘Yes.’ Hereupon the doctor took down the evidence; and Charles, in his confusion, endeavoured to relate what had happened: but he was too bewildered with the awful charge laid to him, to make himself appear innocent, and the bloody state of his hands and clothes from his con-

tact with the unfortunate deceased—not to mention the gash at the back of his neck, which the dying man had evidently made under the delusion that Charles was one of his murderers,—these circumstances went against poor Charles; but one weighed far heavier than all the rest against him, and that was, the man who had been thus brutally deprived of life was a gamekeeper, residing upon a neighbouring estate, with whom poor Charles had had, unfortunately, some recent dispute. All this being stated, taken down, and sworn to in presence of the doctor, that functionary handed my poor dear innocent Charles into the custody of the police. The crime with which he was charged did not admit of bail, and the Assizes hurrying rapidly on, he was arraigned as a murderer at the bar.

“During this awful period, I, in common with his friends, felt but little fear that his innocence would be immediately established. He employed no counsel, trusting to the innocence of his heart to acquit him. What, then, was our horror—who can paint the blow that was in store for us!—after a long trial, and a vast store of circumstantial evidence, the Jury pronounced him Guilty; and the Judge, in commenting upon the enormity of his crime, told him his life would be spared in consideration of his youth and the former good character he had borne; but he implored him to exercise the remainder of those days it should please a merciful God to allow him to live, in supplication in prayer, as an atonement for his great sin; and he (the Judge) would not advise him to entertain the slightest hope of remaining in this country—he must be transported for life.

“On hearing this dreadful sentence, Charles, with a loud and untrembling voice, thus spoke:—‘My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I have been arraigned and convicted by my countrymen of committing one of the foulest crimes with which it is possible to stain humanity. I have already told you how I unfortunately became mixed up in this matter. I have stood before you unassisted by advice or Counsel. I am as innocent, even now after you have thought it your conscientious duty to convict me—I am as free from the stain of that man’s death—as my Judge who now occupies his seat before me. I am guiltless in the eyes of God—I am proud even in my misfortunes, and triumph over my unhappy fate. My intentions to the murdered man

were those of succour; I did what every man under such circumstances would have done, and I am branded with the infamy of his destroyer! My hard case I leave to the justice of my God, feeling fully assured that *He* will rise up a defender of the innocent, a pronouncer to short-sighted man that my penalty was unjust, and that which I must now bear as a foul crime upon my heart was its best endeavours to aid the unfortunate. Gentlemen, for your patience I thank you—I am resigned.’”

“And has he left the country?” inquired Lady B.

“He has been gone now three months, to some part of Australasia, but I know not whither.”

“And you are ——”

“You have guessed, dear Lady Briscoe: I am travelling to endeavour if, by being near him in his exile, I can relieve the horrors which must necessarily crowd upon his existence.”

“Noble Pauline!” exclaimed Lady Briscoe, “be assured Sir Benjamin shall know of this. Dear girl, let me haste to his apartment—not a moment shall be lost. Don’t give way to despair: trust in a wise and good Providence; He will see justice done—rely on His mercy,” said Lady Briscoe, kissing Pauline fervently. “There now, dear—I will fly to Sir Benjamin, and you run about among the flowers; and don’t give way to despair—it’s too monstrously unjust to stand the test of truth. There, now—adieu! run away among the flowers.”

Pauline did not run among the flowers, as the amiable Lady Briscoe would have had her: for though she felt herself much relieved, now that she had a sharer in her troubles, and one who would enlist so powerful a friend as Sir Benjamin in her cause, she yet sat quietly in the waterfall bower at the bottom of the garden, and mused upon her fate, and the fate of one she held still dearer, and wondered *when* and *where* she should see him, till she at length caught herself humming—

“Ah! whither fled now, dearest love?

In what clime rovest thou?

The hand of Him who rules above

Showers blessings on thy brow!

Beneath a bower of Indian trees
Pauline lone sitteth now :
Her prayers to Heaven load the breeze,
For blessings on thy brow."

"Well done, Lady Pauline!" said Lady Briscoe as she came skipping to the bower; "that *was* indeed a pretty ditty. But I have just seen Sir Benjamin, and he is in a pretty way about such a conviction! 'Why not move heaven and earth for a fresh trial?' says he. He remembers, a short time ago, reading an account of the whole transaction in the papers, with the editor's severe censures upon the unjust verdict. He will have some conversation with you about it after dinner; but he is now reading over again the evidence, &c. &c., and as there is a ship sails to-night for Australia, there will be a letter despatched by her from Sir Benjamin to the Governor of Sydney. Hope for the best, Pauly,—hope for the best! Come, now, for a romp among the flowers. Here are my little grandchildren.—Come, run to Miss Pauline. Now, little urchins, scamper about; but don't go near the waterfall, to get your little trotters wet. Come now, then, away! There's old Sambo Jack—tell him to gather some pretty flowers. There, away you run!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"The morn is up again---the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,
And glowing into day. We may resume
The march." CHILDE HAROLD.

THE morning of the 13th of February came in blushing over the hills : the tide sung its matin roundelay o'er the pebbly beach—the shepherd was chaunting his early song to his now liberated fold, and the freshness of morning scattered forth his summons to the flowers, at whose approach they shook off the crystal tear of eve, and welcomed their god with incense and with smiles. Beautiful is an African morn—ay, beautiful as the eye can behold. Still, soft, and plaintively it steals upon us ; delight is in every tree, and gladsomeness is the pervading soul of the landscape.

At early dawn all are busy at Cape Town : the waggon winds its way from the interior to the market, laden with luscious fruits, and the trader, with his merchandise, is arranging to be busy. The market is all bustle, and lively sallies ring among the light-hearted inhabitants of that exhilarating clime. Down the long and acacia-fringed street, what numbers in their varied costume we behold ! Amidst the crowd, a troop of elegantly-caparisoned steeds are being led by their grooms to the residence of —— Ah ! as we thought, they are paraded opposite the house of Mr. Burchell. Our friends whom we met the other evening at that gentleman's are about to enjoy a pic-nic upon the summit of Table Mountain. Our horse is among the group, and

" Away, away to the mountain's brow ! "

"Like to have been first, *after all*," jokingly said Mr. Burchell, as he rose to welcome us to the *déjeuner à la fourchette*. "Well, still in good time—it's a glorious time for starting!"

"Now," said Mr. Blair, "let me ask, what is the order of the day?"

"I believe," said Mr. Burchell, "we mount our nags, which it is quite time had arrived."

"They are so, sir."

"Well, in that case we are. Ladies, give the word—off!"

"We are all ready, Mr. Burchell."

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen, please to follow me."

The whole party, consisting of no less than nine individuals, mounted their steeds, and set off at a pleasant canter for the base of the mountain.

"I am delighted to have the happiness, Miss Blair," said a gentleman who was keeping a brisk trot by the side of that lady's Arab, as she cantered gaily along,—*"I am delighted to have the happiness of such a day before me,—I had not the remotest idea that such joy was in store for me. I am too happy!—far too overjoyed with my friend Burchell's kindness in allowing me an opportunity of joining so delightful a party."*

"I hope, sir," answered Miss Blair, "that the trip will not be found too difficult. The ascent is reported as extremely dangerous, particularly on horseback."

"I am quite unprepared to inform you, Miss Blair, as to its facility of ascent, when either on horseback or on foot, this being my first visit; but, I trust, as the day is so unusually favourable at this season, we shall have the happiness to reach the summit without either much fatigue or difficulty," said the stranger, who having been already introduced to Miss Blair, we will, with the reader's kind permission, introduce to them. Gentle reader, Mr. Clinton!—Mr. Clinton, gentle reader!

"I am resolved, Mr. Clinton," said Miss Blair, "to ascend the mountain as far as it is at all consistent with safety on horseback, for I am no very great advocate for fatigue."

"You are of the same school of philosophy as myself," remarked Mr. Clinton: "in so warm and lovely a clime as this, much physical

exertion were unnecessary. We are, I perceive, arrived at our first stage. Will you, Miss Blair, allow me to assist you in descending?"

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton. We have enjoyed a most exhilarating ride."

"I am truly gratified to hear you say so, Miss Blair; it affords me additional happiness."

"I am sure, Mr. Clinton, you are very polite," gaily said Miss Blair. Mr. Clinton bowed very low.

"Well, now," cried Mr. Burchell, "here we are so far—come, that is something towards it, and here we must quit our nags, unless some of us find courage to ride as far the top, which *has* been done, but it is far from a desirable undertaking. For my own part, I shall commence the tramping forthwith, and give my horse a holiday; but any thinking they dare venture a little further, why now 's the time."

This speech having by that gentleman been duly impressed upon his auditory, they all, with the exception of Miss Blair, agreed to abandon the steeds. The whole party now set forward with considerable vigour, and half an hour's march brought them upon the rough, rocky, unpleasant part of the ascent; and here it was, after a delay of some minutes, Miss Blair also dismounted. The party proceeded with what rapidity they might: sometimes the route lay round a shelving mountain, or along the verge of a precipice, where there was not room for two animals to pass, and down whose fearful chasms it was impossible for some of the party to venture a look.

"This is an extremely dangerous expedition," said Mr. Burchell, "unless we pay the strictest attention to the appearance of the weather. Numbers of travellers have, from their sole inattention to this one grand point (which any common-place inhabitant of the town can, from repeated observation, truly predict,) been dashed to atoms, from merely making one false step when enveloped in fog. Now yesterday was a day of this dangerous kind; and had any one started yesterday morning (and the weather to a stranger looked fine as to-day), the result would have been, they must have remained upon the mountain amidst the wild animals till this morning, or else risked their necks in the descent. For you see," continued he, "one step in the fog would, in the place we have just passed, send a man a hundred fathoms into a gulf; and who

could say what became of him? Scarcely a year passes but we hear either of the actual missing, or the thoughtless, who have been nearly famished up here in a fog."

Thus did Mr. Burchell illustrate the mountain as the party continued to climb. Some of the ladies were frequently heard to "breathe the soft impeachment" of fatigue, but Mr. Burchell would not hear of it; he assured them the view from the top would hurl to oblivion the sense of all fatigue, and actually cure any one of confirmed chronic rheumatism. At length, after several sandy prophecies that the summit would never be reached, Mr. Rennie was heard shouting from the desired spot: a few minutes elapsed, and they were all welcomed to the top, by two gentlemen little to be imagined in that situation. These worthies were no other than the illustrious Mr. Moss and Tobias Turkey, Esq. —extremely glad to see them arrive, the latter, on behalf of self and Moss, could assure them.

Mr. Burchell, finding they were from the same vessel, kindly invited them to join the picnic, which the servants having been forwarded with some two hours' start, was already beside a most cheering fire, for it was, after cooling a little from their clamber, found to be rather chilly.

Before the party had finished their refreshment, Mr. Blair inquired of Mr. Turkey how long since he had arrived.

Before Mr. Turkey had time to answer the question, Mr. Moss, who happened to overhear it, notwithstanding his mouth was expanded with the whole quarter of a fowl, ejaculated at the top of his voice—"How long have we been here?—we been here all the blessed night, I'm corked if we ain't—all the live-long night, amidst all the venemous beasts, as played up old gooseberry about us, like so many mad bulls a dancing the cow's courrant. Turkey advised me to buy a pair o' shoes, cos my top-boots a pinch'd me, and I lost one a coming up, and the heel come off the t'other."

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Burchell, for every one else, even Turkey himself, was upon the broad laugh; "Bless me! why you have indeed been unlucky, but you should certainly have asked advice before you started!"

"Ax'd advice before I started!" quoth Moss, taking the leg-bone of a duck from his masticators: "why I did, sir. I ax'd Mr. Turkey

what we had better do, and he said, 'Take lots of bakker; and that's the only blessed thing, with the exception of this'—thrusting the aforesaid bone again to the mill—"beautiful fowl, (I never et a finer,) I've tasted since yesterday forenoon. Ax Mr. Turkey if it ain't."

The serious air that always sat upon the fat and somewhat Listonic face of Moss, rendered his most common-place observations ludicrous; and Moss was a most good-tempered fellow, though a little pettish: he furthermore, in his unpolished way, had an agreeable store of humour and independence. It was for these agreeable qualities that Turkey so much enjoyed his society, and Turkey has often been heard, when alluding to his partiality for Moss, to exclaim, he was a *citoyen du monde*—"a man with whom one might without outrage comfortably cotton; in fact, he was the quaint Moss—the unsophisticated Moss." It is no marvel, then, if the careless Turkey should have led him right or wrong up to the mountain on an uncongenial day, for Moss placed the utmost consequence on all which Turkey uttered, and for his simplicity was what Turkey called "sold," which, we are led to understand, when it is interpreted, meaneth—he was deceived, cheated, disappointed, and in such wise.

We will, whilst the party are enjoying the lunch the keen mountain air has rendered so acceptable, hear Moss's account of his adventures, especially as the ladies have just invited him so to do. "Well," said Moss, "I'll tell you the upshot on it with all the pleasure o' life, for I am indebted to you all for a most comfortable blow—a—hem!—dinner, and so" (helping himself to three parts of a tumbler of wine, and coolly tossing it off) "here goes! Turkey says to me—says he, 'Moss, it's a no use waddling up one street and down the t'other; let's have a bit of a show-off in the country,' says he; 'let's hire a couple of tits.' I, in course, says 'Well—that's according to my creed—let's have a sight whilst we are in this here place, and stretch our limbs a bit.' Well, we gets the proper machinery to work, a hos apiece for ourselves, and one for the darky wot was our outrider. This goes off all uncommon well, to my thinking; but, lo and behold yer! when Mr. Snowball gets us just to that 'ere place where we most wanted the hosses—'Come!' says the varmint, 'now,' says he, 'you will exercise your own hoofs the rest of the journey, a whilst I waits in this inn for your comin down again.'

Hearing this here, I declared open war; but that philosopher there as sits munching his mutton" (pointing to Turkey) "says, 'Well, I s'pose it's the custom of the country.' 'Da—hem! hang the custom of the country!' says I, nat'rally outrageous at the ideer; 'who's a going to frubbish up a matter of five bob for a ride, and then be forced to pad the hoof arter all? That's as bad,' says I, 'as riding in a sedan cheer, with his bottom out;' but all my logick was of no avail, so off I rolls, outrageous corky, as you're all ready to swear. I, moreover, has the misfortune in bouncing off in such a mortal hurry to split my b—hem!—Well, I bundles arter Turkey, who wor trudging on smoking his weed as comfortable as who but him. Seeing he took matters a that un, I held my peas and lit my bakker, and in this way, arter some most orrifying chinks which we looked at as we passed 'em, we ascended the roof. 'If memory serves,' says Turkey to me, 'you a got a bottle of rum in bond.' 'In course, I have,' says I, 'else you didn't catch me so near heaven as this.' Well, we munches a bun apiece, swigs the whole of the rum, smokes our bakker, and falls asleep, both on us, as sound as a church: when we come to ourselves there was a fog overhead, and all around as thick as peasoup, and we were as wet as a couple pound of tripe. 'What is to be performed, Turkey?' says I. 'Let's liquor,' says he. 'Where's it to come from?' says I. 'Out of your pocket,' says he. 'We emptied the last drop,' says I, 'and the bottle's broke.' 'In consequence of that event,' says Turkey, 'we be flummoxed.' 'That's exactly as I suspects,' says I. So without further more ado, I rolls myself into a hole in the rock like a hedgehog, and Turkey bundles in by the side on me. He went to sleep in the crack of a grindlestone; but I couldn't sleep a wink from the horrified howls, bellerings, and whistlings in every direction. Howsomever, toward morning I did get a wink or two; but Turkey never woke till the sun was far up, and then swore he would not descend till nearly night in consequence of the view. I'm stiff and mortified in all my jints, and got the ear-ache into the bargain, from listening to those horrid infernal dev—hem!—things wot surrounded us.—Ain't that the solid facts, Turkey?"

"Never passed such a da—dreadful night since my cradle!—never!—bottle me off if I did."

"Well," said Mr. Burchell, after a hearty laugh at poor Moss and

his troubles, "let us hope you have been partially repaid for all you have endured by the view from the mountain?"

"It is a view!" cried Moss. "My eyes never rested upon the like."

"I think now," said Miss Blair, "I cannot remain any longer without looking at it, since Mr. Moss speaks so highly of it."

"I'll show you, Miss, with much pleasure," said Moss, "where I and Turkey considers it the best spot, and what Turkey calls the 'glorious *coo-die*.'"

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Moss," said Miss Blair, rising and following him, as in fact did the major part of the visitors.

Moss marched with a proud step to nearly the edge of the south-west precipice, which at once unfolded all the panorama of Cape Town, Table Bay, the Devil's Mountain—in front the country all round Wyne Bay, and Constantia on the right, and the mighty Atlantic, uniting itself to the vast Indian Ocean, to their left. "Ain't this a glorious *coo-die*?" cried Moss, folding his arms like the statue of Napoleon.

"Indeed," cried Miss Blair, "it is, Mr. Moss, one of the most magnificent scenes I have ever beheld!"

"Allow me, mademoiselle," said Mr. Turkey, "to draw your attention to the streets of Cape Town; they appear like net-work—how delicately they are pencilled! The fishermen, Miss, if you direct your eye to the beach, appear moving upon the glowing sand like 'the poor beetle that we tread upon.' Yes, memory serves—you are now 4,000 feet above them, and well may we exclaim with the immortal William—

'How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice: and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock.

The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.'"

"You have a spark of the celestial fire!" said Mr. Clinton, who had been intensely listening to Mr. Turkey.

"I have that envied spark you speak of," quoth Turkey, making a

low bow. "That spark hath managed one way or t'other to burn the bottom of my pocket out, sir; which same, thanks to the aforesaid spark, may aptly be compared to an awkward meshed net: the small fry impudently slip through, and the large ones visit not the seas in which it is cast. But a truce of pockets—it is but a thrice-told tale. Depend upon it, sir, the man who 'stole the royal diadem' and *put it in his pocket*, was a soulless wight—'a radical of shreds and patches.' "

"What is the population of Cape Town, Mr. Clinton?" said Miss Blair, taking her glass from her eye, and addressing that gentleman, who produced the Cape Pocket-book, from which he read—"In 1831-2, the census was, of *free* persons, white and coloured, males 6,410, females 6,949; of slaves, males 2,921, females 2,906. Total—males, 9,331, females 9,855, making in the grand total 19,186. But I should presume at the present moment the population is about 25,000. I merely conjecture that from the increase by immigration and otherwise."

"Bless me, to behold it!" exclaimed Miss Blair, looking at Cape Town through her glass. "Who could imagine that in that small speck were congregated four-and-twenty thousand souls? and as they look so contemptible from this our trifling altitude, so must our great globe itself from the throne of its Maker!"

"And yet," said Mr. Turkey, "what an important atom is man!—how he swells, and blows, and fumes, and frets!—how he, like the fly who sat upon the axle of the carriage, related by Æsop—Yes, memory serves—how he cries aloud, Great Heavens! what a dust I make!"

"And what fantastic tricks," cried Miss Blair, "he plays before that great Heaven!"

"Indeed does he," continued Mr. Turkey; "and it makes, no doubt it does, the angels in a melting mood."

"I do not think that is exactly the text," said Mr. Clinton to Turkey.

"*Vous avez raison, monsieur*," replied Turkey; "that is the *sermon*."

The day was beginning to wane, and at the sound of Mr. Burchell's little silver bugle the party, in the shortest possible time, found themselves seated once more upon the grass; and that good-humoured gentleman, as he passed round the champagne, cried out for his toast—

"Gentlemen, God bless the ladies!" and "God bless the ladies!" went the round. Turkey, being never at a loss for mischief, insisted upon the propriety of Moss returning thanks on their behalf; at which, Moss seeing all eyes fixed full upon himself, was induced to believe such was the fact,—therefore, without further ado, Moss, with the most solemn and important face, thus spoke :—

"Gentlemen, by honouring the ladies you honour us all. I am very proud to have the job to return thanks for 'em. From my earliest days as I can call to mind, I was a most uncommon fellow arter—hem!—I—I—I feel myself quite flummoxed—hem!—when I think on 'em!"

Moss sat down amid the most tremendous cheering, and Turkey, who had led Moss into his difficulty, now was the first to laugh at and banter him, which he did with an unsparing hand. The ladies, however, seeing the goodness of Moss's intention, assured him they were proud in having so gallant and powerful a champion.—"And thus they passed the merry time!"

"All mounted?" cried Mr. Burchell, after they had descended the rocky parts without accident. "There, Tom, get off your horse," speaking to a domestic, "and let that gentleman who has lost his shoe mount; and run and get a nag from the inn for the other gentleman."

These matters being satisfactorily arranged, the whole party, at the invitation of Mr. Burchell, galloped across the plain to dine with him. How they passed the evening, and what took place, is it not written in the following chapter?

CHAPTER XXII.

"O wine! thou hast a charm for me,
Such charm as poets only see."

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

THE party arrived happily at Mr. Burehell's, every individual being highly delighted with the expedition to the mountain, not even excepting the unfortunate Moss himself, who had, upon his arrival in town, been restored to perfect tranquillity by the purchase of another pair of "understandings," as he was pleased to call them; but, in this instance, he would neither have boots nor shoes, but a kind of mongrel half-boot or ankle-jack. Thus, sporting these, and taking the precaution of calling at a perruquier's to have what little hair he had operated upon by the artist's curling instruments, Mr. Moss, with a dignified air, entered the hospitable mansion of Mr. Burehell.

Mr. Clinton handed in to the dining-room Miss Blair; the Doctor was honoured with the arm of the mamma—the Captain, Mrs. Burehell; Mr. Rennie handed in Miss Emily; Mr. Turkey was observed arm-in-arm with a lady we have not the pleasure of knowing—Mr. Moss *solus*; and the other parties we were not introduced to marched in good order to the scene of action.

It was an excellent dinner, and the wine was, like the wit, sparkling. The dessert drew forth universal admiration; all were gay, the adventures of the day created much discourse, and Moss was frequently called upon "to illustrate the mountain." Nothing was wanting to add to the festivities of the day.

The dinner being duly discussed—the wine, the dessert, and other etceteras,—the ladies retired for a walk in the garden, and were speedily followed by two or three gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. Turkey

and Moss. Whilst these parties are enjoying the delightful evening in Mr. Burchell's lovely garden, let us remain a short time longer at the table, in order that we may collect as much information as we possibly can, in case we may in after-life turn our thoughts upon settling in Southern Africa. Let us inquire as indefatigably as our friend Blair, and learn what prospects it affords us; for already we are enraptured with the climate. Mr. Blair is in the act of speaking:—

“ You were observing, Mr. Burchell, the great want the Colony labours under as regards efficient labour. What advantages are there held out to the poor artisan, for instance?”

“ If you send us here a turner, let us say, we will give him from £3 to £3 10s. a week: I have known, very lately, £4 given. A blacksmith would stand a similar chance; as also wheelwrights, carpenters, joiners, and other of those useful handicrafts. Any man, in fact, having a trade,—unless it be a most *unmanly* one indeed, such as a weaver,—might do marvellously well in Cape Town; and whilst we offer him these advantages, we do not deprive him of the reward of his industry, by taxing him to support the idle and disorderly. Here, indeed, we cannot have healthy beggars or stalwart paupers: a child may earn his very milk. The most stupid clown that ever cried ‘Whoa!’ to his more intellectual horse in Britain, we would be thankful for here, and give him very satisfactory wages, with board and lodging. Meat is often 1½d. to 2d. per lb., and that of excellent quality; and vegetables are abundant. It is to be lamented that the tide of Emigration—or, rather, the *fashion* of Emigration—should not make a run to the Cape. The passage is but a six weeks’ one from England; and if it were *double* that time, what is such a trifle, when you are about it, in comparison to the advantageous results? Men are poured in countless swarms upon the already overcharged British Americas and United States, and hundreds weekly are returning ruined and disappointed. Let me ask, who ever returned from the Cape a complainer, or unrewarded according to his merit? Here the emigrant has no impenetrable forest to contend with before he can sow a yard of land or erect his hut. Here we have no terrible winter to oppose—30 or 40 degrees below zero, and bounding up in the summer to 120 or 130. We are free from those fearful evils; the mighty oceans which surround us

prevent those effects, and ensure us a most temperate and delightful clime—such as *if* any other zone may have the happiness to boast, cannot exceed. A man may take outdoor exercise lightly clad, here, at any season of the year. And let me ask any right-thinking man, what single circumstance can atone in comfort, or be such a grand material in our happiness, as a glorious clime? None, that I know of. We are exhilarated and gay—neither perish by snow, nor grill by intense heat.

“Many individuals, who only look at the surface of things, have called this Colony a land of arid deserts. Let such men look at our returns, before they utter to the world such a naked falsehood. I will merely take sheep, for instance, in a few districts:—In Stellenbosch, there are no less than 130,000; in Worcester, 200,000; Swellendam, 100,000; George, 24,000; Uitenhage, 100,000; Albany, 100,000. These are only, as you are well aware, but a part of our Colonial districts; the others are in equal proportion. Now reckoning one-fifteenth of these as of Merino blood, it proves that we are a wealthy race, to say nothing of the vast herds of oxen, horses, pigs, goats, &c., that we possess. Our wine-trade in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town does not answer, in spite of all we can do. We can produce very good wine, but, perhaps, the clayey nature of the soil may be against us, to say nothing of the want of protection and patronage—nay, even difficulties, thrown as much as possible in our way by the Government. Cape wines have formerly had in general a peculiar raciness, which much injured their sale in European markets; this was owing to the avidity of the wine-growers, who attended more to *quantity* than *quality*. To say we cannot grow wine fit to be drunk, is to libel us, and that most grossly. Pray, gentlemen, what is your opinion of that wine before you?”

“For my part,” said Mr. Blair, “I consider this equal to that produced in any part of the world.”

“And I,” cried Mr. Rennie, “never drank any Madeira superior in richness and mellowness to this in my life.”

The Captain, who, with the Doctor, had returned to the charge of the Pontac, pronounced it equal to Burgundy. And our humble selves, who, in our quiet way, were drinking, hearing, and saying nothing,

considered it the best proof of our thoughts upon its merits, to deliberately empty our bottle.

"Good!" said Mr. Burchell; "that wine was grown upon my own estate, about three miles from this, which, if your time permitted, I should be happy to show you."

"I observe," said Mr. Blair, "you grow your grapes here as in Normandy, on small bush vines; not, as in some parts of the Continent, and in Madeira also, on trellises."

"Very few on trellises, sir, and those more for ornament about our dwellings. A total reduction in our duties is what ought to take place; so that a man in England might have a bottle of light, exhilarating wine before him, instead of the sleepy, bilious, eternally-presented beer, followed in most cases by the injurious spirit. England, in benefiting our Colony by that wise enactment respecting the abolition of the duty, would confer a real boon upon the middling, and even lower classes: we would gladly take your wares in exchange for our wine, and thank you into the bargain. In 1834 we sent you, even hard as the case is, double the amount you got from your dearly-beloved France, which was, of our own brewing, 54,600 gallons! What think you now of our Cape rotgut, as some persons politely name it? And we would, and could, send you an incalculable supply; but you *won't let us*."

"What think you, Mr. Burchell, of the Eastern Districts—will they be enabled to carry competition with you?" inquired the Doctor.

"They will most likely beat us, sir," answered Mr. Burchell; "for the fine limestone knolls of Albany will rear a finer-flavoured grape than, as I before remarked, our clayey soil will permit us. But I recommend them, there, rather to send their brains wool-gathering; a subject with which I am but indifferently acquainted. But, lo! here is our Albany friend, Mr. Clinton, and he will give us a hint or two concerning that country."

"With pleasure, gentlemen," said Mr. Clinton, "as far as I am able. Was it wool of which you were speaking?"

"Just so. How much wool did you muster last year for the English market?"

"We sent upwards of ten thousand pounds' worth, and are increasing

most surprisingly every year ; for we have spared no expense in the importation of Saxon and Merino rams, both from England and New South Wales."

"Your climate—is it the same as the Cape Town District?" inquired Mr. Rennie.

"It may be several shades nearer the English, but the fineness of it requires no winter provender for sheep ; and the numerous *Salsola* plants, which flourish all over our beautiful park-like downs, entirely prevent the fluke or rot. I consider Albany quite a pastoral country. Wine would succeed well, as is evidenced by some of us every year : but we are," said he, laughing, "rather more sheepish at present than otherwise."

"Pray," inquired Mr. Blair, "if it is not too intrusive, for what sum might a gentleman establish himself comfortably as a sheep-farmer in Albany, supposing him to possess a tolerably respectable farm of his own?"

"Why, sir," answered Mr. Clinton, smiling, "we talk very large when we mention our estates, but very small when we are about to settle for them—that is, as it regards the quantity of land necessary for your operations on the one hand, and the small sum necessary for its purchase on the other. Thus, land in Albany, according to circumstances, varies from 1s. 6d. to 20s. : the average price for *good farms* is 4s. 6d. or 5s. Suppose you purchased a good full-sized farm, and began like a patriarch of old, say a farm of 6,000 acres, at 1s. 6d. per acre, £450 purchases it, payable in three instalments—the last instalment at the end of the second year. The Government transfer duty upon it is £4 per cent., and most easily effected, without the least fear of purchasing a mortgaged farm, as is too often the case with the American land-sharks."

"Pray, sir," inquired Mr. Blair, "what stock of sheep do you reckon for such a farm?"

"Say, sir, 3,000 native ewes, at 2s., £300 ; introduce 40 Saxon rams amongst them, at £12 each, £480 more ; or, if you did not wish to wait patiently for the proper crop, purchase at once a flock of half or three-quarter Merino bloods, varying from 3s. 6d. to 15s. each."

"Are horses and oxen dear?"

"No, sir; horses vary from £4 to £10; cows, from £2 to £5. A man with such a farm, and such a stock upon it, cannot fail to thrive."

"But you have the rust in your wheat!" said Mr. Blair.

"It is a kind of periodical disease, and has not appeared several years. The best wheat in Mark Lane has been from the Cape."

"Well, sir, you give me a most encouraging account of the Colony: I half regret that I am going any further. Pray what did your wool fetch at the last London sales?" inquired Mr. Blair.

"We sent, sir, 1,121 bales, which was considered very much below the average quantity, as well as quality; but it realised, *i. e.* best, from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d. Now, spurred on as we are by the perseverance of our Australian friends, we devote annually more attention to the picking and washing, and I am much mistaken if our Southern lands will not in a few years kick the Continent out of the market."

"I am, sure, sir, we are very much indebted to you for your kindness."

"Gentlemen," said a servant entering at the moment, "the ladies wait tea."

CHAPTER XXIII.

“ So let us welcome peaceful evening in.”—COWPER.

It is ever a most pleasing sight to behold a cheerful tea-table, with all its paraphernalia of hissing urn, smoking muffins, plates of toast, biscuit, cake, and other delightful attendants,—and to see all this surrounded by a group of happy, comfortable-looking faces, nicely assorted, about to indulge in that ever-to-be-lauded beverage, which “cheers but not inebriates”—it is altogether, we affirm, take it “all and all,” ever a pleasing spectacle.

Upon this occasion, nothing was wanting to support its general character. The table groaned under its pile of confectionery, and hundreds of round-headed Chinese laughed from every side of basin and cup, as if expressing their satisfaction in finding themselves in such very good company. Mrs. Burchell at once established herself in the onerous office of dealing out, with liberal hand, the fragrant cup. Mr. Turkey sat, with the most easy grace imaginable, on her left, rendering that lady, ever and anon, any little service that lay in his power; whilst our old friend Moss was stationed beside a lady of the African tinge, to whom he was detailing, in scarcely audible voice, “how he took off them ’ere tight boots, and how he rode through the town, draw’d by twenty bullocks, in a waggon.” Mr. Blair sat beside Mr. Burchell; and the other gentlemen, whom we had not the honour of knowing, were very nicely distributed, male and female, round the board, forming, as Moss would have echoed Turkey, “a grand *coo-die*.”

It has ever been a subject of remark with us, and no doubt with many others, by what fits and starts conversation is (particularly amongst the English) carried on. At once there will be the most fearful burst of eloquence from every individual assembled, rendering

each inaudible, seeing that all are orators:—Presto! and a dead and unbroken silence reigns,—unless some philanthropist, willing to show signs of animation, and anxious to keep *all* the faculties from repose, suddenly, and with shrill and echoing sound, forces a volume of air down his nasal promontory, varying the notes, as the piper plays his bagpipes, sometimes by jerking his elbow to spur the bellows, and again by the delicate exercise of his digits. So it was, as it might be assured, upon this occasion. Just as they were all seated, a profound calm! some looking at the carpet, as if deeply engaged in finding out the vicissitudes of the pattern; others watched the wonders of Providence, that could cause a musquito to fly singing from a candle with his legs singed off. Moss amused himself by a trick which seemed highly to amuse several of the company: he contrived to place his thick, fat, sausage-looking fingers closely together, and, by at the same time approximating his wrists, he caused his two dumpy thumbs to gambol and summerset over each other, as if he were endeavouring to mesmerise himself, to the great delight of all who beheld him, as well as evidently to his own great satisfaction.

The first cup of tea had been duly deposited in each lady and gentleman's hand, as they formed rather more than a semicircle round *the fire* (for "Burchell insisted," so Mrs. B. said, "upon having a fire"); the first section of muffin was already in the wane—the tea and the muffin are gone—Mrs. Burchell turneth the tap of the urn into the teapot again, *but not until she has put some more tea* into the aforesaid, which caused Moss to whisper the dark lady, "was a decided improvement, he conceived, to the English way of doing business."

What was there in that cup of tea? what magic did the muffin possess? Is there aught in a few dried and shrivelled-looking autumn refuse, and a dash of hot water upon it, that can account for the wonders it produces? Is it electricity? is it galvanism? or what *can* it be? We give it up, but merely state facts as they occurred. No sooner was the first cup of tea emptied, than

"A change came o'er the spirit of the dream"—

all were vociferous, not one voice remained silent. Mr. Clinton, near whom our lone selves happened to sit, was the only one who talked

within compass ; him we could scarcely hear, and for that very reason applied our tympanum closer to him, that we might not lose any of his valuable information.

The first words that gentleman breathed to Miss Blair were, "I hope you do not feel the effects of your exertions to-day, Miss Blair."

"Not in the least, I thank you, Mr. Clinton : I am remarkably strong, capable of a vast deal of fatigue."

"You appear to look even all the better for it ; though I was much concerned, at *one* period of the ascent, to see you look quite overdone."

"I rather felt the climbing, I must say."

"But," continued Mr. Clinton, "I could not but remark how careless you were of those precipices—those paralysing chasms which have prevented most ladies from passing them : in fact, there are but few ladies who attempt the ascent ; and out of those few, very, very small is the number who have the strength and resolution to gain the summit. I was delighted to see you and your dear sister exhibit those traits of valour ever found accompanying the most tender-hearted, the most angelic of women."

Miss Blair slightly blushed, and faintly uttered, as she pressed the cambric to her lips, and slightly coughed—"I am sure, Mr. Clinton, you are very flattering."

Mr. Clinton proceeded, in a still softer key—"Not at all, Miss Blair ; it was the remark of all the party. I am the humble instrument to apprise you, that you possess gifts rare and invaluable in a woman,—the gifts of being beautiful, without being ——"

"Mr. Clinton !—Mr. Clinton !—Mr. Clinton !"

"I beg pardon, who addressed me ?"

"*I did*," said Mr. Burchell. "Mr. Blair wishes to know if pigs thrive well in Albany ?"

Mr. Clinton was inclined to laugh, but seeing how anxiously Mr. Blair was looking at him for an answer, returned—"Very well indeed !—they prove valuable stock."

"Then, I presume you came from Albany ?" said Miss Blair, inquiringly, to Mr. C.

"Yes, Miss, I do. I have a grazing farm there ; and I wish your

papa had thought proper to direct his steps to that lovely and promising country, in preference to proceeding —”

“I rather regret myself he did not also,” said Miss Blair; “I am fond of Africa.”

“Are you so?” ejaculated Mr. Clinton, with a suddenness that startled the lady he was addressing. Then sinking his voice to low *o in alto*, he uttered, “Thank God! *she* loves Africa!—Are you fond,” said he, raising his voice into the still hardly audible,—“are you fond of—I was going to ask were you fond of flowers?”

“Passionately.”

“Albany is spangled over every hill and plain. Are you an admirer of park scenery?”

“Of all things.”

“And dells, and mountains, and Nature in her pristine robes? I have no doubt you are!”

“I am *very*—perhaps rather *too*—romantic.”

“Then you certainly must —”

“Mr. Clinton! Mr. Clinton!”

“What gentleman calls?”

“Do you not feed the pigs principally upon maize?” inquired Mr. Burehell, again interrupting the vexed Clinton.

“Yes, we do, sir; it grows luxuriantly, and answers well.—I was about to say, Miss, that a mind cultivated like yours, with a soul capable of enjoying Nature’s glorious works,—that it were indeed pity you should —”

“Mr. Clinton!”

“Now, sir.”

“What may be the general price of good milch cows?”

“About fifty shillings, sir.”

“I was about to say, Miss Blair, that it grieves me when I look upon you, and consider —”

“Mr. Clinton!” cried the persevering Burehell, “what’s the average milk a good cow gives?”

Mr. Clinton, in a low voice, to Miss Blair, said, “I’ll be hanged if I’ll hear him this time!—I was about to say —”

“Come, gentlemen!” said Mr. Moss,—“come, gentlemen, some of

yer'l favour the ladies with a song. Come, Mr. Burchell, set the game agoin!—the tea-tackle's all cleared away. Come, Turkey, tip us a stave! What's the good o' yer sitting mum-chance, like a collier waiting for his turn to come up the shaft? Let the ladies hear you pipe that jolly stave about 'Yer harp and lute wor all o' the store;' or any on 'em—we're not partickler, air we?"

This sudden and determined sally on the part of Mr. Moss quite disorganised the conversation and ideas of the whole party, and Moss was delighted to find the room resounding with laughter. Amongst the rest, Turkey vied with Mr. Burchell, as to who could laugh the heartiest. Moss was not like a nervous M.P. to be put down by a laugh as hearty as ever any "Moss the Second" raised in Parliament; on the contrary, he interpreted it as the result of his masterly wit, and forthwith became inexorable for a song—no matter to him who the vocalist might be, he resolutely maintained that the ladies "wouldn't be pacified aroud one." He valiantly challenged Miss Burchell, Blair, and all in succession, without effect; and in his despair (as was much to be dreaded) he actually prepared to sing himself, and had commenced, in Stentorian voice, "Oh! the cooling curds and cream," when Mr. Turkey quieted the tempest by assuring him that before the company broke up, he himself would endeavour to please Mr. Moss and the company by a song.

Thus assured, Mr. Moss remained for a considerable period a quiet listener—merely touching the lady on his left with his elbow, and softly saying, "You'll have it just now, only keep yer ears open."

Mr. Clinton found himself so continually applied to for information concerning his District, that he was unable for one minute together to hold converse with Miss Blair; so after apologising to her, and saying with marked emphasis, it was *her papa* that he was going to talk with, he crossed the room and joined that gentleman.

Mr. Burchell was just observing, "The Hottentots have been the most ill-treated, unjustly-stigmatised people under the sun. They have, in the first instance, been deprived, without ceremony and by the most barbarous means, of their country; they have been hunted, like the hyena, from their homes; they have been shot down, entrapped,

and mutilated in countless hordes—oppressed by a relentless and ignorant savage, more sanguinary and terrible in his nature than the ‘lion of the land;’ they have been swept by violence from the earth, and are no longer a nation. And now—even now, at this enlightened period, there can be found men who brand them with every infamous epithet, and even have the audacity to proclaim that their total annihilation could not be considered in any other light to the Colony than a blessing! Let such as these behold the valuable ranks of indefatigable and easily-disciplined Hottentot soldiers, that are of such incalculable benefit on our frontiers. Let them look to the Kat River Settlement, where, some years ago, 3,000 of them were stationed as settlers, each with his plot of land—let them behold that crimeless community, where, in a population as mentioned, no conviction took place for six years,—and let them see what crops that supposed soulless and worthless vagrant can produce! Look what a patient, trustworthy herdsman he makes. As a waggoner, where can be found his equal? Let us not look over the injuries he has endured, and the little stimulus he has had (save the thong) to exertion, before we pronounce that he is unable to exercise his limbs or his thoughts for his own or his master’s benefit, or before we pronounce ‘*vacuum sine mente popellum.*’ A man’s disposition may be easily changed by treatment, as may that of any other animal. The spirit may be fired with noble ambition by kind and proper behaviour, or it may degenerate into brutal apathy by the heavy curse that weighs down the neck of the slave. The cowardly, the iron-ruled lion of your exhibitions, suffering the utmost indignities, and patiently submitting, is not the same animal we catch a glimpse of occasionally lurking round our sheep kraals: the one is crushed until his nature forsakes him, and the other, like the pastoral Hottentot of old, is the free, the bounding king of the wilderness.”

“I quite agree with you in your observations, Mr. Burchell,” said Mr. Clinton; “the Hottentot is a valuable adjunct to the Colony, and possesses many traits in his character worthy the imitation of those white rascals who libel him. He is patient, innocent, sober, and faithful; and if he is fond of sleep, I plead guilty to the same indictment. Certainly, in intellect, in form, and Colonial value, the Bushman throws

him far into the shade ; but let us civilise him by degrees in the arts, and then see what we shall make of him : he will be a slow, but sure pupil."

"From what little information I can collect," said Mr. Turkey, who had been paying the strictest attention to all that had been said upon the subject, "it would appear that the Missionaries have met with but little success in their gigantic undertakings in Southern Africa. I imagine they began where they should have left off."

"There is much truth, sir," replied Mr. Burchell, "in your observation ; but they have made, according to appearance, many sincere converts : not but what it appears irrational to attempt explaining Christianity to men whose minds are unable to comprehend the benefit of agriculture."

"At all events, geography is much indebted to them," said Mr. Turkey. "They have extended our knowledge of South Africa much ; and it is to be hoped they may see the propriety of first civilising the savage, before they open to his bewildering brain such startling truths, and such, to him, totally incomprehensible mysteries, as the Divine Revelation."

"I believe, sir," said Mr. Burchell, "that system is now more generally pursued. The mind is in some measure prepared before the good seed is sown. One of the greatest difficulties under which the Missionaries have had to labour, has been their having to address a people whose language has not been reduced to any written standard. That difficulty has at length been overcome, and a grammar and dictionary of their language has been published by the indefatigable Mr. Boyce : this will render for the future the study of the language comparatively easy."

"Have you any periodical literature ?"

"Yes, Mr. Turkey ; we have a monthly journal, and several newspapers. The taste for periodical literary productions is very much upon the increase amongst the Dutch. Altogether, I think we are at length in the right track, if we take Jupiter's advice to the countryman, and put our shoulders to the wheel."

The wine had again been sparkling on the board, and the luscious

fruit, mostly gathered by Mrs. Burchell herself from her garden, was in the highest state of perfection.

"You see," said Mr. Clinton to Miss Blair, by whose side he had again discovered himself—"you see what we *can* produce in this country, and with very little attention and expense."

"I do indeed, sir, and am quite delighted; the figs are the finest I ever saw," replied Miss Blair.

Mr. Clinton continued,—“I have a very large and productive garden; but—it wants the fair hand of woman to train up the tendrils that are drooping alone for her presence. I would I could see *that* speedily effected. But I am doomed to disappointment! I never see a lovely form, and begin to bless the fortune that has at length deigned to hear my prayer, but away she has fled! I never look upon your happy countenance, but I think of the hated bark at anchor in Table Bay, that is impatient to bear you from my sight. Yes,” said he mournfully, “I am a doomed man!—

‘And ever thus, from childhood’s hour,
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay:
I never loved a tree or flower,
But it was first to fade away.’

And now—even now, I am but a moment in bliss, ere everything again must be torn from me! The Captain tells me, you sail the day after to-morrow! Would that I was—but, happier, *far happier* had it been for me had we never met! I shall stand upon the mountain alone, and watch you as you sail farther and still farther away. You will fade like a setting star in the mists of the horizon, and Clinton will return melancholy to his deserted—his cheerless home!”

“Mr. Clinton! Mister Clinton!”

“What gentleman calls?”

“I do,” cried Moss. “Come, Turkey won’t sing! He’s uncommonly out of his usual good manners. This lady here as sits by me says as how she’s actilly a-dying for a song. Mr. Burchell, come! If nobody won’t oblige the ladies, never let it be said that Ochus Moss, of Marl’bun, forgot himself!—Hem! hem! Here goes!—

‘ Oh ! the cooling curds and cream !
Oh ! the coo ’ ”——

“ Stop, Mr. Moss—stop, sir ; Miss Blair will kindly favour us with a song,” cried Mr. Clinton, rising, and handing that lady to the piano.

“ Come, that ’s better nor bargained for,” said Moss. “ Come, now, this is a treat ! ”

Mr. Clinton turned over the leaves of the music-book, and Miss Blair selected the following, which she sang very sweetly and with exquisite taste :—

“ Hark, hark ! ’tis the song of the fisherman bold—
He is off to the sea, and his cargo is sold ;
In the blue Dardanelles he soon will be,
And blithe goes his boat o’er the moonlit sea.

There’s a maid on the shore still lingering stands—
But happy she ’ll rove o’er the hardening sands,
For the fisherman’s wife she has promised to be,
And soon he ’ll return from the moonlit sea.”

A shout of deafening applause and violent clapping of hands broke forth from Mr. Moss the moment Miss Blair left the piano. He declared—“ Never in all my born days did ever my ears get drunk afore with music. By gum ! now, bottle—Hem ! Well, did ye hear that, Mister Turkey ? Mister Burchell, did yer ? I say, ma’m, did yer keep yer ears open ? ”

Every one was as delighted as Mr. Moss was with Miss Blair’s singing, and paid her a very high compliment. When, in course of conversation, it came out that Miss B. herself was the fair authoress of the composition, Mr. Clinton sat motionless, and made no sign.

So and in such manner did the evening, as all evenings will, whether passed happily or enshrouded in sorrow, flit rapidly away. The bell tolled one—they heard the solemn knell, and thought differently from that unhappy poet Young, and still maintained that

“ ’Twere *unwise* in man to give Time tongue.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Thus the dark tale which history doth unfold,
I knew.”

SHELLEY.

“ Now, Pauline, I hope thy little panting heart is more at rest. You hear what Sir Ben says—that there can be no doubt of your finding him at the Sydney Barracks, and that the probability is, he will be employed as a clerk. You hear, he condemns loudly the glaring injustice of the sentence. Convicting a man upon circumstantial evidence, he maintains, (unless it be most extraordinarily strong,) is one of the blots upon our legislation. Many hundreds, no doubt, have been the utterly innocent that have fallen victims to these, too often unjust, circumstantial appearances. It is a beautiful feature in our benign law, that if there exist a doubt, the prisoner shall be entitled to it. Besides, Sir Ben observes, that even admitting Mr. Charles to have slain the man, he might have met him in the meadow by accident—the grudge or ill-feeling rankling from their quarrel or dispute might, in that lonely hour of night, have broken out fiercely again, and from words to blows is not even a step; these blows are dealt, especially in the dark, at random, and I suspect the wranglers are not particular upon what part they fall, so that they take effect and ‘tell’ upon their adversary. The man in this brawl might have received the blow upon his skull from Charles’s stick (for I hear it was proved he had one) that caused his death. Then, it is nothing more, in Sir Ben’s and my opinion, than manslaughter. But, unhappily, you had a severe judge—an old and impatient man, fatigued with the length of the previous Circuit, irritated by disease, and aggravated by the length of the trial. Sir Ben knows the man, and calls him ‘Jeffries Secundus.’ Be that as it may, I repeat, you were very unhappy in your judge—his charge to the

jury was shameful; and I fear it is too often the case with a judge, to bias the minds of a jury in his address to them: he forgets that he is placed there as a *judge*, not a *juryman*. What business was it of his to recommend 'that the jury pay strict attention to their important duty, which duty *would not be discharged* to the country unless they found the *prisoner guilty*'? Of course, little could be expected from so merciful a recommendation; for too often the jury is drafted from busy, ignorant men, who are empaneled against their will, and kept shut up in that box hour after hour, not attending to the quibbles of law in which they have no interest, and with which they are heartily disgusted. Their pounds-shillings-and-pence affairs are in possession of their minds, and not the cross-examination of witnesses by tedious counsel; and it is too frequently only when a sentence is about to be passed, and the judge gives his gratuitous and uncalled-for 'kick of the beam,' that the jury are aroused from their slumbers! Be this true only to a certain extent, I shall ever consider a judge's interference with the minds of a jury as a work, to say the least of it, of supererogation."

Thus did Lady Briscoe harangue Pauline, who, "poor thing," as her amiable friend called her, was entirely of Sir Benjamin's opinion, that the trial was infamously conducted; that the judge more infamously gave a foul bias to the jury; and, lastly, and most infamous of all, to transport for life, upon such a jumble of improbabilities and far-fetched inconsistencies, poor Charles—it entirely bewildered Pauline's imagination with the enormity of the offence the judge had committed; but it very much relieved her mind to learn, that, after all her journeying, she should at last *see him*, and that probably before any great lapse of time.

Lady Briscoe skipped playfully upon the lawn with her favourite little grandchildren, and Pauline retired to her study, where she could turn over all she had heard, and feast upon the opinion of the dear old Sir Benjamin. However, she was not to indulge the golden thoughts, for when she had fairly entered her room, there sat Susan, and, above all occupations, was engaged writing a letter! The novelty of such a sight entirely drove all melancholy ideas from the mind of Pauline; and, as she stood with the door in her hand, and saw the unwieldy form of Susan spread half over the table, her huge, round, red arm,

holding at full length a long quill—and, above all, heard her, with her nose close upon the paper, spelling, most erroneously and ridiculously, letter after letter as they appeared in perfect Sanscrit characters upon the page—was too irresistible, and Pauline did what she had not done for a long time before—she laughed loud and heartily. Susan, thus interrupted so unseasonably in her studies, turned round her blushing face to reconnoitre the intruder; and when she saw that her mistress had caught her in the very fact, and taking free liberty with her desk, ink, and paper, her confusion knew no bounds. She broke out into a thousand apologies.—

“Well, I never! To think of missus catching me on the hop! Well, I’m very ashamed! Well, it’s the fust time—I’m sure. Well, I never did!——”

She was soon consoled by Pauline saying, “Never mind, Susan, I will take a walk in the garden: proceed with your epistle—don’t make any apologies. There, you are welcome.”

“Well, now, that *is* kind, dear ma’am;—but I’m terribly flustered about the spellin the words; would you have the kindness to hear if I have made ’em out intelligent?” standing up and offering the manuscript to Pauline, who bade Susan read the letter; but Susan, though she had but just composed it, found herself unequal to the task, (something similar to ourselves, when we had, in days of yore, written a Latin exercise, and, after all, could not for the life of us make any account of it.) Her mistress, seeing her predicament, took the letter, and deciphered as follows:—

“DEER MOLLY,

“Since I seed yer i ev bin sheepwacked twice, and throwd up a mony times—hif you did but see the cuntrees wot i see, yude bles yerself—here we are in the deserts of Hafriker, amung all men of culler, and big bee ives on thair heds; you wud stair like a throttled rat if you could but elap your eis on em—one hevening i was a workin out, and one on em eums up to me and sais, sais he, i like you for a —feller—in course i up an sais, get out, you black nigger—but i repentid arterwards, cos he was not black, but a broun culler, and by all menes a hansum feller, an his teeth is like hivery, they be—he as found out were i liv, and eums every day arter me—i do not think they air such a bludthusty set of filistines as the fokes mek beleve; its ony them as aint traviled and suffird shecpwrack as ses as they is—Well, on thusday i works out agin, thinkin within myself if i shud mete him agin i wud spake to

him; and so i did mete him, and i did spake to him, and he sais, sais he ——”

Here the manuscript became so completely unintelligible, that Pauline, notwithstanding her eager curiosity to proceed, could not decipher the remainder of the contents, and was obliged to give up the task in despair, and leave Susan to complete the epistle in her own style.

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CHAPTER XXV.

“Rosy red the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds in ether clear
All the East adorning.” MONTGOMERY.

GLAD broke the morning of the 10th, and the blue peter waved from the mast of the “Ocean Queen,” reflecting upon the bosom of the placid bay—a signal to those lingerers on shore not to be mistaken. The wind, gentle as it was, scarcely perceptible, like a maiden’s sigh, curled up a ripple that seemed lazily moving toward Australia’s shores. Numerous now the little skiffs employing their farewell hour in crowding upon the almost surfeited crew another and still another basket of fruit from the shore, lazily now over the side of the vessel taking a parting look of that land which had been to them, whilst they revelled upon it, a kind, a delightful, a happy shore. And now many among them for ever had left it—the friends and the flowers that a brief intimacy had endeared to them were to disappear shortly from their view; and though the morning was gay and came rejoicing over the eastern hills, yet where is the heart that feels not a pang at parting, and where is the eye that refuses one tributary tear to the land—to the friends—that, in all human probability, we are to behold no more? If such a one there be, let him pursue his lonely, his unenvied, his miserable career, whilst we ourselves will heave a heavy sigh, and breathe a hearty “God bless you!” as we unwillingly turn our eyes to the horizon, that will shortly hide all from our sight.

The last boat of the steerage emigrants had reached the vessel—her first gun was fired—her sails hung lazily, flapping the masts—the mate gave the word, “Shorten in the cable,” and all was prepared for the

sea. The voice of the seamen in their rude chorus echoed over the bay, and struck the unwilling ear of more than one of the passengers that were about to depart. On the pier, waiting for their father, stood the Misses Blair:—Miss Emily was watching intently the process of unloading a barge alongside, full of Indian commodities; and Miss Blair stood in conversation with Mr. Clinton, upon whose arm she had hung in her progress to the pier.

“There she lies, beautiful as a swan, but hateful to me as the Stygian stream,” breathed Mr. Clinton, as a tear trembled on his eyelid. “Yes, there she lies! Heaven be propitious to thee, thou gallant bark, and let thee land in safety thy thrice-precious charge!—And you really will, dearest Miss Blair—you *have* promised me one line, that I may be happy, and learn you have arrived safely?”

“I have done so, Mr. Clinton; and I assure you, you may depend upon that promise, which shall, if I live, be faithfully fulfilled.”

“Thank you, thank you, a thousand times! Now will I give way to joy—now is a load removed from my soul. Thank you—thank you!” And Clinton smiled as he sharply to himself repeated the words.

Miss Blair stole a glance at his face, and she saw the big round tear rolling slowly down his sunburnt cheek; and his eye looked glassy, as another was filling to overflowing the lid. She then felt more than language the most refined or pen the most fertile could depict; it spoke in silent but impressive language that her fate was not indifferent to Clinton, and as so she dwelt upon the pleasing thought. A sigh swelled her bosom, and demanded escape; she struggled hard to hold it longer captive—but her very struggling weakened the walls of its prison, and it was gone! Clinton heard *that* sigh; it awoke him from his dream—it fell upon his ear, and it took up its seat upon his heart. That single sigh, that had filled one bosom to overflowing, now had entered another—had dethroned the reigning powers of the soul, and established itself sole monarch upon the agitated heart of Clinton. Who shall dare to assert that love demands words? No! there is the spirit of love in the inaudible zephyr that fans the evening lake; there is love written visibly on the tablet of the unspotted lily; and there is love in the roar, in the howl of the storm. His throne! who shall say but he occupies the heart? His language! who shall assert that it flies

not from the petals of a flower? He is an intelligible sprite, but changeable and difficult of access; but when once the silken clue is found that leads to his retreat, oh! forsake it not till you have bound his wings; and, oh! above all, treat the captive with gentleness, and feed him upon the most besilken of flowers—

“For, oh! if rude storms chance to sever
His silken bonds, he’s gone for ever.”

We may dwell no more upon this celestial subject. Our home is yonder vessel, that lies laughing in the sun upon the gentle bosom of the deep, beckoning *us* not to delay, for she has already prepared her wings to fly with us gallantly over the singing wave.

We are once more upon thy snowy deck, thou “Queen of the Ocean!” Once more we forsake the flowery shore, and are prepared to ride upon thee, bounding over many an unfathomed mile of sea. Away!

“Let go the mainsail! starboard!”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“Keep your eye well on the compass there. Where are you taking us to? Starboard a little.”

“Starboard it is, sir.”

“Luff—keep your luff.”

“Ay, ay; luff it is, sir.”

“Well, gentlemen, here we are; beautiful day—wind just upon the quarter, jibbing round aft. Mr. Wilson, get the larboard stunsails on her; let’s make her walk the water. Heave the log there, you boy! Pipe all hands to grog; give ’em extra dose.”

“Thus fairly off,” said Mr. Blair to Turkey, who stood, with his hands in his pockets, intently gazing upon the shore.

“I’m looking at this boat pulling away with such vigour.”

“So am I, sir,” said a lady wrapt in a cloak, who proved to be Miss Blair. “By the glass, I can see some one waving a handkerchief towards us; I’ll inform the Captain.—Captain! look at this boat pulling at such a tremendous rate after us.”

“Where’s the glass?”

The Captain had no sooner applied the glass to his eye, than he gave the word, “Back the main-yard. Here’s somebody left behind. God

bless us! how provoking to lose a minute, such wind as this, from the carelessness of some foolish bodies!"

The boat continued approaching the vessel with great rapidity, and a person was distinctly seen sitting in the stern sheets actively employed in waving a handkerchief, and immediately on her right a man waving, with all his endeavours, his hat. As the party drew near enough to be distinguished clearly who they were who so nearly escaped losing their passage, it proved to be Susan and Moss, who sat with their eyes upon full stretch, and their mouths loudly vociferating, in the utmost dread that they should even yet be left behind.

As soon as the boat was alongside, Susan was swung up in the bight of a rope, and Moss was not long in following her example.

"Well," said the Captain, "you are here.—Square the yards, Mr. Mate.—Well, *sir*, and *my lady*, it was a touch and go, your game: one more five minutes, and you would have toiled after us, like Time after Shakspeare, *in vain*."

"Should we? Well, thank God for all things! here we are," cried Moss, eyeing himself and companion in trouble with the greatest satisfaction. "Where's Mr. Turkey? Well, Captain, it *was* a near go—I was in a mortal state—I quite felt funkified—well, it *was* a narrow go, by gum! Well, bottle me, this poor ooman is in a terrible way, by gum! Where's Turkey?"

"Here I am, Moss; never thought of seeing you again—had fairly took leave of you! What upon earth delayed you?"

"Why, God bless you, nothing under heaven delayed *me*! I was ready to come aboard many 's the long hour ago; but toddling down upon the pier and axing if anybody had clapt eyes on yer, I was told not to be in the least hurry, for the Captain wouldn't be aboard till arternoon; and so seeing this good ooman in close and comfortable confab with a —— but I mustn't tell tales out of school. *Seeing* that and *hearing* this, I made myself quite cozy, and had a quiet pipe upon a barrel on the jetty, when, to my outrageous surprise, I'm blowed if I didn't see the ship actilly off! 'By gum! shonts I, 'Mother Thingumy, we be flummuxed, anyhow.' I roared out for a boat, and there being only one, they had the howdaciousness to ax me £5 for the go. Seeing as how not a minute wor to be lost, I couldn't stand wrigglin wi' 'em about the matter; but

says I to Mrs. Thingumbob, 'If you pays half, I'll pay the t'other;' so that being agreed, we pulled off, and I'm blessed if the fellers ain't earned their money. Bottle me off, if they ain't had a most outrageous sweater! I seen Mr. Burchell and Mr. Clinton in a boat returning to the shore, and they told us if we didn't pull like bricks we shouldn't never get aboard. Lord! if you'd a-heard Mrs. Thingumy, as is just cut down into the cabin—if you'd a-heard how she soaped over a poor darky on the pier, you wouldn't a-grudge the fifty shillin. And if you'd a-seed him—a great, tall, ugly, saucer-eyed hottenpot—tear the knotty wool in handfuls off his head, and dance the devil's tattoo, when we went off—Bottle me! it was a refreshing sight, and I couldn't help a-turning my eye to it, notwithstanding I expected I was regularly corked. I took the liberty of halluding to it, when I made certain you'd backed the yards, and axed *how ever* she *could* think of sitting in the sun so close to that stinking Pole weasal? Lord! if you'd a-been worthy to a-heerd her—it unvarnish'd her altogether, and she *did* read me a lectur. 'What!' she says, 'call Mr. Ceaser a stinkin Pole weasal!—you unmannerly bull-beef!—he is your betters, you Dutch butter-fir-kin!—you sack of grains!—you nasty himperrance!' Oh, it was a grand *coodie*!—blow me if it warn't. Come, now I am aboard, let's bakker. Have you likkered?"

"No."

"Well, come foller me. Let's likker. Oh, I shall never forget Mister Ceaser!"

Rapidly ploughed along the main that buoyant craft, dashing the foam hissing around her. Gradually the high lands of Africa faded into a sombre blue, till, from a rough, well-defined outline, they became, ere the sun had dipped his lower limb in the burnished wave, but as a speck upon the bosom of the ocean.

We shall not dwell upon the adventures that befel our voyagers in their passage from the Cape to their arrival off the Australian coast; nothing of moment, but a trifling storm, having interrupted the serenity of the voyage. Messrs. Blair and Rennie often seriously discussed the merits of Southern Africa, and were very much surprised that its merits were not more generally known than is really the case in Britain—such a comparatively short voyage, to the one to Australia, its extreme

cheapness, the salubrity and beauty of its unmatched clime, and above all, the certainty that man in its towns, or its rural districts, may find speedy and continuous employment at a rate of wages (if he be a labourer or artisan) at an advance upon the English prices equal to the double. And taken in the light of a home, for gentlemen of small means, who are naturally anxious to improve them and provide for a rising family, there's no spot upon earth's wide field where less capital, with a small amount of labour, is necessary to ensure satisfactory returns, than the Colony of Southern Africa.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"That night we anchor'd in a woody bay."---SHELLEY.

THE high, abrupt coast of Australia was seen early on the morning of the third, and one week's very strong sailing from that time brought them fairly into the entrance of Investigator Straits. On their left were several small, cheerless-looking, uninhabited islands; and skirting their right lay the Isle of Kangaroo, so named by Flinders in 1800, on account of the numbers of those animals with which at that time it abounded. As several of the passengers were destined for the town of Kingscote, the Doctor and five others requested permission from the Captain to land at this interesting point, and walk across the island to the settlement of Kingscote, Nepean Bay. The extremely beautiful and shrubby-like appearance of the isle filled the little party with emotions of joy, as they for the first time set their feet upon the soil of Australia. Their friends remaining in the ship gave them a hearty huzza at parting; and many were the eyes strained toward the little sandy-beached bay, where the adventurers were busy upon a pyramid of shells to commemorate the spot of their landing. The ship hastily bounded along, and soon the Doctor and his little band were lost to the view. We shall leave them now to their fate. They are well victualled with as much beef and pork as they can carry, and several of the party are provided with excellent fire-arms, by which means, doubtless, in their march through the island, they are destined to become intimately acquainted with a few of the bounding game. They are also provided with selections from the Travels of a Captain upon the island, who, having penetrated some dozen miles into the interior, thought it of sufficient importance, upon his arrival in England, to make known to the world

his daring and his discoveries! In the commencement of this vast acquisition to our geographical knowledge, the enlightened and adventurous gentleman tells us, that "having determined upon proceeding as far as possible into the interior, one fine morning," (as mornings mostly are in Kangaroo Island,) "he departed. Passing through," says he, "a belt or jungle which surrounds the whole island, we came upon beautiful and vast plains abounding with kangaroos and emus." Upon the strength of this inviting information, our friend the Doctor and his companions have departed, and no doubt by this time are fairly through the "belt of thick jungle," and blazing away at the kangaroos and emus. We shall, however, leave them to their pleasure and pursue our course.

As the ship gallantly rounds Point Marsden, Nepean Bay at once unfolds itself; and having kept a good offing from the ugly sand-spit which encircles it more than half-way across, we at once delight our eyes by beholding in the distance the little white cottages of Kingscote peeping above the green trees, and we are assured that our weary voyaging is about to be brought to a close. There lies the town of Kingscote, Kangaroo Island—there it quietly sleeps at the foot of the hill, garnished by the evergreen and variegated with the crimson bush of the plentiful Fuchsia—there it lies, and the solitary gun from the sandy shore bellows his welcome; the ensign of England is waving free, and a boat full of the inhabitants pulling rapidly over the bay to give us, no doubt, a hearty welcome. All is excitement: not that there is anything very promising in the appearance of Kangaroo Island; on the contrary, it is decidedly forbidding, unsocial, cheerless. But where is the man who has been "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a vessel some 120 days, but would hail even the sterile Island of Ascension as a paradise? Where is the weary merchant of the herbless Sahara, who does not in his mind at the moment imagine an oasis to be the most perfectly beautiful patch of earth under the sun? So it is with us all when we see a tree, or a field, after the endless monotonous view that has been so long unbroken of sea and sky; and when we again hear the birds sing, and the kine low, and gaze upon the thin blue smoke as it curls up from the white "cottage near a wood," we wonder that men *can* be found, who could actually possess

the like, and leave it to pass their existence in beating about the seas ! We leave the ship with a very different feeling to what, when about the midst of our voyage, we had contemplated—then all was hateful: the very name palled on the ear, and every rope, and connexion with it, was viewed with disgust. Now, when we have put into the boat alongside our last trunk—when the crowd of faces has departed, and honest Jack, in his neat shore-going habiliments, smokes his peaceable pipe, as he paces unmolested the spacious and snowy deck,—now, we say, the scene is entirely changed : we are standing upon ground where we have no further business ; we are absolute intruders, and as we hold forth our hands to take a parting, friendly shake of the honest Captain, we are possessed of a desire to linger. We are surprised at this feeling, but there is a spell in old associations, old familiar faces, companions of our travels night and day, in every clime, in the calm and the storm, faithful watchers ! whilst we, and all that were dear to us, heedlessly slept—pacers of the midnight watch in the wind, in the teeth of the storm—and they have guided us safe over such a vast, and, to the reflective mind, bewildering body of ocean ! and brought us into a calm, sunny, little, quiet water, encircled by evergreens and blossoms, in the very remotest region of the earth. Who then could look upon those fellow-travellers, in all probability for the last time, without emotion ? All was now passed—the giddy storm and the sickening calm. We had turned our eye once more upon the faithful seamen, and our feet rested upon soil *120 days and nights' journey* from the land that has nurtured our fathers.

As Messrs. Blair, Rennie, and in fact all of the cabin passengers and most of the intermediate, were not to remain at Kingscote, it required but little delay, and the day following the vessel's arrival, she once more up anchor, and in seven hours from leaving Kingscote she was at the entrance of "Sixteen-mile Creek," leading to the town of Adelaide. As we would rather the reader should learn the opinion of the gentlemen on board in preference to our own, we will lay before him all the discourse that appears to bear upon the subject which Messrs. Rennie and Blair are now discussing.

"Certainly, Rennie, we cannot judge of a country from its coast scenery. If that were to be the standard in this instance, I should say

a more uninviting, barren, bleak, and desolate land could not disgust the eye."

"True, Blair, it is far from coming up to my expectations even in its coast scenery. As far as I have yet seen, it has not much of the picturesque: all of the interior I could discern from the maintops as we sailed along the coast from Blackstair Passage, Kangaroo Island, is naked, brown, and cheerless; the herbage seems of a dusky, blackish green—and the gum-trees (if they are gums?) are of the colour of an old dingy laurustinus, that one may sometimes see in mourning for its lot, in some smoky corner of a City churchyard."

"Well, let's say no more about it, Rennie. But what means all this tacking and twisting about here?—Captain, what does this tacking so often mean?"

"Why, sir, at the mouth of the 'Sixteen-mile Creek,' as the Colonists call it, there is a field of sand, which has but one very narrow channel through it that will admit of a vessel's passage.—Here, boy! bring the lead aft. Jump into the main-chains.—There! now look, gentlemen, there! 'Quarter less three.' Now listen from the jolly-boat—'And a half one.' There, gentlemen—there's hardly a *fathom* of water, half a cable's length, *starboard* and *port* of us."

"Well, but, Captain, this is no recommendation to Port Adelaide."

"Certainly not, Mr. Blair. But people who are determined to make a port on a map, whether Nature has assisted or not, are like the hungry man whose steak fell from the gridiron to the ground; they don't stand nice about a *bit of sand*!—But, gentlemen, excuse me at present."

"Well, but, I say, Turkey! just look at this wibble-wabbling. How do you account for this here kind of 'round the world to Ripon?' We've more bother to get up that ditch yonder—if we be a-going up it—than we had to get here all the way from the Nore—blowed if we ain't!"

"*This shallow, Uncle Moss!*" replied Turkey.

"What's shaller?—we tom-fools, the sawneys as calls it a port, or the water? Bother me! I a been where I never was in my life afore: I been up the riggin. They tied me in it till I forked out a bottle of rum—by gum did they—actilly crucified me in the riggin! I should have holler'd out, but did not like to expose to yer my sitivation, for

yer to larf at; but when I was up, I could see nothing mighty tempting for a dairymaid. I didn't see any of the farmers on farrerd rub their hands in hextacy. Howsomever, time will prove.—Hello! bump! what's that?"

"Back the main-yards.—There, she's off again.—Square away."

"I suppose by that, Moss," said Turkey, "we've kissed the bottom."

"S'pose us have," returned Moss; "but now we are actilly in this canal—it's the City Canal, ony not so wide. And look here! all the sailors is out in boats a-towin on us. Bottle me if it ain't a pleasant sight! Just behold what a reg'lar regiment of pelicans of the wilderness—Ha, ha! Well, ony look at 'em on that sandbank, blow their himperence! And there's black cormorants among 'em: them is the clergy, no doubt—Ha, ha! Well! smother me! and ony look for gulls! It's a Methodist meetin—a grand field-day. Well! it's never been my lot to see the like."

"Just direct your attention, Moss, to those wattle bushes that grow beside this canal, or creek, or what it is. Tell me what you see."

"Tell you what I see? Why, a mortal lot of poll-parrots, and cockatoos, and so forth. God bless me! if I'd a ony had just that quiet little tea-party snug in London, couldn't I have turned 'em to some account!—Hello! bump again! Summut the matter!"

"It's only a dead tree," cried Turkey as he looked over the side.

"Well!" said Moss, "has I a paid my footin, and no haccident happened for my pains, I'll mount the rostrum again, and have another look over these scrubby bushes; for blow me if anything's to be seen a both sides this ditch but them ugly wattle bushes!"

Moss, as he concluded his speech, with, for him, great celerity ascended the rigging, and his report was listened to by us as well as by Mr. Turkey.

"I can see," cried he from the cross-trees of the mizen,—“I can see nothing on God's earth but an eternal swamp of these gum wattles; they seem to grow out of duck pools—and there's hundreds of thousands of them little pools, linked and knitted together by channels, and over all a matting of them d——d gums; and in the distance I can see the Malvern Hills—I'm blowed if I can't! Well, come, *that* ain't so bad!"

Five or six hours' pulling—for their progress was slow up the creek, owing to their several times grounding—brought the vessel to an anchor safely alongside the “Tam o’ Shanter,” which was at Port Adelaide undergoing repair, having had the misfortune to break her back in her passage up the creek. The anchor for the last time being fairly dropped, and all hands piped to grog, the passengers, after passing the last night aboard the “Ocean Queen,” prepared to march across the plain to Adelaide on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light."

SOUTHEY.

MR. BLAIR was stirring early : his family were all ready for the march as soon as the sun had appeared to cast his earliest ray upon the brow of Mount Lofty, at the base of which the town of Adelaide may be found. Mr. Rennie and family were not wanting in diligence ; they very speedily appeared at the breakfast-table in marching order.

The morning meal being discussed, the Captain lowered the boat, and the two gentlemen, with their families, were landed at length upon the soil of their adopted country. Mr. Rennie was somewhat surprised that his son, who must have heard of the arrival of the ship, did not, as had been arranged, meet him at the landing-place, with a horse and cart, and at once convey his parents to the site he had chosen. But this arrangement not taking place as had been expected, Messrs. Blair and Rennie, with their wives, daughters, and domestics, set forth in a body for the town of Adelaide. It was a seven miles' walk over the plain ; but the luxury of having the green grass and the buttercups once again under their feet made the journey appear even far too trifling ; they felt as though they could have walked on till the sun set, and never revel sufficiently in the delight they experienced. Every object around them bore a novel aspect : the green trees—the flocks of white cockatoos, as they flitted, and screamed, from tree to tree—and, above all, the appearance of groups of the natives *in nudus nat.*, was what certainly announced that indeed they were in another land.

Few things are calculated more to shock the eye of civilised man,

than when he beholds, for the first time, the wild unclad savage of the untilled waste bounding along, with his proud and easy step, past him, unconscious of the outrage he is offering in his nakedness to his more refined brother; and when the eyes of Blair and Rennie first looked upon a group of stalwart natives, whose full dress was a war-club—and when they found that these very unfigleaved noblesse of the land were about to form their escort to the town of Adelaide—their confusion knew no bounds. The savage, on the other hand, showed his white teeth to the blushing strangers, in the satisfaction and pride of his heart “that the white man should so love his country as to come, on the wings of a great bird, from the big waters, to live with his tribe.” However the “Colossus of Literature,” the great Johnson, may have advocated, or held in doubtful balance, the happiness of the untutored barbarian over that of his well-educated white brother of the town, yet had that great uncouth possessed *experience* instead of trusting to *imagination* for his guide, the probability is, his advocacy for the Bush and its independent beauties had been but feeble indeed.

Not knowing the natives, unacquainted with their manners and customs, the mortified gentlemen marched on in indignant silence, with their denuded attendants. It was in vain they made a feint to turn out of the waggon-path—their officious friends immediately clamoured forth their error, and, by physical persuasion, escorted them once more into the trail of the Adelaide cattle. Blair turned his eye upon his daughters—they were veiled, and walking close behind him, their eyes fixed steadily upon the ground; whilst Rennie gave his outraged feelings vent by striding along at a tremendous pace with Mrs. Rennie on his arm.

How vain to attempt outwalking the savage! Unencumbered as they were, they bounded gracefully along, silent in their footsteps as the grave, but making up with a vengeance for it by their almost unceasing garrulity. In vain did Mr. Blair frown upon them, as they approached him, one after the other, announcing the names in which they gloried, and which cognomens, having been frequently given to them by some inebriated son of Neptune, were generally, though highly sonorous, anything but desirable to learn.

In this manner did the emigrants proceed toward Adelaide; Rennie

turning his head toward his friend occasionally to remark upon the landscape, which certainly from the Creek Port, or landing-place, to Adelaide, is one of the most promising pieces of land *anywhere* to be seen. The party travelled over a vast flat meadow, or plain, of several miles in diameter and longitude. This was belted, or, as it were, partitioned off, by a spinney of gum-trees, some twenty or thirty yards wide, skirting round another plain of the same dimensions as the former, and clothed with tufted but excellent grass for cattle. Here also flourished the buttercup and the daisy. Though the latter differs in some measure from the "day's eye" in our fatherland, yet there it lies, to the casual observer, the same little,

"Wee modest crimson-tipped flower,"

conjuring up, with its golden friend, all the delightful associations of our childhood, when we

"Gather'd a nosegay of gay wild flowers."

There it all lay pictured before them. The emigrant saw at once that the country possessed at least a few remembrances of the dear land he had deserted.

"Where shall you put up?" inquired Blair of his friend.

"I shall see. They told me, at the Port, there was an excellent hotel in Clarendon Square—or a comfortable one, but not quite so stylish, at the corner of Bath Street, Upper Parade. We must be ruled by circumstances. I have been looking out for the River Torrens this last half-hour—we must be close upon it, surely."

"De Ribber Torren," cried one of their sable attendants; "dat him!" pointing to a country brook.

"No, no," cried Rennie; "Adelaide River Torrens."

"Dat him," again replied the black, enlisting his black neighbour in the cause; "dat is Ribber Torren."—And so, to the astonishment of the gentlemen, it proved.

"What!" cried Blair in amazement; "this narrow, shallow link of stagnant, petty ponds, the River Torrens! Madness! Rennie, it is impossible!—And where is Adelaide?" gasped he to the same intelligent black.

"Dat Abbeled!" pointing to a collection of indescribable buildings.

“*That!*” echoed Rennie.

“Dat Abbeled,” again quietly replied the native.

A few more steps, and they were in the midst of their countrymen.

“Where,” inquired the wonder-stricken Blair, of a person who was passing,—“where is the Hôtel de Bellevue?”

“This is it,” replied the stranger, pointing to a thatched reed-built hut.

“But it is,” replied the almost-petrified Rennie,—“it is in Clarendon Square!”

“This *is* Clarendon Square,” quietly replied the stranger, as he thrust his hands in his breeches pockets and went whistling carelessly away.

And there, sure enough, nailed upon a dead gum-tree, did their eyes read the following:—“Hôtel de Bellevue, by Humphrey Webb from London. Good Liquors.”

Blair rushed with his wife into the hut; and Rennie, with equal rapidity, followed his example. As Blair and his daughters sat upon a bench round one side of the hut, and Rennie and his wife composed themselves upon a chest on the other, Blair distinctly, and with much emphasis, uttered between his teeth to Rennie, “*We are now in Australia!*” and Rennie placed his elbows on his knees, and, as he looked under the brim of his hat, across the rough, dirty table, to his friend, replied, “Yes, Blair!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Sua cuique quum sit anima cogitatio,
Colorque privus." PHÆDR. *Prolog.*

"Every man has his particular way of thinking and acting."

WE shall not dwell upon the observations made upon the town and environs of Adelaide by Mr. Blair and his friend at this stage of the proceedings. A man just arrived in a new country may feel that he has been most grossly disappointed in each and every idea he so fondly conceived and pertinaciously clung to, when he actually arrives at the spot of earth to which all his thoughts, his poetical imagery, have so long tended. He then finds he is *obliged to undeceive himself*; for his faculties being but limited, and happening (to treat the matter perhaps too irrelevantly) to be odd, it is certain, when they are all demanded to vote, there must be a majority; and so it was upon this occasion with our friends. They had talked of its delightful climate, its unbounded freedom, its evergreen trees, its game, its seas teeming with the finny tribe, and, above all, a race of independent countrymen building up their neat little verandahed cottages, in so luxurious a land—it was the long-looked-for El Dorado, it was the Happy Valley of Abyssinia. They had so read of it, so dwelt upon it—it was so eternally their theme, that to find themselves actually upon it, and not to realise their sanguine expectations,—to behold themselves at once surrounded by a dirty race of naked savages on the one hand—a slovenly, rude, uncourteous crew of their own countrymen on the other,—was indeed too shocking. They were possessed of introductions to the Governor; where did he hold his Court?—"in a melancholy brick barn." True, they could not, in common sense, expect palaces to rise instantane-

ously from the earth, like the gourd of the prophet ; but they actually *did* expect *wonders*—magic—a different world, more refined, more beautiful, and they did not find it. They had stepped up to the middle of their legs in the mud at the Port—they had been accompanied by a swarm of disgustingly-naked savages to the town ; and that town was a chaos, an unconnected assortment of rude, ungainly, uncomfortable-looking huts and wigwams ! Then how can we wonder at their disappointment ? Gentlemen nursed in the lap of luxury picture to themselves luxurious ideas, as a natural consequence, and know not, neither *can* they understand when they are told, what the interpretation of the Colonial phrase “roughing it” means. They will tell you at once, “Oh ! we don’t want cream in our tea—we can do very well without buttered toast !” Their ideas run upon such trifles as these ; but when they actually land, pack and package, as our friends have done, they are struck to the earth with astonishment and chagrin.

Blair and Rennie were gentlemen of education and means ; and though they were determined to apply their uttermost strength to the achievement of their desires—peace and a comfortable independence, still, with all their education, as yet they were mere children in wisdom : though possessing much knowledge, and the knowledge they did possess being of course upon this point entirely theoretical, they had the painful schooling of applying it to experience and the walks of common life. The tale of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, to which we have before had occasion to allude, is a charming story, and carries the enraptured reader in imagination into the most delightful situations on earth possible for the mind of man to conceive. That tale was founded upon a certain valley in Abyssinia, which Mr. Salt, when Consul of Egypt, visited, and he was overcome with surprise at its beggarly aspect. “To be sure,” said he, “the valley is surrounded with hills ; but had I not dwelt with such rapture upon the admirable tale, and conjured up before me the pleasing circumstances connected with it, I should have passed through it without regret, and possibly without any particular remark.” We will not swear to the fidelity of our quotation, as we quote from memory ; but such is the meaning we bear with us of the passage. And it is in every-day life, and occurs in every hour of the day, that a charm is thrown over certain objects,

impossible for sober reason to dissipate—to expose. Let any one who has read the “Arabian Nights” (and who has not?) find himself in the city of Bagdad: will not he then experience all the glow of old readings, and will not every inch of ground be imprinted with the glory, the marvellous splendour and eccentricities, of the ever-to-be-renowned Sultaun Haroun al Raschid? And, to bring our feelings nearer to the sill of our own doors, let us review the unuprootable prejudices of childhood, that endear us to a swamp, to a barren mountain, a heath, a smoky part of an unhealthy town; and let us call to mind how extremely difficult it is to eradicate from our minds, that *that* spot is certainly one of the most lovely upon earth. We are torn from it in our youth, when our mind has dwelt upon no other, and we are distressed; we exclaim, in our sorrow, “Where, upon the wide world, is to be found its equal?” and the tear—ay, many is the tear in secret that falls, with a blessing, an offering of love at its shrine. And years roll on; we have been bandied about the world—we have seen its beauties, and we have beheld its uncovered miseries; again shall we stand upon the threshold of our earlier days, and exclaim, “What is this to me?” The lake that formerly we sighed for has now degenerated to a swampy pond; our village upon the border of the common, where

“Oft at eve the heifer stray’d,”

appears to us now in reality but an insignificant, uninviting hamlet; and the halo that clung so tenaciously around every stile, house, or tree, having been by the rough world dispersed, they stand forth in their real character, and are loved no more.

“But perhaps” (says the late South African Colonist, Mr. Pringle) “a portion of this sanguine spirit, however liable to disappointment, is necessary, after all, to tear men from the ties of country and kindred, and from old habits far harder to sever, in many cases, than those ties, and to bear them forward with courageous hearts to encounter the toils and privations of a new settlement in a strange and distant clime. There is, moreover, a certain charm in adventurous enterprise, that few are so apathetical as to be utter strangers to, but which to bold and buoyant spirits is altogether irresistible, and which *never fails to array*

in the most fascinating colours whatever is connected with the undertaking they happen to have embarked in."

We were calmly turning over the foregoing thoughts in our mind, as we sat in the South Australian hotel beside our friends, when we were interrupted in our reverie by the joyous voice of some apparent bacchanal, singing, as it were with all his heart, a ditty, of which our ear caught the following :—

"Oh! the cooling curds and cream!
Charming, cooling curds and cream!
What joys with them can compare?
When the zephyrs
Fan the heifers
In the meadows, love is there.
Oh! the coo——"

Come, I'm blowed! I cannot wag another step; let's just come to a stand-still, whilst I—— Pooh! bless me, I'm a reg'lar corked! Pooh! bottle me!—"

We readily imagined who was the vocalist; nor were we deceived, for upon leaving the hut and turning our eyes a little to the left of a bush that grew near, we there beheld our fat friend the "unsophisticated" Moss himself. There he was, seated upon the stump of an old gum-tree, with his hat off, and fiercely fanning his red and fiery countenance with his handkerchief. Around him had collected some score of the aborigines, whom Moss was occasionally addressing in strains proportionate to his wind. Turkey, in his quiet way, was, as usual, bantering his companion, and assuring him that he had a most valuable visage for the airing of damp newspapers,—of which Moss, in his excitement, took no notice. The crowd of natives had so thoroughly captivated the attention of Moss, that he could think of nothing else; but, unhappily for those uncivilised sons of Adam, they did not understand the language in which the "unsophisticated" addressed them, thereby losing vast amount of edification. Ourselves, ever anxious to contemplate life in all its ramifications, were more than solicitous to learn what effect the new country might have upon Moss; but, to our astonishment, he scarcely remarked it, his observations being principally in allusion to his own prowess in being able to walk "the distance."

"Blow me!" cried he, "I've seen the time I couldn't have done it and in the blaze of the sun! Well, come, oily o' the joint yet! Look at these codgers!—pooh! well, they'd much ado to keep their shins wagging after me, I'm sworn! Pooh! My wig, here at last, eh! Turkey, come, who carries the likker?"

"Why, you see, Moss, here is the hotel; behold! there is the sign on the tree."

"Well! I'm spificated if there ain't the—what is it? 'Ho-tel *the* Belly-view!' What next, I wonder? No need of such a sign, I'm sure, in these Sans-clout countries, howsomever. Well, I'm corked, arter that! I never *would* have had such a confounded himperent sign as that, if it was in Australia: 'Hotel Bel——' "

"Look, Moss, there is a native fight!"

"So *there* is! Aye, whoop! God forgive me, but he struck the man o' the poll with his besom stale!—it's a mortal mercy it dain't knock his batter out. Aye, who-oo-oop! there'll be murder done!" cried Moss, holding up both legs and hands, and appealing to Turkey; "there'll be murder done, Turkey!"

"Can't help it, Moss."

"Well, they seem to have enough on it—pooh!—let's go into this Hotel Belly—— and get something for that argin. I observe he stitches on to his nasty signboard, 'Good Liquor'—let's enter."

At these words, Turkey and Moss moved towards the door of the hotel; but it having been already filled by the parties before noticed, Moss and his companion contented themselves upon a log outside the hut, and in the straggling shade of the ragged gum-tree.

"Two bottles of porter!" cried Moss, handing one to Turkey, and attacking the other with great earnestness, which he emptied at a draught. Turkey followed his example, and both the gentlemen pronounced the liquor capital.

"Riglar Guinness," said Moss, smacking his lips. "Waiter! two more bottles!" These followed their brethren with nearly similar speed, and Moss was enshrouded in a vision of delight. "Well, it's a glorious country arter all, this Australia!—glorious country—ain't it, Turkey?"

"Tell you more about it this day week, Moss," quietly replied Turkey as he lit his cigar.

“Well, don’t let it be said we didn’t patronise Hotel Belly— Waiter! another pair of them Guinnesses.”

“Yes, sir.”

Things went on swimmingly with Moss: he was delighted with the country and all he saw, till the time came when he called for the porter bill; it ran thus—“To six bottles xxx porter, at 2s. 6d. a bottle, 15s.” Moss laid down his pipe, took hold of the bill with both hands, and opened his eyes to their widest stretch.

“Fifteen bob!” breathed he at length to Turkey—“Fifteen bob for the swiggle! What a tarnation country! Well, I *am* corked! Howsomever, let’s toddle.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Poor wretch, I pity thee; yet stay a while."

The Cenci.

As the Hôtel de Bellevue was one of the best in the town, and one of the largest, for the host could muster no less than two beds, having also the peculiar advantage of being both in the same chamber, Mr. Rennie and his lady went to the Crown Hotel, at a very short distance from the Bellevue, leaving the Blairs in entire possession of that hostelry.

Whilst we leave that family actively employed in arranging their dormitory at the hotel, let us take a turn with our friend Rennie, who was in a state of great excitement concerning his son. It will be remembered that Mr. Rennie had sent his son out as a pioneer some months previous to his own sailing; that he expected, upon his arrival, to find a comfortable house erected, having sent out the frame of one by his son. Now Rennie having arrived, and not finding his son at the Port as agreed upon, sallied forth in search of him; and, as we were anxious to learn ourselves what had prevented the youth from following out his instructions, we accompanied Rennie.

The first place we went to was the Bank, and that certainly was the best house we had hitherto seen. It was a half-brick and half-board built house, with a shingled roof, and had the appearance of possessing much comfort. The banker, to whom Mr. Rennie had introductions, invited us into his parlour, and the matter concerning the son of Rennie being explained, the banker said—"I perfectly recollect some months ago a youth calling upon me and telling me his name was Rennie—that he expected his father &c. out—but that he himself could not remain, owing to the exhaustion of his funds; and," continued the

banker, rising from his chair and opening a side desk, "if I recollect, he left a letter here for his father. Ay, here it is." The banker at that moment being required, Mr. Rennie read to his wife the following epistle:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I arrived at Adelaide after 110 days' passage from England, all well, and got everything on shore. I had them all brought from the ship up to this place, which cost me £24 18s. I was anxious at once to proceed to your farm, but was told that it was not surveyed, and that it would be a long time before it was. I did not know what to do. As I expected you out every week, I went to the shore every day. I heard a ship had been seen, and frequently hired a cart and bullocks to bring you from the Port. My lodgings came very high, as meat is 1s. 6d. a pound, and I found all my money was nearly gone. Not knowing what to do, I sold the house for £1—[here Rennie dropt the letter upon his knees, and uttered, 'Great God! it cost me forty pounds in England!']—and then, as the man wouldn't keep the ploughs and implements in his store on the beach at Holdfast Bay, where they were landed, unless I paid him £6 for their warehouse room and expense landing, which I could not do, he turned them all outside, and there they lie on the sand, next to M'Dougall's Store. As I found week after week went on and you did not come, and my money being all gone, I was determined to do something; so I left all my trunks, and the tool-chests, and everything, at Mrs. Crahem's, at No. 10, Royal Circus, Adelaide, where you will find them safe, and she will let you have them all right by paying her my bill, £11 10s. I took a berth in the *Peggy*, brig, on a voyage to Sydney. I am to get 2s. 6d. a-week, and wait in the cabin, for I did not know what else to do. Now, my dear father and mother, and all friends, hoping you will get all the things safe when you all land,

"I remain

"Your affectionate Son,

"ARTHUR RENNIE,

"*P.S.*—The blue chest slipped its lashings when it was being slung into the long-boat, and fell into the sea. I s'pose it was rather too full, for it sunk."

When Mr. Rennie had read the letter, his visage changed, and he fixed his full eye steadily but vacantly upon the wall; and Mrs. Rennie, unable to bear up against the bitter disappointment, gave way to a flood of tears. However, there was no time to be wasted in sorrow: Rennie, after a few minutes' consultation with the banker, was provided with that gentleman's horse, and was soon upon the direct route to Holdfast Bay. There, upon the sea-beach, broken, rusty, and half-

buried in sand, lay the very implements which had caused him in Britain such an infinity of expense and trouble. His beautifully-modelled harrows, rollers, and ploughs, the pride of his heart, were there, a wreck and a ruin. It was useless to attempt raising them out of the sand till he had a place at once to remove them to, and, as yet, he knew not where that might be. True, he had five hundred acres of land in the settlement; but he knew no more where his allotment might fall than the beadle of Cork!—if there be such a functionary in that famous city. Rennie gazed upon his hapless instruments, and remounting his nag, bounded once more speedily over the plain, resolving to communicate with Blair, and advise with him upon the steps proper to be taken in this emergency.

We were present at the consultation, and after hearing all the *pros* and *cons*, and weighing well the advice of the banker, with one or two others, to whom Blair had in the mean time applied, the result of our cogitations was the propriety of Rennie's remaining *pro tem.* in Adelaide, and the wisdom manifest in Mr. Blair forthwith becoming a squatter. These very important matters being duly arranged, the whole of the party sallied forth to survey their town acres, and to set about forthwith getting reed huts upon the same. Labourers were, with some difficulty, obtained to erect the edifices; but reed-cutters were soon pouring in their bundles from the bed of the Torrens, upon the site of the intended mansion, which gave something like the appearance of a start to the emigrants. Blair was not long in the purchase of a pair of bullocks, for which he paid £60, and a cart, obtained with great difficulty, for £40. These matters so far were, except the price, satisfactory. Now all that was wanting on the part of Blair was a horse and two domestics: the former he obtained at Adelaide—a Cape barb, for £72; and the latter he selected from the passengers of the "Ocean Queen," male and female—or we might as well have said at once, man and wife, for they were so.

Leaving, then, for the present, Messrs. Blair and Rennie, return we once more to the past, and ascertain how far our respected friends the emigrants get forward. A great difficulty had arisen amongst them respecting the transmission of their baggage from the Port to the town; the sum of five shillings being demanded on every thirty

pounds weight (which ourselves paid upon all our luggage, viz., a small carpet bag). Now, as many of these unthinking and unadvised wights had, in their affection for old English associations, cumbered themselves with chairs, tables, go-carts, washing dollies, clock-cases, grindstones, tubs, buckets, tinker's ware, and other useful, but extremely difficult, travelling companions, it became a scene of no ordinary interest to behold these motley assortments, as boat-load after boat-load was discharged in beautiful disorder upon the boggy, low bank of the creek. Every step one hundred yards in-shore from the boat to the pile of confusion was midleg deep in mud; and as Jack sweated and cursed under a table or trunk, he sunk deeper and deeper still in the bog till he approached somewhere in the vicinity of chaos, when down with a d—n and a crash went all that he bore. In vain did the frantic rustic implore him to be careful of his odds and ends; in vain did his anxious wife wheedle out—"That's a dear crittur, do pray be mindful of that 'ere!—do! that's a good John." Eloquence was unheard; the ruthless son of the storm was stern as Boreas, and he proceeded, amidst blessings and cursings, of no ordinary *loudness* and depth, to empty the barge.

In the course of three days all the property belonging to the emigrants was on the *bog*, we cannot call it shore, for it was not, as our Wellingtons, the same we wore in Holland, could testify were they not long ago defunct. And upon the bog, as we maintain it was, lay this heterogenous, this rich assortment—let any one imagine it. We have beheld in the High Street of Auld Reekie, and our eyes have been regaled with the same in the ever-to-be-renowned and picturesque Grass Market, a miniature heap, a medley of the like nature. In the former situation, they were the goods of some unfortunate being who could not satisfy the legal demands of his ruthless landlord; and in the latter, the heap of chattels under the self-same hammer of those who had no further use for them: but all this was but as a candle to the sun. The group of spectators that surrounded *them* were quiet, idle, and mostly uninterested. They merely listened to the sweet voice of the auctioneer as he pointed out the comfort of "an old arm-chair," or dwelt with much feeling upon "the old oak table:" but on the Adelaide bog *every soul* was, as the French term it, "assisting;" every voice was

screwed to its highest pitch—not a being was there but had his eye upon all his worldly goods. There was such mounting the heaps—such might and main used in the dragging forth from the very bottom of the pile article after article, as its hunting, ferreting master had the joy to discover it. It was a wooden Waterloo! and legs and arms were knocked off, bodies galloped over, and heads mercilessly lost, with the same praiseworthy indifference as in that glorious passage of arms!

And Moss was there, and Turkey. And Moss saw his trunk! and it was sticking end up in the slough, like a duck when she dives in shallow water; and Moss blasphemed and was “regularly corked!” and Turkey was vociferous, but it was all of no avail. The philosophic bore it with stoical indifference, and the wise made the best of a bad bargain.

We will not dwell longer upon this half-ludicrous and *all*-painful scene (if we dare associate such a medley of ideas), but simply remark that upon the beach for several days fires were burning, and they were lit and fed with the chair, the table, the box, the basket; and the ashes of that fire had not ceased to moulder when the scene of the conflict was deserted, and the back of the last emigrant had been turned upon the field of the Battle of the Creek.

CHAPTER XXX.

"How vainly seek
The selfish for that happiness denied
To aught but virtue!"

Queen Mab.

At daylight on the morning of Tuesday, a cart loaded with furniture, drawn by two oxen, and accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Blair, the two Miss Blairs, and the domestics, might have been seen slowly winding its way along the grassy plain that lies to the east of the town of Adelaide. Mrs. Blair was mounted upon a horse, and the Miss Blairs were hanging upon the arms of their father. In this manner did the cortège proceed in search of a proper field for the pastoral designs of Mr. Blair. Nothing of importance happened during the journey of the day, and as the sun was yet two hours high in the heavens, the party halted to erect their tent for the night, and prepare for their evening meal. It was on the slope of a grassy knoll where Mr. Blair had selected for the site of his encampment: around them was one continuous forest of huge gum-trees, giving to the mind of an Englishman something of the beautiful resemblance of a park of a noble in his blessed isle. Before—behind—around—nothing enlivened the solitude: the same wild appearance of landscape, far as the eye might range; forests of the brown, the melancholy (at all times) looking gum, but it was at present a novelty. It was the first day's march in a *terra incog*. It was strange—it was exciting—and the whole party were in high spirits. Blair busied himself in the erection of a "bower" (in polite discourse) for the habitation of their domestics, but which in rude Colonial phraseology is yeleft a "break wind;" but we prefer calling it a bower, rather than use the other flatulent appellation, though it was neither of roses, "nor was it by Bendemeer's Stream," but it was a leafy bower of

the spicy gum, and the *wattle* bird "sung o'er it all the eve long." A fire was kindled in a short time, and steaks were frizzling away upon "Cobbett;" the cloth was laid upon the virgin turf; the horse was tethered to a gum, and the oxen were allowed to roam at large. Whilst the dinner was preparing by the matronly hand of Mrs. Blair, the young ladies lent what assistance they might in arraying the interior of the bell tent; all was snug and wore an air of pic-nic comfort. The steaks were done—beautifully done, with the gravy in them, and each individual, Job and his wife (the servant's name was Job) inclusive, took a steak upon a good cutting of bread, and it was all very snug—very snug and enviable.

Mr. Blair worked away with his huge pocket-knife, and vowed he never relished anything to equal that steak. "And all around," quoth he, "how free, independent, happy! Mild—the wind blows as mild as the gentle *North* can make it; and have you no more steaks, Dame Blair?"

"None, Blair; but here is a famous piece of cheese."

"Good! my provident and well-beloved spouse. Now, concerning the wine, what is our allowance upon this occasion?"

"Here is a bottle of port, Blair—Job, bring hither the water-jar—And here is a flask of brandy!" replied Mrs. Blair.

"Now, that were thoughtful, Dame Blair. Let us drink," cried Blair, (pouring out a horn of wine,)—"let us drink health, happiness, fortune to the dear friends we have left behind, and God bless them! Job, take a horn of wine for thee and thy wife."

And the whole party quaffed a hearty draught to the hearts that were now so many leagues away. The meal being ended, Job and his master proceeded, axe in hand, in search of a supply of firewood: they had not to wander far—they were in the depth of the forest—a bountiful supply was therefore soon obtained for the evening fire, and as they sat thus happily around the cheerfully-burning logs, Mr. Blair begged of his daughter (Miss B.) to sing the Gipsy's Song. That young lady immediately, and with great feeling, sang the following:—

THE GIPSY'S SONG.

I SEEK my retreat in the lane,
'Neath the shade spreading-forest am I;
My moments untainted by pain,
Far from courts and from cities I fly.

The breath of the flatterer ne'er
Was listen'd, was welcomed by me;
I sing with the birds of the air,
As the birds I am happy and free.

My heart it is given to one—
Though a rover, to me ever near;
And the pomp-showing cities we shun,
For the lane by the forest so near.

The cowslips that nod by the stream,
Are the pearls that my love brings to me;
On the bright sunny bank I may dream,
And awaking am happy and free.

Then, keep, ye proud sons of the town,
Vaunted pleasures, and heartless they be;
My love's wove an evergreen crown,
And care is a stranger to me.

And after a comfortable *tin* of tea, the whole party sank to their slumbers with the setting of the sun.

They were disturbed several times during the night by the yells of the wild-dog, who, like the jackal of India, commenced his lone cry: he, to use musical phrases, performed a solo, and then the whole pack joined in the long-drawn horrible chorus. This strange and sleep-killing serenade did the pack at intervals resume during the whole of that long night, and it was scarcely dawn when Mr. Blair waked Job to trim the already-fluttering embers. Blair walked round his lone camp in the silence of that early hour, when even the bird had not yet moved his sleepy head from beneath his wing—every leaf was motionless, and the cattle in a dingle in the distance were lying at rest. It was a calm and placid scene, soothing the feelings into a kind of delicious melancholy, when the mind seems unburdened of all its worldly

cares, and we breathe as an infant in his first gambols among the flowers.

Miss Blair was speedily at her task. The kettle was swung after the manner of those Oriental vagrants so easily discovered in the peaceful green lanes of merry England, and all was in comfortable array for the morning meal. It was a curious sight to look upon: she who had as hitherto never soiled her white and taper fingers, now with ease and readiness entered into the spirit of a gipsy life, with the readiness of one who had served an apprenticeship to the houseless tribe. Mrs. Blair and Emily laughed when they saw how thoroughly absorbed Miss B. was in her new occupation. The napkin was, as before, laid upon the turf; but there was arrayed a light chest on one side, with its cups, saucers, and *déjeûné* paraphernalia, near which two logs of wood were placed as seats for mamma and papa, whilst the pillows of the night

“—— contrived a double debt to pay—
A *pillow* by night, and a *cushion* all day.”

Again the gridiron was in request, and the rashers of Westphalia sent aloft a grateful perfume on the morning air. The little party sat happily around their blazing fire, and once more in the bosom of the wilderness did they enjoy their comfortable meal.

The great object of Mr. Blair in his expedition was to select a suitable range of pasturage without encroaching upon the “squatting” of any other grazier, and with, above all things, that great and indispensable adjunct, a supply of water. The former difficulty is easily overcome; but the latter, the finding a never-failing spring, not so readily. It was Mr. Blair’s intention to proceed northward until he discovered this great, to him, *sine quâ non*; and it was not till he had accomplished his third day’s journey that it was effected.

The appearance of the situation which he had selected as his home was this:—At the foot of a range of hills, nearly devoid of verdure, a long and undulating plain stretched, almost without a tree, a day’s walk (in circuit) to the banks of a river, or, as Australian rivers mostly are, chain of ponds. This river, or rivulet, took its rise in the mountains to which we have alluded, springing its clear and limpid crystal from rock to rock, till it became swollen in the course of a few miles

into a wide but almost stagnant collection of pools. The course of the stream was marked by an enormous row of gums, that seemed to the fanciful mind in age almost coeval with the mountains themselves. On the banks of this rivulet, and near the base of the hills, was a little grove of the gum and the grass tree, and in this grove did Mr. Blair purpose to erect his temporary dwelling. It was considered by all the party a beautiful spot, and the flourishing herbage that grew around spoke in language to Blair and Job, that this was, without doubt, the place to commence their pastoral pursuits. The bell-tent was pitched in the grove of gum trees, a hut was erected for Job near the banks of the rivulet, and all the party set to work with much spirit to establish themselves comfortably in the situation they had chosen. The most important part of the business was, the immediate erection of a suitable protection for the perishable articles ; and it was not without much labour that Job and his master at length had the satisfaction of finding all their property safe under their curiously-constructed shed.

Mr. Blair having so far satisfactorily arranged matters, the next, and perhaps all-important affair, was the purchase of a flock of sheep ; this was effected for him by an agent at Adelaide. They were a flock of 700, of the half-cross Merino, principally from Hobart Town ; and Mr. Blair paid for them the sum of £1,000. These matters being arranged, two shepherds and an extra farm-servant being engaged, Mr. Blair found himself at length fairly launched on the sea of wool-growing enterprise.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Nay, gather not that filbert, Nicholas,
There is a *maggot* there!"

SOUTHEY.

ONCE again we turn our thoughts upon the "Ocean Queen." She had remained at anchor in the creek during the whole time we had been absent, and having discharged the whole of the emigrants and what little cargo she possessed for South Australia, she was again observed with her blue peter flying free at her mast-head. Pauline had remained during the whole time on board, merely taking a walk on shore for a few hours daily, accompanied by Susan, and she was, as may be imagined, anxious to depart. Susan had spent an entire day at Adelaide, and the description she gave of that famous town may possibly be not unentertaining. She had just returned to the ship, having had a great favour conferred upon her—a seat in a bullock-cart; she had just taken off her bonnet, and was overflowing with news.—"Dear missus," said she, "I a seen the town of Addlehed. *Such* a town!—we was an hour and three-quarters a-getting from this place, going full jumble all the way, and the carter told me as how he was a-going to put up at the sign of the Elefant and Cassel, in Duke Street, Clarendon Square. As we went along, I suppose we might a got about a matter of a mile from this place, when!—(here Susan was much embarrassed)—when some gentlemen of colour came from behind a bush. I suppose they must a been bathing; but what can you think, Miss Pauline, when I tell yer they hadn't a one mossel of garment on 'em?—not a bit the size of a lady's modesty-piece!"

"Well, never mind, Susan; we care not to dwell upon those matters; did you see the town?" said Pauline.

"Oh! bless you, ma'am, it makes me laugh when I think on it! The

Elefant and Cassel, Duke Street, Clarendon Square—ha!—ha!—ha!—why, it's a nasty, filthy, wishy-washy, little pig-sty, built of straw, in a place where the cart-ruts be a yard deep, and there ain't another dwelling a-near it. The very next inn is about one hundred yards off, and built of the same materil, old rushes, and roofed wi' bark, which they have a manner of peeling off the trees, like one peels a horange, and then setting it upright it forms part of a house, in general the kitchen; and then the town is swarming with those people of colour, and there's none on 'em got a mossel of bre——!"

"Never mind, Susan; don't trouble yourself to describe them," said Pauline. "About the town? you were describing the town."

"Well, ma'am, fancy one hundred and fifty sorts of housen, some square, some round; some built of reeds, others of mud; some all boards, others tents; and again, here and there a goodish-looking box enough—and they are building a church actilly. Here the folks seem to ave nothing upon God's earth to do but walk about in groups, like people at 'lections. I met elegant ladies and fine Bond-Street gentlemen cutting about there as knowing as could be, and I watched 'em into such a shabby hut! your barn at home, in the Twelve-acre Close, is the best-looking house of 'em all at Addlehed. But a gentleman told me not to make any remarks about the matter at this time, but to wait a year or two, and I should soon see a shifting of the scene. I up and told him I wouldn't wait a week in such a concern, but would go, please God, as soon as I could, with possible speed. And that's what they call the emigrunt's land, is it?—and they leave Lunnun and all England to come and live in this Elefant and Cassel, Addlehed, do they, Miss? Well, God keep me from ever emigrunting, I say—that's what I say! For why, the bullock-driver told me he got 3s. 6d. a-day; but then he naturally says, says he, 'Meals, from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. a-day, and no wegeatables at any price:' then he sais, says he, 'What's the odds? I can't get any the forrurder.' 'In course you can't,' says I; and I know he can't neither, whatsomever he may say. I met also a lot of our emigrunts, and some on 'em hadn't a place to put their heads in. I called to mind the Holy Scripture, about the foxes having holes; for it appears that those cunning varmint have the howdaciousness to get all the holes at Addlehed, and charge a main of money to let anybody

put their heads in 'em. God keep me from South Horstralie, if this is it, I say."

"Well, but, Susan," said Pauline, "from what I read in the last Colonial Gazettes, I should be inclined to say that the lower order of emigrants were doing well. I read several letters written by labouring people to their friends at home, speaking highly of the Colony and its situation."

"So you might, ma'am; but did you never read about Mr. Dr. Thingumie's pills, and Mr. Dr. the other's sarve,—how he brought out hair on a man's head as had been bald as a bladder of lard from his childhood, and how the hair curled all over his shoulders like a Charles the Seventh's wig? I a read hundreds of 'em in my time. Whenever I gets hold of a paper, I aliss fust reads deaths and marriages, and then all the advertisements. Them's my politics. And I never picked up one aroud seeing in it, how mortal thankful somebody was has had lost his bunnions, or gained his hair, or had his ——"

"Well, it may possibly be true in some degree, Susan. I placed credit in them as genuine productions."

"So did I, ma'am, till I a been to the town; but then I'm unspectaed. The wagginer told me, that many's the letter in them papers, inviting fathers and mothers, and so on, out to this wonderful place, when the man as wrote 'em as been a horfin for years, and is living at that very moment in a Mile-End garret, and never was out of Lunnun in his life!"

"Ah! you judge harshly, Susan," replied Pauline.

"Perhaps you think so, ma'am; but, in that case, do you just try to walk to town to-morrow—it's ony seven miles—and then judge for——"

"What! is it seven miles, Susan?"

"Yes, ma'am, seven from here."

"That's quite far enough off for a seaport town, to my thinking, Susan: but I have little interest in these matters, and as we sail for Sydney to-morrow at dawn, I shall not have the opportunity. There, now, see that all is ready for sea in my cabin."

The vessel was now fully prepared for the sea. The pilot came on board early in the morning, and every seaman was at his duty. The Captain was walking to and fro on the quarter-deck whilst the anchor

was weighed. But who is this that we behold watching so intently the operations of the seamen?—who is that genteelly-dressed individual who smoketh his cigar in such enviable mood upon the sacred precincts of the binnacle? who can he be? Astonishment seizes us; it is—it is the same! He has disappeared suddenly from our view. But we could not be mistaken. Wherefore voyages he, and whither is he bound? But the vessel has fished her anchor, and rapidly is moving toward the ocean. Still, we marvel what *he* can do on board; and it puzzleth our philosophy to divine what can be the cause of *his* voyaging to Sydney.

Rapidly did the “Ocean Queen” approach the disemboguing of the creek: but two short hours, and she was again with every stitch of canvass expanded on her way toward Sydney. Still, the same speculations possessed us, and we cried aloud, “Wherefore departs that mysterious man? or why does he quit so suddenly the Southern Australian shores? We were bewildered; all our imaginations were collected and strained to their utmost, but still we made no progress into the secret of what induced Tobias Turkey to instantly quit Adelaide for Sydney.

We cannot at present enter further into this mysterious subject, but we may enlighten our patient readers by the following piece of information:—that a letter had been received on board, directed to Ralph Brampton Bilston, Esq.; and that this aforesaid gentleman happened to be on board, and was no other than our unhappy and unfortunate friend the melancholy gentleman. The purport of the letter was this—for we saw it, and we, from frequent readings, quote pretty perfectly from memory.

“SIR,—It will doubtless very much relieve your mind (should you be so fortunate as to get this letter) to inform you that the presumed cause of your flight is now a hale, hearty man. The pauper to whom you administered the opiate gave signs of returning animation on the following morning, and by the time the Jury had assembled, was enabled to convince them that his was at least not a case either of accidental death or wilful murder. We (your unhappy parent and myself) have vainly endeavoured to discover your retreat; but hearing you had fled to South Australia, we have conjointly written this letter.

“Your very sincere friend STEPHEN HOWSLE, and your affectionate and almost heartbroken father ARCHIBALD BILSTON.

“P.S.—You will be enabled to draw at any of the Australian banks for the sum of £100, which we hope you will avail yourself of immediately you receive this, and make us all happy by your presence.

“P.P.S.—A certain young lady joins fervently in our prayer.”

The joy which seized upon the mind of the melancholy youth—or, as we may now call him, Mr. Bilston—knew no bounds. Pale and wan as his face generally was, it was now lit up with the rose of apparently luxuriant health. He capered about the deck from one person to another, proclaiming his good fortune, and giving to each astonished listener a brief account of what had befallen him. Pauline entered into his joy with all her soul, and Susan was busy in relating to her mistress all the particulars. Turkey eyed the youth with silent surprise; but when he knew the real cause of his joy, he was among the first to congratulate him, and recommend his instant return to his afflicted friends. This, he assured all the party, he was determined to do, upon the arrival of the vessel at Sydney. But excessive joy, like excessive grief, is more than our delicate network of nerves is at all times able to bear: the overjoyed youth was taken ill, and delirium had firm footing upon his brain. There was now no doctor on board—none who understood the mysteries of chirurgery; but the case was desperate, and demanded immediate relief.

“Have you any lancets, Captain?” inquired Turkey.

“None.”

“Have you a penknife?”

“Yes, here is one,” said the Captain, producing it.

“Ay,” cried Turkey, “but it is a square-pointed one, and will not enter a vein. Fetch me a razor, Captain.”

“But, Mr. Turkey, are you aware of the nature of the office you impose upon yourself?” asked the Captain.

“Yes, sir: life or death is the nature of my office. I can plainly perceive, that unless this man is immediately bled, he will go raving mad. Look at his flushed and bloated face. Quick, sir, a razor if you please.”

The Captain darted away for the instrument, whilst Turkey unloosed the youth’s cravat, and bound up the vein of his arm.

“Look, sir,” continued Turkey, pointing to the vein, “there is no mistaking it; it swells up thicker than my finger.”

At this instant, Turkey gently pressed the point of the razor upon the tight and almost bursting vein, and immediately the dark blood spirted up, literally sprinkling the party who had assembled around.

"Let him bleed a couple of minutes by your watch, Captain. Ah! he swoons! That is a sign, sir, that he has bled enough. Now we will bind up his arm, and let him sleep. Poor fellow, the good news was too much for him."

And as soon as the steward raised his head high upon his pillow, the Captain and Turkey, being of opinion nothing more at present could be done, went upon deck. The wind was blowing free upon the quarter, the glorious constellation of the Southern Cross was shining with its wonted brilliancy, and all was serene and lovely upon the surface of the scarcely-heaving waters.

"List, Captain! What is that I hear? By Heavens! 'tis——list! 'tis——"

(A voice singing to a guitar.)

"'Twere vain to strike thy sadden'd strings,
My lone, my sweet guitar;
Thy voice no more its music flings
O'er hearts that beat afar.

Then let thy notes of sadness tell
Unto the wild, wild sea—
Let sorrow's voice thy bosom swell,
And I will echo thee."

"It is the lady in the cabin! Did you ever hear anything so sweet? How it was mellowed by the water! Hark!"

"I dare not summon from thy breast,
Or gladness from thee sweep:
No, sorrow's song befits thee best,
And I may with thee weep."

"Captain, is it not the lady from the cabin who sings that enchanting air?"

"It is, Mr. Turkey."

"Then I have lived to hear an angel," said Turkey, sitting down pensively upon the poop.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“ In the brown desert’s weary way,
Mid toil and thirst’s consuming sway,
All there, beneath the shade he lay
Of the wayfaring tree.”

HOWITT.

WE will now revert to the fortunes of Mr. Blair, whom we left snugly ensconced in his tent in the grove of gums. His sheep and the shepherds had safely arrived, together with sundry barrels of salt beef, pork, sacks of flour, and other necessities; all these were safely housed under the barn already spoken of, and the shepherds, having driven their flocks to the pasture, prepared, by mutual assistance, to erect themselves huts. All this had gone on very smoothly. The grazing-grounds were unlimited, and his shepherds had huts already a distance of fourteen miles from his tent. It was truly gratifying to Blair, as he rode forth in the freshness of morning, to behold how peaceful and happy was everything around him. The very birds, from their unacquaintance with man, hopped carelessly upon the boughs within reach of his hand; others, as if merely to indulge their curiosity, would follow close to him, chattering to each other, as if to remark upon his wonderful appearance, or attempt explanation amongst themselves as to what uncouth animal he could be.

Blair was delighted. “Am I not,” said he to himself as he one morn thus rode forth,—“Am I not free as the very wind of heaven? and am I not following out the happy pursuits of our forefathers, the most pleasing and natural to man, the rearing of flocks and herds, and the cultivation of the fruits of the earth? How different is my enviable lot to those pent-up, wan, unhealthy, and unnaturally-employed beings in the turmoil, the selfishness of a great city! Here, the wind that I inhale has roamed, pure as the ocean-wave, for thousands upon thou-

sands of miles, and has neither been tainted nor respired.—Here are the beautiful little children of the wilderness, that ‘are born to blush unseen;’ and here the utmost magnificence reigns in the gigantic productions of the earth. Here grows the tiny flower, and here also flourisheth the mighty eucalyptus. What situation can possibly be more delightful to the reflective mind? What can equal the impressive and holy solitude of these unpeopled wastes? To me this is the happiest period of my life—Great God! what is that? I am wounded!”

It was too true. A band of natives had been dodging the solitary man, till a favourable opportunity occurred of his getting more among the trees; and then, with certain aim, they threw their terrible spear. Blair turned half round upon his saddle; a long sixteen-foot spear had entered the fleshy part of his arm, and, ere he could extract it, another struck his hat, knocking it off his head; a third and a fourth flew past him, and a fifth entered the saddle. There was no time to be lost; he put spurs to his horse, as he gazed wildly around him; not a living being could he discern—nothing but the black, burnt stumps, scattered here and there in the forest, that bore any resemblance to a native. However, there were numbers scattered around, for as he galloped, or rather flew along at the utmost speed of his fleet steed, the long spears whizzed past in all directions, and he frequently, to avoid them, lay his whole length upon the neck of his horse. Heedless whither he flew, scarce daring to raise his head, upon the foaming horse he bounded along like a wild deer; and Blair, scarcely knowing what he did, still pressed the sharp rowels of his spurs against the bleeding flank of his courser. Away, away! many a mile of ground had in short time been passed by the affrighted man; and now he turned his quick and suspicious eye upon the trunk of every tree, not knowing whether a native might not be concealed behind it. At length, his horse, fatigued and winded by his wild career, stopped to take breath, and Blair then dismounted, took off his coat and examined his arm. The spear had passed clean through the fleshy part of it, and slightly wounded his side; but the wound had bled but little, and he entirely stopped it by bandaging it up with his handkerchief. But whilst he was so doing, it had suddenly become stiff, and he could not bend his elbow-joint. The horrid thought now flashed across his mind, that the point of the

spear was poisoned. He knew not what to do ; and when the dreadful idea struck him, it almost deprived him of his strength, and his knees tottered one against the other. Could he but wash the wound, it would be of service ; but he was in the midst of a sandy plain, and there was not even a blade of grass. What could he do ? How truly is necessity the mother of invention ! He unbound his arm, and from the foaming sides of his steed did he collect the brine, with which he bathed his wound ; and the thought of this possibly removing the poison, if there had been any, wonderfully refreshed him—he bound his arm once more in confidence and hope.

But now another difficulty arose—where was he ? He never recollected seeing this sandy plain before, he must retrace his horse's steps : this thought consoled him at the moment. But the plain was of great extent, and evening would rapidly appear ; he must demand extraordinary exertion from his steed—but his steed was lame, for not till now did Blair observe the head of a spear in the horse's fore fetlock, and not till the horse had rested a moment did he feel it. Blair had great difficulty in extracting the fish-hook barbs from the gristly part they had entered, the intense pain causing the horse to start and kick violently ; at length, however, the spear-head was extracted, and Blair washed the wound in the same liquor with which he had bathed his own. He now found, to his horror, that the horse could neither carry him, nor get out of a foot's pace—it was a dreadful discovery, especially as Blair at the part where he was could not distinguish the hills under which his family were living. The idea entered his mind of ascending a tree—he approached the first gum in his way with that determination, only to be disappointed !—the gum-tree has no lower branches, if it be any height, and is of such amazing girth as to preclude any but a native with his hatchet from ascending ; and even if his wounded arm had permitted him to use the exertion of ascending to the topmost bough, he could clearly see from where he stood it would be of no avail, as the trees were within a foot or two of the same height ; so that if the thin waving branches had borne him to the uttermost leaf, he could only have beheld the crown of the neighbouring gum. It was a most heart-overpowering situation to be placed in, for all Blair's former habits had totally unfitted him for any emergency ; and when he found himself *alone*, wounded,

with his horse also lame, in the unvarying wilderness—and when he felt his burning thirst, caused by his exertions, the heat, and the irritation of his wound—and, above all, when he reflected that he was lost, unarmed, and every moment, every step, might bring him again into the midst of the natives, he was unmanned. Turning these thoughts over in his mind and gazing anxiously at the sun, he found that but three hours remained of light by which he could travel; and then to be missing from his family at night would cause such a shock to Mrs. Blair, in the delicate state in which she then was, as to be productive of dreadful, if not fatal consequences. As these maddening thoughts rushed upon his brain one after the other, he was unable to proceed; he looked wildly around him—to the right, to the left—he strained his eye in every point—all was strange!—totally unknown! He turned his eye upon his poor jaded horse, whose head was hanging down, with his tongue lolling out, parched up with his exertion and the blaze of the fervid day, and Blair could bear it no longer—he sat himself down upon the sand, and burst into a flood of tears. Let any one who has not felt the utter loneliness of the heart caused by the dread solitude of the unpeopled wilderness, forbear to marvel that a husband, a father, could weep when he found himself totally lost, and at the mercy of a savage horde, more fierce than the prowling tiger of the jungle: but weeping, though it might appear of no avail, was actually of much benefit—he was strengthened, and the overcharged brain had found the true safety-valve—a tear. Throwing the bridle over the neck of his tired animal, Blair walked rapidly forward: his horse, as if seized with the same presentiment of evil as his master, kept close to him, and in this manner did Blair travel for the space of another hour.

By this time, the evening shadows gave him warning, that unless he were nearer home than circumstances permitted him to hope, he must pass the night in the wilderness; and to do so was one of the most dreaded events the mind of Blair could comprehend. Not that he had any childish fears; on the contrary, he was a man of powerful nerves: but the shock his absence would cause to his family, who so looked upon every moment he was away, became to him unbearable. Sometimes, in his desperation, he would run a few yards; but the sultry eve rendered it impossible violent exercise could be of long duration. His

thirst, too, was intense, and to relieve it he in vain chewed the sapless leaves of the plants around. They were, without exception, of a hot, astringent property, and parched his tongue without affording any relief. Unable to proceed, not knowing what to do, he sat down once more in despair at the foot of a tree. All around was silent—not even the rustle of a leaf disturbed the solitude; one vast forest of the same sombre-looking and similar trees spread out on all sides—a monotonous scene, such as imagination were almost unable to picture. It appeared almost a struggle of nature how alike each tree might be to its fellow; not a bush was allowed to appear on either side—all was one immense regularly-planted plain, and nothing was around that solitary man but gum-tree after gum-tree—an eternal labyrinth.

What could he do? The sun was on the point of setting, and twilight in those climes is but of short duration. He dared not proceed, for the wood seemed at every step to close around him. To the left he could not stir, for that, to his thinking, led to where the natives most probably were lurking, disappointed, as they had been, of their prey. To the right he would fain have pursued his weary way; but though the mind had hitherto had the mastery and ruled imperatively over the body, yet flesh and blood yielded to the agitation—the tumult of the soul, and refused their office; and there upon the barren earth laid he down his aching head.

The sun sank in all his splendour, and darkness began rapidly to enshroud the world. From the fatigue he had undergone, he soon—as it were, in an instant—fell asleep, and it was not till the midnight watch that the horrors of his situation became again revealed to him. Once awake, he was unable to procure further sleep; and he sat, cold and damp as he was, saturated with the chilly dew, meditating upon his forlorn condition.

That weary, dreadful night being at length passed, the dim grey streak of day became more and more visible, peering over the forest, and Blair arose, cramped and shivering. His first care was to look after his horse; but in the darkness, in his search after pasturage, he had strayed. Blair searched diligently around the neighbourhood of his last night's resting-place, but he found him not; he called aloud his name at intervals, and it reverberated through the lone forest, but no

horse answered the call. That which the animal had often obeyed, he would answer no more; he was lost in the maze, and time was too precious to waste in the hopeless pursuit.

Hunger and raging thirst were the guests of Blair, and his distress at the loss of his horse almost rendered him senseless. Collecting what little philosophy was left him, he set off for the point of the rising sun, and most determinedly proceeded through the trees for the space of three hours, when he calculated that he had walked in that time upwards of ten miles. The face of the country began to assume a different aspect: the trees were of more stunted growth and were much scarcer than formerly—the thick-tufted grass also made its appearance, and the birds began to flutter from tree to tree across the prairie. Blair now was flushed with hope, and his heart beat with joy when he beheld, in the distance, eminences rearing their blue heads in bold outline against the bluer sky. Notwithstanding the distance at which they appeared, Blair now assured himself that had he but his horse, he could have galloped home in a few minutes. However, as it was, he was cheerful, and forgot his thirst, which had hitherto been almost intolerable, and he bounded along barefoot over the plains gaily (for his boots, with his extraordinary exertion, had blistered his feet).

Three hours' hard walking brought him to the foot of the hills. "And now," said he, as he rested upon a rock preparatory to the ascent,—“now, when I am once upon the summit, I shall behold the smoke curling from the tent of my dear family.” As thus he spoke, unable as it were to delay another moment, he began the toilsome ascent—which, owing to the hope that spurred him on, he was enabled to accomplish in half an hour. Not daring to turn his eyes as he ascended, lest he should encounter disappointment, he looked neither to the right nor to the left till he threw himself on the rocks of the summit; and then, to his affliction, did he behold many other such hills peering upon all parts of the horizon, and all in appearance so nearly resembling each other, that for the life of him could he detect in their monotonous features aught in one differing from the other.

This was a dreadful shock to Blair; but now he could not again ease his bosom with a tear, for the fountain was dried up, and his wild eye had forgotten its tender office. In vain he roamed his eagle sight over

the landscape ; all was solemn, silent, and strange—he could not rest upon one thing which had occupied his attention before. Still, he had a share of hope left ; and thus girdled, he descended the hill with a determination of proceeding in a direction where he fancied he beheld a grassy plain.

How long he pursued his walk, or how far on that dreadful day he travelled, is not known—it was the evening of the third day when the hapless man was discovered lying upon his face at the foot of a tree in the wild. His lips were swollen, blue and cracked, and his tongue protruded from his mouth, black and horny ; his eyes were open and of glassy brightness, and his limbs were contracted and firmly set.

It appeared that the absence of Mr. Blair, so early as the noon of the day on which he departed, had alarmed Mrs. Blair ; and this feeling increased till evening was setting in, when she despatched Job to the Shepherds' Station to see if his master were there,—and if not, Job was instructed, with the shepherds, to proceed in quest of him. It is needless to say, their search was unrewarded till the evening of the third day, when, just as they were about to return hopeless of finding their unhappy master, they stumbled upon him.

Job instantly was at the top of his speed toward the tent to announce the event ; but having departed in such mad haste, he was unable to say whether his master were dead or alive. This dreadful dilemma took a fearful hold upon the imagination of Mrs. Blair, who read in Job's confusion the death of her husband ! But it was not so ; for although all but dead, the shepherds recovered him. They kindled a fire, and chafed his cold and shrunken limbs, and they poured cordials down his parched throat—so that by the time Job returned with the cart containing all the family, Mr. Blair was enabled to relate what had befallen him.

The invalid was, as soon as might be, removed to the mattress in the cart, and the whole party set out on their return to the tent. The spot where the wanderer was found was about seven miles distant from his home, and his not being able to reach it he accounted for by his becoming totally blind. Dizziness had seized him on the third morning when he awoke, and increased upon him till about noon, when his eyesight became entirely lost ; and not doubting but his end was near, he

commended himself and his family, on his knees, to his Maker ; and he imagines that, whilst in that act, he pitched, void of all recollection, upon his face, being the position in which he was discovered. He described minutely the agonies he endured, principally from thirst—how in vain he searched even for a pebble to retain in his mouth, and thus stimulate the salivary glands. No, not one could he find—not a succulent herb wherefrom he could derive the least moisture. The hot sun beat down fiercely upon his head, and his arm became stiff and utterly useless, on the close of the second day. In this deplorable condition did he wander hour after hour, till, as we have described, he became unable to proceed.

Mrs. Blair had caused piles of wood every night to be kindled upon the brow of the neighbouring hill, and wondered how it was that this had not been seen. But it appears that Blair had seen, not only this, but several scores of fires burning around him ; and, instead of their proving an attraction, he invariably avoided them, considering them, as they really mostly were, the encampments of the various tribes of natives, to approach which was to meet certain and speedy death.

It will readily be imagined what a state of mind Mrs. Blair was in during the three terrible days of her unfortunate husband's absence. She at intervals herself discharged pieces of musketry ; whilst her daughters were the live-long night employed upon the mountain top, feeding the fire that was to catch the eye of their unhappy father.

The effect of the anxiety and fatigue upon the young ladies vanished when once more they saw him who was so dear restored to their arms. They had youth on their side, and the memory of their troubles was all that was left them. Not so their mother : she was in a situation of itself dangerous at her years, and the agitation consequent upon this event, when she had in her despair prayed Heaven to have mercy on the widow, produced a serious illness, and the ushering into the world a cherub that could partake not of its troubles.

Blair had rallied wonderfully, and, from being the patient, the painful duty of nurse now devolved upon him. Job was despatched to the Settlement, in company with a shepherd, in search of medical assistance, whilst the young ladies, to the best of their power, attended to the wants of their afflicted parent. The scene was of a most distressing

description, for madness had seized upon the senses of Mrs. Blair, and she raved but of her husband, and frantically exclaimed that the natives had slain him in the wilderness. Day after day whiled away, and Job returned, but with him no doctor. There were but two in the town, and it was impossible they could be absent so long a time as the journey required. They, however, sent medicines, with instructions; but they availed not.

This unhappy state of things continued for some weeks: at one time the patient rallied wonderfully and was enabled to take a little exercise, and Blair then encouraged hopes that all would speedily be well; but she defeated those sanguine expectations day after day, and the better she had been one day, the worse she was sure to be the next. This continued till all hope of saving her life appears to have deserted Blair. His dearly-beloved partner grew dangerous at liberty, and he was obliged to contrive a strait waistcoat to prevent her injuring herself, or any member of the family. Thus was she growing daily more furious, and uttering, whenever poor Blair appeared, the most awful maledictions on his head; then her disease from raging madness took a plaintive turn, and she would sit upon the bedstead hour after hour, singing the most soothing airs, and entreating her daughters to join in the chorus. Poor girls! they indeed were not capable, amidst the horrors that surrounded them, of acquiescing in the desire of their unhappy mother. Week after week passed on—she continued about the same, varying only in the phantasies of her troubled brain; she was reduced by her sleepless nights and restless days to a mere skeleton, but still she would, in her struggles to free herself from her restraint, exhibit the most wonderful strength. Nature could stand the contest no longer, and poor Blair on the morning of the 20th of May gave his blessing upon his motherless children. “Now, my dear children,” said he, “God has in his wisdom deprived me of the partner of my bosom, the sharer of my sorrows, the fountain of all my joys—your beloved mother! She is gone! and we, my children, are now alone. Let us bear up as well as we may against the dreadful blow that has fallen upon us, and let us not wickedly reproach the wonderful deeds of the Almighty. The storm has passed over our heads—it has robbed us of all that made the world dear to us; it has passed, and we are poor indeed, for it could take nought else that was so dear to our

souls. We will now console ourselves, that we can lose no more. You, my tender plants, as yet know not the mightiness of the cruel blow that has fallen upon your heads. I am now your only parent, and I look upon you now as the apples of my eyes—the only tender link that binds me to this desert earth : but I cannot repair your incalculable loss—the tenderness of a mother's heart no earthly care can atone for. Bow your heads, my dear girls, humbly before your Creator ; your mother has passed from the troubles of this world, to be blessed by a just—a most merciful God.”

At the foot of a large and dark-coloured granite rock, from near whose mighty base issues the spring that supplies the else barren desert, is a circular belt of the evergreen mimosa. In the centre of that grove rises a plain stone, bearing the inscription—“ Miriam Blair. Died 20th May, 18—, aged 43.”

The remainder of the little band removed from the terrible scene of their sorrows to a distant part of the wild, and bore up against their troubles with the fortified bosom of those whose hopes are placed in a better world.

The sheep of Blair thrived and did well ; but he was occasionally very much troubled with the natives, who, upon more than one occasion, surrounded his fold, and, after spearing the shepherd, killed a number of the sheep in mere wantonness. These deeds of marauding were only arrested by one of the shepherds shooting a native in the very act of spearing his sheep ; which severe deed for some time after deterred, on the part of the aborigines, any further attempt at robbery. The wild-dog, too, who hunts in packs upon the same principle as the fox-hound, made sad havoc amongst any of the straggling fold, and Blair computed that he lost, at least, three sheep a month by their depredations. Blair had ploughed and sowed five acres of wheat, but which, owing to the extreme drought (he probably having sowed it a month too late), merely ran to straw ; his other minor seeds, sowed on the banks of the rivulet, he had the satisfaction to see thrive—and with the shearing of his flock, and the housing of the little pulse he had reaped, passed away, agreeably occupied, the latter months of the first year of the persevering but afflicted Blair.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“It is strange
That this poor wretch should pride him in his woe,
Take pleasure in his abjectness, and hug
The scorpion that consumes him.”

Queen Mab.

WHILE poor Blair was struggling against his “sea of troubles” at his sheep-station, his friend Rennie was walking to and fro in a state of perfect indolence, but extreme anxiety concerning his location. As we are in possession of a copy of a letter sent to his friend Blair (shortly after the death of Mrs. B.), we will at once lay it before our readers, that we may learn the reason of Rennie’s inactivity.

“MY DEAR BLAIR,—

“The melancholy intelligence of dear Mrs. B.’s decease reached us on the 27th May. I need not tell you, my dear friend, how sensibly we enter into your loss. I trust she is removed to a better world, for here we have one day after another but a succession of troubles. I have been, ever since you left me, in the vain expectation of having my allotment surveyed; but—will you believe it?—though I have been here nearly twelve months, I understand the surveyors are not likely to arrive before the expiration of another such period; whilst here am I in this Adelaide, living at a most expensive rate, be as economical as I can, with nothing that I can turn my hand to, but, on the contrary, my idleness is of the most perfect kind,—the trouble of shaving amongst us here has become quite out of the question, and a many of us are perfect pards. We certainly enjoy the *dolce far niente*, if men ever did. Now, this is a most unlooked-for and ruinous state of matters. All my ready money, with which I had expected to purchase flocks for my farm, I am expending upon house-keeping, idly, in Adelaide. What can I do? I am driven almost to desperation. But there are scores of us here in the same predicament; and it certainly is some satisfaction to have companions in the matter—and far from unpleasant to reflect, that there are other wiseacres in the trap as well as one—

self. What could induce us to run open-mouthed and bite at the bare hook, I know not; but I assure you that it sticks tightly in most of our gullets. Between you and I and a certain untalkative personage, I am beginning to open my eyes, and unbind my tongue; for though, as you saw, there is a patch of good land upon which Adelaide is situate, and there is also a little dribbling stream 'drags its slow length along,' but, Blair, call to mind the entrance to the harbour—the tacking, and twisting, and sounding—the bother we had to get into the creek! And then, don't you remember the bumping ceremony we underwent in getting up that same gut of water? We have had no less than three vessels severely injured by this means since you left; and as you may call to mind, the 'Tam o' Shanter,' which lay in the 'port,' well, or rather *not well*, for she managed to get out of the creek, after a vast deal of trouble and expense, only to become a total wreck off Hobart Town. Then, again, look at us, seven miles from that creek! How do you think we strangle that difficulty? Why, we are going to cut a canal, or lay a rail, that's what we are going to do! We people at Adelaide don't stand upon trifles. And though a many folk, who have more impudence than your humble servant, dare tell us to our very faces that we are a set of humbugs, and that our Colony is a Government bubble, and was selected by a short-sighted old woman! yet we are not obliged to either listen to them or allow their opinions to circulate at home, so long as we can raise the wind for a few puffing advertisements, and 'letters from a gentleman long resident in the Colony!'

"I have been upon a cruise to Port Phillip since I saw you—have seen that famous port—and *it is a famous port*, and good land to boot, and a good fresh-water river; but they have got the same vile principle there which is ruining half the land: you will know to what I allude,—the system of selling springs, ponds, *both sides of a stream*, and so forth, playing the devil at once with that part where no water can be reached, which sooner or later will be discovered. Port Phillip is taking the shine out of poor dear Adelaide; but we 'name it not in Gath,' neither do we 'publish it in the streets of Ramoth Gilead.' We are, nevertheless, *rather* jealous of a place yecept Port Lincoln, which people who are fond of making proselytes to their own opinions would fain have us believe possesses an excellent and capacious harbour. My friend Captain Charles Spencer has just returned from a visit to it. He describes it as a safe, and, in every respect, convenient harbour; and the land around, he telleth me, is a rich loam, when one arrives a short distance from the shore. But we people of Adelaide place no confidence in the report of a rum-and-water drinking merchant captain. What can *he* know about land fit for agriculture or sheep-farming? Preposterous!

"Well, my friend, I am happy to tell you all our *compagnons de voyage*, the emigrants, are doing pretty well, having *all*, I believe, got employment; but they complain bitterly about the high price of eatables, which you know as well as I, to my cost, is extremely dear.

"I know not how your weather is in the interior, but the thermometer is often 125 to 130. But we have had little comparative sickness, save a touch

or two of fever, which has carried off more or less of us. Generally speaking, we are a healthy community. The natives bother us very much. They are a troublesome, lazy set of miscreants, and I should like to see them either forced to work, or to quit the Colony, for their nature is the most devilish I ever could conceive. No gratitude—all self! Feed them up, fat as house lamb, and the first time they catch you out of the hearing of help, they will make their waddies acquainted with your pate, if they imagine they can escape detection. We muster seven murders committed by them recently. Pray, my good fellow, have an eye to them. By making a severe example of one rascal, you will save yourself a vast amount of trouble.

“My son returned from Sydney all well. The young rogue looks all the better for it.—Now, my dear friend, adieu. Wishing you every success in your exertions, and sincerely sharing your great loss, believe me, with love to the Miss B.s,

“Yours very heartily,

“W. H. RENNIE.

“*P.S.*—You recollect that oddity, Moss? He has set up a public! and calls it ‘The Roaring Lion, by Ochus Moss, from Marelebon, London. Good Licquor and Tobacco.’—Report says his eccentricities and good-humour draw abundance of custom.

“Adieu.”

A short time after the death of her mother, Miss Blair, according to her promise, despatched the following letter to Mr. Clinton :—

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“Mimosa Station.

“In the fulfilment of my promise, I now, after much delay, send you a letter. We have, since we arrived at this place, had vast difficulties to encounter, and numerous unexpected troubles, day after day, crowded upon us. The mightiest has been the loss of our dear mamma. The cause of her death was intense anxiety, engendered by my dear father’s getting lost in the woods, where he wandered for sixty hours without food or water, and was then found by us almost in a dying state; in fact, life was ebbing so fast, that possibly another twenty minutes and he had ceased to exist. This terrible shock upon the feelings of dear mamma, in the delicate state in which she was, produced very distressing illness, which, accompanied by delirium, remained upon her till she was reduced to a mere shade. We lost her on the 20th May. You may readily imagine, dear sir, the state of our feelings, and excuse my not writing before. Our dear father has lost one shepherd (speared) and forty sheep by the natives, and other michances, principally the wild-dog. We are now a short distance from the spot where we buried dear mamma. Papa

desires me to say his crops yielded very fair, and his wool answered his expectations.

“Relative to the important affair of which you wished me to consider, I am at present unable to give you any definitive reply. The severe loss we have sustained has paralysed us; and to leave my dear father, would be the last thing could enter my mind at the present.

“Hoping everything prospers with you, and desiring to accept Emily and papa’s compliments,

“I remain,

“Dear Sir,

“Sincerely your friend,

“ADA BLAIR.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Behold, the Fairy cried,
Palmyra's ruined palaces!"

Queen Mab.

RETURN we to the fortunes of Pauline. The good ship "Ocean Queen," after eight days' run, dropped her anchor in Sydney Cove. Pauline was speedily on shore, and, at the recommendation of the Captain, established herself at the Mitre Hotel, George Street, whither Susan, the same evening she landed with her mistress, repaired. The feelings of Pauline at the thought of being in the very same town with her beloved Charles were those of ecstasy, and she fell on her knees in her room to return thanks to the Ruler of all things, who had brought her safely so many thousand miles. Whilst Pauline was still in the attitude of prayer, Susan tapped at the door—she had brought a note for Pauline. Pauline bade her come in; and, having looked at the direction, which was in an unknown hand, she opened the letter. The contents ran thus:—

"DEAREST LADY,—

"From the circumstance of being a fellow-passenger with you from our dear native country to the antipodes, I make bold to intrude upon you this letter. There is a mystery, dear lady, attached to you—the rude world may know it not. Far be it from my heart to seek that which is in thy bosom hidden. My object in thus addressing you is this—My time is now unemployed. There are often little services we can render unto each other. The world is so constituted, that we have often need of the assistance of our fellows, *surtout pour le voyageur*. If, then, lady, the services of an humble individual may at any time prove useful to you, they are at your command, and I am made happy.

"Madam, I have the honour to be,

"Your very humble servant,

"TOBIAS TURKEY."

Pauline was amazed at the receipt of the note, and returned forthwith the following answer :—

“The lady to whom Tobias Turkey, Esq., did the honour to address himself, tendering his services, is very much obliged to that gentleman. Should she have occasion for those services, she will (under great obligations to T. Turkey, Esq.) avail herself of them.”

Susan was despatched to the post with the note, and Pauline sat down to ruminate upon the difficulties which surrounded her. Was she to go to the barracks? No; that might not be seemly. Could she commission Susan to go and search the book of prisoners' names? No; Susan could scarcely read. What was to be done? She would cause Susan to station herself every morning at the prisoners' barrack-yard to see them all muster, and then, if he were there, she would forthwith—No, she should not have patience for that proceeding; she would write a letter at once to the Governor, enclosing her own note of introduction from the Governor of the Cape. This thought she had no sooner conceived than it was acted upon, and Susan was again on her way to the post.

Pauline threw herself upon the sofa, and gave way to the most pleasing reveries.

“I shall soon see my adorable Charles! Poor, ill-treated Charles, if thou didst but know that thy Pauline was here!” and Pauline's eyes filled with tears of joy as she dwelt upon the fact of her actually being in the same town, breathing the same air, as he whom she so fondly loved.

“I should like to see the prisoners' barracks!” cried Pauline aloud to herself, starting from the sofa and looking out of the window. “I will certainly go and see the prisoners' barracks.”

Susan entered the room at the moment, and Pauline said,

“Inquire, Susan, how far this is from the——No! Put your bonnet on, Susan, and bring mine, and my walking pelisse.”

“My bonnet is on, ma'am.”

“Well, so much the better; run—my pelisse. I will see the prisoners' barracks!”

Pauline was soon in walking costume; and, in a few minutes, they

might have been seen tripping along George Street, on their way to some bye-lane, where Susan might, without suspicion, inquire which was the way.

Turkey was smoking his cigar out of the balcony window, when he discovered Pauline and Susan issue from the hotel. To throw away his cigar and pop on his hat, was the work of an instant. Turkey was also in the street; and on the sunny side walked he, Pauline and Susan walking in the shade. They turned down a bye-lane, and Turkey turned down also, still keeping a couple of hundred yards behind them. Susan stopped to speak to a person in the street—it was an old woman. Susan and her mistress took the first street to the right. Turkey met the old woman, and inquired of her if she had not met a lady and servant pass now in the street?

“Yes,” replied the old dame; “I have. They’re just a-turned down Betson Street, there,” pointing to it.

“Did they ask you any questions?” inquired Turkey, eyeing the woman pleasantly.

“Only axed me which was the way to the prisoners’ barracks,” replied she, passing away.

“Thank you,” said Turkey. “Oh, oh! I smell a rat! I smell the breath of an Englishman in those barracks. Oh, oh!”

Turkey kept the same measured distance as he had done hitherto. Pauline and Susan continued their march down one street and up another, till the large, square, brick-built barracks crowned the summit of a hill, at the foot of which they were.

Pauline pointed out to Susan what she saw, and Susan said, “that couldn’t be barracks; that must be a charity workhouse!” But a passer-by being appealed to by Susan, at once assured her that that building was no other than the prisoners’ barracks.

By this time Pauline had approached close to its large folding doors, which at that moment opened, and out issued a gang of convicts, dressed in yellow and brown, the most grotesque yet melancholy-looking set of beings the eye could rest upon. Their sickly, hopeless visages—the very readable despair which was written on each gloomy brow, bespoke their utter abjectness. No sooner had the first body of some two hundred issued forth, than they were followed by a long gang of other

prisoners, dressed in coarse grey, linked by their wrists two-and-two to an enormous chain, which passed down the centre of the gang. Every one of these hapless beings carried either a pickaxe or shovel—they were going to relieve a gang upon the roads. As the brim-full eye of Pauline rested upon the condemned and spiritless-looking host, guarded as they were by the bayoneted soldiery, her heart was ready to burst within her. She turned away sickening at the sight, for she knew not whether the innocent one whom she so loved might not be among those miserable men.

She was roused from her thoughts by Susan, who said she had just inquired of a soldier if Charles was in the barracks—he said he did not believe there was one of that name.

"Oh, I would give the world if I knew!" cried Pauline, wiping a tear from her eye.

At this moment, Turkey came near to Pauline, and, taking off his hat, inquired politely if there was anything connected with that establishment she was interested in? If so, as he was about to enter it, he would be very happy to perform any duty in his power.

"Are you not, sir, Mr. Turkey?" inquired Pauline, her face flushing of a deep and burning crimson as she spoke.

"That, madam, is my name," replied Turkey, bowing very low.

"Then, sir," resumed Pauline, "you are the gentleman who was so polite as to offer me his services?"

"The same, madam; your most obedient servant."

Pauline knew not what to do. She was dying to hear if Charles was confined within those walls, and yet she could not trust his name from her lips. Besides, Turkey, who appeared a gentleman, would wonder what upon earth a young gentlewoman could have to interest her in a prisoners' barracks! Pauline at length mustered courage enough to say to Mr. Turkey, who stood beside her with his hat still in hand—

"Thank you, sir, very much. Mr. Turkey—I—a friend—You are remaining at the Mitre?"

Turkey bowed.

"I will possibly trouble you with a little commission, if you will be so very kind as to execute it."

“With the greatest pleasure, madam.” Turkey bowed once more very low and departed.

Susan called a coach that happened to be passing, and Pauline once more soon found herself upon the sofa at the Mitre, cogitating what would be the better way of finding whether Charles was in the barracks or not, for Turkey appeared resolute for employment some way or the other, and she therefore resolved to trust him with the all-important name on the morrow.

Susan, who was a faithful correspondent to her dear friend Mary Webb, hearing that a vessel sailed for England in the evening, could not miss so good an opportunity; accordingly the following epistle was directed to that excellent personage:—

“DEAR MOLLY,

“I am at Bottomy Bay—lord less yer, youl say, where shal you get to next, I wunder!—i am just under Lunnun Bridge; that is, if they bored a hole thro the earth at that place with a long pole, the pint on it would come out in the market-place at Bottomy.—i spose that why its called Bottomy, cos its the bottom or hind parts of the earth. Its a mortal qurous country, but plenti of folks and housen, and gin-housen—and four men in the stocks, i seed em all a-sittin a-smokin together—and my dear Missis and me went to see the prisoners barrocks, and the conviks; its a horrid site—they are all chained together like honions hanging up in a growers shop-door, and they do look outrageous pitiful. i expect they teeches some on em trades, when they are once out in these contries, for i seen a main on em wi pickaxes and shovels on their showlders—and as a gentleman of the name of Turkey was standin near me, he whispers, Them be the grave-diggers! Theres a no knowing what games they get up to, not there. Now for all i bin round the world—and many people still will have it that it is round, arter all, as far as ever i could see it was as mortal flat as your mangle-boards—and i believe it is too; else, look you here, we folks at Bottomy wud be walking just like flies on a sealing, if it war the case; but we dont—i find no difference in anebodys gate whatsumever: it wud be a shameful site to see winnen walking on their heds, with their eels up in the hair; but you may tak my word it aint so—we are as desent here as at poor deer old England; i wunder when it will be my lot to set my blessed fut on it again—for my part, i dont see we get a mossel the farruder in the Mississis affair. About my gentleman in Hafricker—i shal sho you a letter he sent to the post-hoffice at Sidney, Bottomy Bay, when i cum back—it is half ritten in the Hafricken tung, which to them as understand it is rekkond equal to the lattin. He begins it—Mies deer lub, wens i spred harts on youre bussums, member poor me at de Cap towne, my hart lubs—spred me harts on

youre bussum. That is all that i can dissolve at this present—the rest is wrote in the Hafricken tung, which i spose he thought i was lerned in; but it menes how he adoors me, no dout, and he shawl never forget me in his thorts. He had a very feelin hart, but it wouldn't a done for me to a had him—he had no monee, and had lost his place; else he was in a good sitivation, and was, he told me, doing very well—tho I found out arterwards he was ony a apprentise; but the fust of men be apprentises, you know.—I shal now conclude this pistul, hoping you do not enjoy bad helth. Adew.

“Your faithful frend,

“SUSAN PEEBLES.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

“ Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.”

MILTON.

THE affairs of Mr. Rennie at Adelaide were not improved. His land lay still unsurveyed ; and at last, in his desperation, whilst he had a little money left, he purchased a small flock of sheep, and, like his friend Blair, became a squatter.

Blair, in the mean time, continued to thrive ; his wheat-crop this time promised well, and his sheep bore excellent wool. But Blair had never been the same man since the death of his beloved wife. He often expressed his determination of quitting the wilderness and returning to England ; but an event which happened at this juncture at once changed his views, and created an unusual stir in his quiet dwelling. This was no less than the arrival of Mr. Clinton, from Albany, South Africa. That gentleman, upon the receipt of Miss Blair's letter, lost no time in setting out for Australia ; and here he had arrived, at Mimosa Station, offering his hand and heart for the acceptance of his beloved Ada. It was the wish of Mr. Clinton, in the event of his views meeting the approval of Mr. Blair, that the latter gentleman should dispose of most of his sheep, and, with a few of the most select, purchase a farm in Albany. There was one at this present time, adjoining that possessed by Mr. Clinton, which that gentleman assured Mr. Blair was amongst the best in the Colony for fineness of herbage and abundance of water. Mr. Blair saw no objection to the happiness

of Clinton, if his daughter's affections were so placed. Miss Blair tremblingly answered, that Mr. Clinton was a gentleman it was impossible not to love, and, for her part, she was only too happy to become his wife, and share his fortunes in the valleys of South Africa.

The arrangements for the wedding were not very easily managed, as it was agreed that the first ship sailing for the Cape after the ceremony should convey the whole of the party, and Mr. Blair had to find a customer for his sheep. He at once directed a letter to his friend Rennie, offering him his improved station, together with his outbuildings, homestead, &c. &c. ; and, by the same bearer, received an answer to the effect that if Blair would allow him six months' credit, he would purchase what sheep he might wish to dispose of, and would be happy at once to enter the station. These matters were satisfactorily arranged between the two friends, and Rennie was forthwith installed at the *Mimosa*, which for a few days he left in charge of his servants, in order to be present at the wedding of Miss Blair at Adelaide. That ceremony was conducted in a style of considerable splendour, as it had been the very first ever celebrated in that town or country. Every inhabitant of the place forthwith appeared with a white favour ; and as Mr. Moss was presented with a pipe of good wine, brought purposely for the event from the Cape by Clinton, that worthy and unsophisticated host was enabled to dispose of it at a very low figure and great profit.

On that ever-to-be-remembered day, the "Roaring Lion" was the centre of attraction ; from it the bride and bridegroom, with their retinue, walked to the church, and at it, on their return, under a large bower of evergreens erected by Moss for the occasion, did the happy party partake of a splendid *déjeûné à la fourchette*. All was gaiety. A ball in front of the "Roaring Lion" took place in the evening, at which Moss himself "assisted," till he vowed himself "reglar blowed."

In the course of a week from these festivities, a vessel left the port, calling at the Cape, and in her departed Mr. and Miss Blair, and the happy, very happy Mr. and Mrs. Clinton.

It will be interesting to state, that after a few short weeks had elapsed,

the whole party found themselves comfortably established at Mr. Clinton's farm in Albany. Mr. Blair purchased the adjoining farm, where he has now a fine flock of 2,000 merinos grazing. Miss Emily had not been long in Albany, ere a neighbouring gentleman, an English emigrant, "*proposed*" and was accepted; so that in one of the most delightful climates in the world, and in one of the sweetest of its valleys, dwells the happy and contented little nucleus of Blair.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“ My task is done ; my song hath ceased ; my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which has lit
The midnight lamp---and what is writ, is writ :
Would it were worthier ! ”

Childe Harold.

PAULINE had prepared the note for Mr. Turkey, and it lay ready for him when he called in the morning. His first care was, upon his arrival at the prisoners' barracks, to inquire for the prisoners' book. This he carefully looked over. The arrivals of the present year contained not the name of Charles Augustus Eustace. He proceeded thence to the Governor's Office, and having stated his cause, he was answered that if he would leave his name and address, the station of the convict should be ascertained for him—the probability was that he might have been landed at Hobart-Town.

With this sad, unsatisfactory news, did Turkey return to the Mitre. He was ushered into the presence of Pauline, and there informed her the result of his mission, adding, that from the circumstance of the name not being upon the prisoners' number book, there could be very little doubt of his being at the present time at Hobart Town. He therefore advised Pauline, without delay, to despatch a letter to the Governor of the Gaol at Hobart Town, instituting the necessary inquiries. “ But, lady,” said he, “ if I can be of the least service in taking ship for that Colony, I will willingly leave Sydney at the first opportunity.”

Pauline thanked him with tears in her eyes, but replied that she

would write to Hobart Town as soon as she had had an answer from a quarter to which she had made application. Again she thanked Mr. Turkey, and that gentleman repeated his assurances "that anything he could do to forward her wishes, he should consider himself supremely happy in performing."

When Mr. Turkey had departed, Pauline said to Susan, "You see, dear Susan, what disappointments I am doomed to experience! Poor Charles I am destined never more to see! No doubt, in that hideous garb, Susan, he is dragging out his miserable existence—and I, not being enabled to discover him, cannot soothe his sorrows, nor contribute, by my being near, to lighten his grief. Poor, unhappy youth! cut off in the midst of promised years, and to live in the crowd, and to be clothed in the garb of those wretched outcasts I saw issue from the barracks—Oh! Susan, may you never experience what it is to feel the pangs of hope deferred! I will, however, as soon as I have waited upon the Governor, depart for Hobart Town; for if he lives, I am determined to see him, and, if possible, lighten, by sharing, his sorrows; if he is dead, I will shed my heart's tears on his grave.—What knock is that, Susan? Open the door."

"'Tis a letter, ma'am."

Pauline took the letter from the maid, and hastily breaking the seal, read as follows:—

"Lady Barnham presents her kindest regards to Miss Somerville. Lady Barnham will be most happy to see Miss Somerville at dinner this evening. She has something to communicate of a pleasant nature.

"Government House, 2 P. M."

Pauline read the note several times over, and dwelt with much astonishment upon the "something to communicate of a pleasant nature." "Susan, did you hear? Lady Barnham has something to communicate of a pleasant nature."

"Has got summut to communicate of a plesunt natur, has her? Then, oh, come let us be joyful, joyful, joy——!"

"Susan!" cried Pauline, half reproachfully, "do not give way to such ridiculous ——!"

"But, dear Miss Pauline, I know Lady Barnham wouldn't have said that 'ere—not those hidetical words, if there hadn't been good luck in store; so I'll maintain it through thick and thin—there's corn in Egypt yet, I know there is."

"Well, Susan, you are a comforter," said Pauline, smiling; "I trust you are a prophet also! But, see, it is already nearly four o'clock. Run, Susan, I must immediately prepare myself."

Susan was always a very active body; but when the present occasion—when her warm heart expected good news about to befall her mistress, her agility knew no bounds—she was too nimble, and in her anxiety to be extra rapid she caused much delay by confusing matters. But Pauline at length was dressed, and, for the first time since she had left England, she threw the chain, to which was attached the portrait of Charles, around her neck. Susan made bold to look at it. "Oh!" quoth she, "it is the very spit on him—the very picture!—if it wor him hisself, it couldn't be more like him!—there's his laughing duple in his chin, and his hair curled over his ears as exact as he wears it. Lord bless him! I wonder what's become on it; they never could have the heart to put him in that cock-a-dooleing kind of yaller and black, I'm sure."

"God forbid! Susan," ejaculated Pauline, with a deep sigh, returning the miniature to her bosom. "There, run, Susan, here is the coach; put on your bonnet—we must away."

Lady Barnham met Pauline at the entrance of the Government House, and conducted her to her chamber.

"I am delighted you are come," said she. "I shall give you a little agreeable surprise after dinner. I received the letter from my dear Lady Briscoe, and have been ever since deeply interested about you. But there," observing Pauline's countenance change, "don't be surprised. I meant to call myself upon you to-day, but have been troubled with a slight headache; but it's all past now, and I am delighted to see you."

"I am very much obliged to you, dear Lady Barnham," said Pauline

gently, almost inclined to burst into tears, "for the interest you take in my happiness."

"Well, come now, dear. Sir Thomas has returned, and he waits to have a chat with you. Come, love, let us descend to the drawing-room."

Lady Barnham seized the trembling hand of Pauline, and conducted her at once into the room. Sir Thomas rose to salute her. Extending his hand, and conducting her to an easy-chair by the side of the fire, he said—

"And so I have at length the happiness to see Miss Somerville? Well, I am indeed delighted, and I shall crown my joy by telling you some good news anon."

"Oh, do!" cried Pauline, almost forgetting where she was, and to whom she spoke; "Oh, do, dear sir, communicate all you know!"

"About what, my child?" laughingly inquired Sir Thomas.

Pauline blushed; and as the recollection of her impassioned speech flew across her mind, her brow became of the deepest crimson.

"I know all about *it*," continued the Governor; "and I may as well tell you, as I see I shall have no sinecure of it till I do—Eh! sly-boots! But I don't question Lady B. has taken all the guilt off my laurels!"

"No, dear, I have not," said that lady, smiling; "but I was very near it—I could barely refrain."

Pauline's eyes were riveted upon Sir Thomas—every moment was an hour. The Governor provokingly wriggled about his chair, and rubbed the arms of it.

"What know you, dear Sir Thomas, about the unhappy man Charles Eustace?" cried Pauline with unusual energy.

"He lives, lady!" ejaculated the Governor.

"Thank God!" breathed Pauline.

"The man's *hung* who committed the murder! His companions betrayed him. Charles Eustace had not yet landed when I received the information. He is free and untainted as ever. And—" the door opening at the moment—"he is here!"

The next moment, and Pauline was locked senseless in his arms.

To describe the scene that followed is not in our feeble power. The old Governor and his lady were both affected to tears, and Pauline was unable to believe all that had transpired in the last few minutes, till nature flew to her relief in the discharge of a flood of tears.

Charles was much about the same as when she had parted from him, heartbroken, in England. He described, with astonishing gaiety of manner, the sorrows and privations that he had endured these last six months; merely saying, that it was quite a medicine to him. He was too happy in England, and it was necessary he should see both sides of life. He now hoped, that as he had patiently borne the darkness, so might he, with tenfold pleasure, enjoy the light which, in his adorable Pauline, had again burst upon him.

The evening was far too short for all that had to be heard and told. In that happy night, all troubles were forgotten. The Governor declared, that never since the days when he and Lady B. discoursed on tender matters, did he ever feel so delighted.

Three short weeks had scarcely passed away, when we had the happiness to join the wedding party at breakfast at Sir Thomas Barnham's, to hail the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Eustace.

The fine vessel "Duke of Grafton" bore to their native country the happy pair, accompanied by the faithful Susan, who expressed a wish to land once more at the Cape of Good Hope; but the vessel not touching there, the last day of the fourth month from their departure from Sydney found them at the entrance of the Channel. Landing at Southampton, they were not long in reaching their homes, where we have every reason to believe that, if there be a happy one, the mansion of the Eustaces shall claim the denomination.

Little else remains to be told. The faithful Susan was suitably rewarded for all the trouble and "sheepwracks" she had undergone. The gardener, who often dwelt with enamoured ears upon her adventures "by flood and field," not to mention the Cape, made her an offer of his hand, and there, in a little thatched cottage in Eustace grounds, with roses and honeysuckles entwined around, may often be seen the worthy and comfortable pair. Mary Webb had her pound and a half of tea delivered by her faithful friend quite safe, and heard the whole "particklers."

Our South Australian friends thrived as well as most persons do in those Colonies ; they endured patiently a little privation and disappointment, in the hopes of better times. The poor Doctor and his party, who landed at Kangaroo Island to walk across it to the Settlement, did not find the Captain's Guide-Book correct, not meeting with either kangaroo or emu ; and after enduring dreadful hardships and the loss of two of their companions, overcome by fatigue and hunger, at length reached Kingscote. Moss flourished with his "Roaring Lion," and was generally respected ; whilst our friend Turkey, "the wanderer," remained at Sydney, a clerk in a Government office—a situation obtained for him by Mr. Eustace. He told us, that it was never more his intention to return to England ; he was very happy at Sydney, and had not the slightest wish to run the unnecessary risk of returning, and, "if memory served," probably experiencing a trial for bigamy.

THE END.

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